CORONET

OCTOBER

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WE Are the Liberated

An unforgettable 23-page Picture Story dedicated to all freedom-loving peoples

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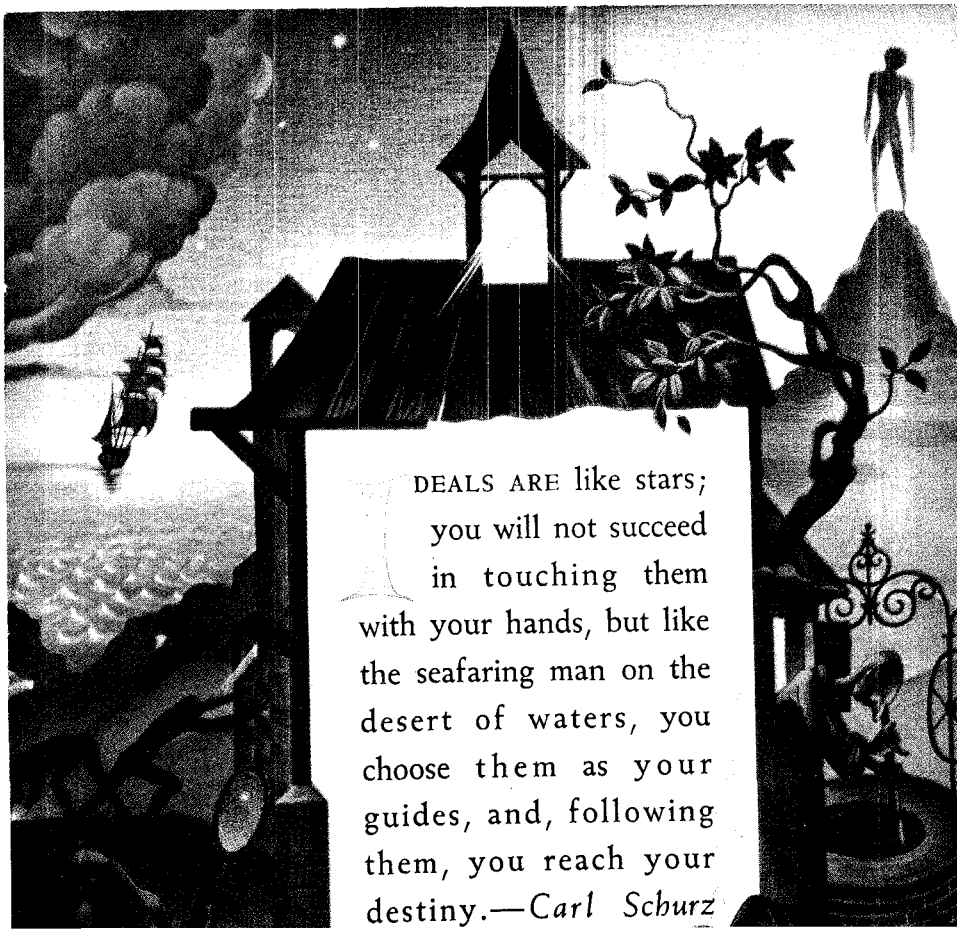

IDEALS ARE like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—*Carl Schurz*

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Publisher: DAVID A. SMART
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CORONET, OCTOBER, 1945 VOL. 18, No. 6; WHOLE No. 108

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-President and Circulation Director. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 per year in advance; no charge for Foreign or Canadian postage.

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The hitherto untold story of the *Wahoo* and the *Tang*, which have naught but honor and doves on their starboard bows

Salute to the WAHOO

by JACK S. MCDOWELL

THE YOUNG sailor walked past me and stopped, just aft of the conning tower. He adjusted his knitted woolen cap another quarter-inch forward and spread his legs a bit against the pitching waters of San Francisco's Gate. In a moment we were clear of the harbor.

Behind us, the great towers of the Golden Gate Bridge became dark gray silhouettes against the fog of a half-hearted dawn as the Diesels of the USS *Wahoo* sent the famous submarine's low bow splashing through the choppy sea.

"Better come below for some hot coffee," said Commander (then lieutenant-commander) Richard Hetherington O'Kane. He was executive officer of the *Wahoo* and on this particular cruise was acting skipper. Commander Dudley W. ("Mush") Morton, captain of the submarine, was ashore resting for his next war patrol.

The *Wahoo*, a short time earlier, had come in from her fifth patrol in Japanese waters boasting one of the greatest records of sinkings in naval history. From her mast fluttered a banner with a robust and unexpurgated motto.

To her periscope was lashed an inverted broom, signifying that the *Wahoo* had made a clean sweep by sending every vessel of an enemy convoy to the bottom of the sea.

But even the champ can get bruised — particularly when the enemy throws ashcans full of TNT at her.

Her wounds were healed and her cuts were sutured by swarms of overhaul and repair crews at Mare Island Navy Yard. The fightingest submarine of the fleet—after many months of torpedoing, cannonading and dodging shellfire and depth bombs—was roaring out toward the open sea on this foggy morning for a test cruise.

The crew of the 1,525-ton *Wahoo* was to put her into fast dives and slow, deep dives and shallow; twist her and turn her, stop her and start her. They were to take her down close to the floor of the Pacific and hold her there a couple of hours or more.

If she held together after that, the Navy would know she was

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once again ready to send alone over the unfriendly western horizon to resume her destruction of Japan's vital sea power.

"We're going to make a deep dive first," Commander O'Kane explained as we climbed down a ladder into the gadget-filled control room of his ship. "We'll take her down slowly—first to a hundred feet and stop. We'll level off and check for leaks, then go on down again."

In the *Wahoo's* compact little wardroom—about the size of a Pullman car drawing room—the young officer's blue, Irish eyes twinkled as he explained how a submarine works.

While O'Kane was a reluctant conversationalist when his own exploits were discussed, a smile of pride spread across the square-jawed submariner's face when the record of his ship was mentioned. That record includes nineteen Japanese vessels—110 thousand tons of enemy shipping. He grew serious for a moment and leaned forward, over the steaming coffee on the small folding table.

"She's really a good fighting ship," he began. A touch of gruff reverence and virile embarrassment rang through his words—as though he were boasting of his wife and two children.

"The whole crew likes to fight. And, certainly, there's a desire to win on her."

He drained his cup of coffee, lit a cigarette and exhaled deeply toward the battle gray overhead.

"But you know," he confided, "it really isn't a case of being brave. Not at all. It's just a case of knowing the beautiful weapon we have here. We know what we can do with her."

That was the way it was with the enlisted men and eight officers of the *Wahoo*. They'd boast proudly of their craft and their shipmates, but when it came to themselves, they were bashful schoolboys.

The metallic voice of the ship's speakers interrupted the conversation. "*We are about to make a slow dive. Flood all compartments.*"

O'Kane clamped a khaki cap with its salt-green braid over his clipped, sandy hair and left for the bridge.

The klaxon diving alarm suddenly rasped twice, screaming like a dozen old-fashioned automobile horns.

Husky figures flashed down the ladders from the conning tower as the outside hatch clanked and was dogged down. The Diesel engines stopped throbbing and the *Wahoo* began to slide beneath the waves.

There was an ear-splitting racket that sounded as though the steel skin of the submarine was being shredded, when the buoyant air was blown out of her tanks. Then a series of lesser but equally mysterious noises. Sometimes it was a hissing sound, like the airbrakes of a streetcar back on Market Street. Sometimes it sounded like the people in the upstairs apartment were filling their bathtub.

The speakers droned again:

"*Trim the ship. Left to course three zero zero. Trim the ship, Left to course three zero zero.*"

Fingers on the big dials pointed to 70 feet . . . 80 . . . 90 . . . 100.

The *Wahoo* leveled off while her steel vitals were checked for leaks.

Soon the depth gauge pointers

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swept on—down, down until we were close to the Pacific's floor.

It was during those hours, many fathoms below the waves, that I came to discover the spirit and the heart of the *Wahoo*. There were several important ingredients in the *Wahoo's* formula for unbeaten morale. For one thing, they actually and vigorously hated the Japs. The nucleus of the *Wahoo* crew had served on the submarine *Argonaut* before their buddies were lost on her in the early days of the war. Then, too, there were two *Wahoo* men whose families were held in Japanese concentration camps.

The *Wahoo* didn't fight the kind of war you've seen in the movies. In fact, she spent very little time submerged during her war patrols. Rather, she relied on her amazing surface speed to race in close to the target, dive and fire her deadly fish at short, accurate range. She'd engage in surface battle if necessary, then speed off on top of the sea for the next action.

The fact that their craft chose to operate as a destroyer in combat, submerged only occasionally, pleased the men of the *Wahoo*. They could man guns and, most of all, they could see what was going on during a surface action. Take Cheerful Killer Carter.

"He was on the deck during one engagement," Lieutenant R. N. Henderson, torpedo and diving officer of Fredricksburg, Virginia, recalled as the sub swam slowly above the ocean floor.

He was firing a 20-millimeter gun. He always laughs and screams *WAH-hoo!* at the top of his lungs when he's shooting at the Japs—and just try to get him to stop.

"What with Carter banging away and yelling bloody murder, the big deck gun and machine guns all firing and Commander Morton shouting 'Shoot the sons of b———s,' it sounds like a radio sound-effects man has gone nuts when we hear it over the speakers down below here."

THE BATTLE antics of the *Wahoo* earned more than one member of her crew a nickname.

Chief Machinist's Mate Dalton K. Eaton sat in a torpedo room bunk and described how William J. Carr, who could fire more than the deck gun he captained during battle, came by the moniker of "Snapper."

"We had just sunk a transport in a convoy," Eaton recalled, "and the water was lousy with Jap bodies. One of them floated toward us like he was dead. But Carr saw the *body* spit out some water.

"He snapped a .45 out of his holster and shot the Jap just as he was trying to toss a hand grenade onto our deck. Carr got him on the first shot—before the Jap had a chance to pull the firing pin."

The *Wahoo's* torpedoes usually went home. But on a patrol early in 1943 when her periscope sighted a Japanese destroyer in the strongly defended Wewak harbor of New Guinea, the first salvo missed its mark.

Commander O'Kane picked up the story. "I remember that one. When we missed her, she speeded up to twenty knots and came roaring out toward us at the mouth of the harbor. We didn't miss the second time. A torpedo hit her amidships and she busted into two

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pieces. She kept throwing depth bombs and shells at us from both pieces until she sank."

It was just two days after that when the *Wahoo* earned the right to come home with a broom on her periscope. She sighted a four-vessel enemy convoy, raced in on the surface, submerged and started to work on two seven-thousand-ton freighters.

"Fire One!" Commander Morton ordered.

There was a whining noise, then utter silence as O'Kane and Morton stood by their eye-pieces, stopwatches in hand. Then came a thunderous explosion.

A moment later the operation was repeated, and both Jap freighters were at the bottom.

But their attack on the transport, a seven-thousand-tonner carrying several thousand jam-packed troops, was not so fortunate. They damaged the troopship, but not enough to put her out of action.

"For fourteen hours we chased her. When her guns seemed to be getting our range, we'd dive for awhile, then come up again for another look.

"A Jap tanker, part of the convoy, came in close to the troopship and we knocked her off quickly, then moved in and sank the transport."

It was about this time that the *Wahoo's* men decided to have themselves known as "Mush Morton and His Widow Makers." And just to make it official, they duly inscribed these words on the masthead of their typewritten daily newspaper.

On another occasion, long before Uncle Sam had so much as a toehold on the mid-Pacific Marshalls, the *Wahoo* sailed up to within 1,500 yards of the Japanese homeland coast and sank a tanker in the shallow off-shore waters.

Certainly these men had developed a recipe for eliminating more of the Mikado's sea power than he would have expected of several submarines. And because of it, the White House pinned the Presidential Unit Citation on them.

But how long would the law of averages be good to them, I wondered as I sat in their quarters and listened to them laugh. They found plenty of things to laugh at, even in the grim business of war. But no one aboard the craft pretended he wasn't afraid when the depth charges began coming close.

A young enlisted man, Fireman Robert L. Jasa, who came from Wahoo, Nebraska, and passed up two other subs to serve on his home town's namesake, said, as though answering my unspoken question:

"Mister, we're itching to get back out there and get another crack at those babies!"

A teen-age signalman overheard us. "Look," he admonished. "We sank 25 thousand tons and damaged another 25 thousand last trip. And now the boys are taking even money—anything from one buck to thirty—that we'll equal or better that record on the next patrol. But next time, all fifty thousand will be sunk!"

Perhaps that's a hint why five to six men a day were applying for duty on the *Wahoo*, why she had the longest waiting list in the undersea fleet.

Later, I sat down on a bunk with

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Lieutenant Chandler Jackson II.

"Where do you want to go on your next patrol?" I asked.

"Wherever there are targets!"

"When do you fellows think the war in the Pacific will be over?"

"I don't know. The last time we were out there, there still were plenty of targets."

Then he seemed to look beyond me, into the steel bulkhead. Or maybe he was looking clear back to his home in Kansas City. The sides of his lips curled in a curious, faraway sort of smile.

"I guess we'll know it's over, all right, when we see a dove on the starboard bow."

Maybe that's the type of thinking it takes to send your craft boiling across the surface and swimming under the sea after every Jap ship you see—and blow thirty thousand tons of them out of the water in little more than a half day.

"That's the only way we'll ever lick 'em," Commander Mush Morton explained. "The Japs fight hard and use all the tricks and we've got to shoot, shoot, shoot!"

A Navy yard crane swung a gangway over to the deck of the long, black *Wahoo* as she nestled back to her berth with a clean bill of health on her log and a sealed envelope of secret orders waiting somewhere ashore.

O'Kane stepped ashore, tossed a half salute, half wave toward her bridge, and spoke softly: "Y'know, I sorta hate to leave her."

A few days later he became captain of the USS *Tang*, a new member of Uncle Sam's school of fighting fish.

Then the *Wahoo* once more slipped out past the Golden Gate and sailed West—forever.

And Dick O'Kane and his *Tang*, too, have now settled down to permanent peace with a dove on the starboard bow. But it was their rough-and-tumble spirit and their tender hope for living peace that did so much to purge the vast Pacific Ocean of a lawless enemy, and to drive him back to his shattered homeland.

Pedal Points

A SOCIALITE was accepted by the Marines. On his first day in camp he was issued his uniform. After he had put on his shoes he stood up, studied them for a full minute, then turned to his new buddy, gave him a twenty-dollar bill and said, "Here, stick close to me when we get into the Pacific battle area. I may call upon you to do me a favor."

"What kind of favor?" asked the other.

"If I get shot," explained the socialite, trying to move in his over-sized, heavy shoes, "please push me over." —STEPHEN J. SCHMIEDL

JACK KIRKWOOD, boasting of his prowess as an ice skater, told how he had mastered the art of cutting figure eights. "That's the simplest thing on ice," said his sponsor.

"Not the way I do it," retorted Kirkwood. "I make five with one foot and three with the other." —BENNETT CERF, *Saturday Review of Literature*

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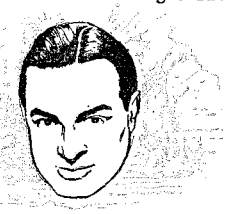
Comedian Bob Hope is dead serious when he talks of America's returning soldiers

Take it from Me



by Bob Hope

THERE'S A LOT of talk going on in this country of what servicemen coming back from overseas are talking about.

Brother, it's plenty.

I've caught a few stanzas of it here and there. It's talk that bleeds one minute, spits dust the next. It's as confused as the colors on a Crosby shirt, and then again as conclusive as a holocaust swirling through a storeroom of paper matches.

It's human and real, hysterical and frantic. It's a boy with a load too big for his shoulders, and it's a youngster doing the job of a dozen men. It's hacked flesh with guts trailing. It's a Marine on Okinawa loaded with morphine, his legs blown off, quietly asking the doc to give him something to deaden the pain because his feet feel funny.

It's the emotions of years rammed into minutes. It's youth aging fast, and hard looks creeping into eyes that were soft. It's a man away from his woman. It's men wanting assurance that what they're doing is not being done in vain. The years are rushing past and they're so precious.

It's talk like that.

It's talk made by men tossed into a threshing machine of chaos. I know. I've been with them in a spectatorish sort of way. Didn't some gentlemen in the War Department decide to show the enemy our men could take anything by shipping Hope overseas? But let's see what our fighting men talk about.

We think of *Home* with a big H. These men of ours traded *Home* for a four-letter word that sounds like hell.

The boys have told me that it isn't the danger of warfare that scars and soils souls. It's the inconvenience, believe it or not. The constant tiredness becomes a slug clogging the heart, pinching the brain. It's the persistent pounding of cold and heat, mud and dust, dryness and dampness that whips nerves raw.

It's loneliness. It's frightened dreams that creep into muddy foxholes like ghosts through fitful fragments of sleep. It's the miles between where the heart beats and what the heart feels. And it's having bloodshed as part of everyday living.

Who wouldn't think longingly of home?

When that soldier of yours does come home, he'll be a much bigger man than when he left. He'll be richer in experience, he'll be changed. And he will find civilian life strange.

There is a lot of talk in this country about the adjustments men overseas will have to make when they come back. That's all very

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true, but what about the adjustments *we* will have to make? Is it up to the returning veteran to make all the adjustments? What do you think?

Let's give poetry and understanding to their homecoming.

Let's try to make our minds, tuned to civilian comforts, meet their war-frayed minds halfway.

Let's remember: *All wounds don't show.*

Let's not forget that restless guys got that way being active guys—active for you and for me.

Let's remember that they need us just as vitally as we needed them, when our security was threatened.

And let's be sure and remember that *Home* to them is Green Pastures, a spiritual thing, an aura of magic perfume. It means safety, protection, a bomb shelter from civilian shrapnel. A chance to level off. A place where private emotions are sacred . . . and respected.

Let's remember, because it is so important.

MAGIC *on the* CEILING

Months ago the Jerrys blew a bridge out from under him. He's been flat on his back ever since. He can't sit up, he can't move, he can't even hold a book. The months have been long and lonely. It's beginning to get him.

But now comes an amazing little device, a sort of small film projector that throws reading matter right up on the ceiling. This answer to a GI's prayer accommodates a film the size of a baby's fist. Microfilm, they call it. That's the stuff on which they can photograph a whole book, or a newspaper, or a magazine. And with a flip of his finger or a nudge of his toe or even his head, the helpless GI can read. All he does is touch a button and there above him is something that turns his mind from the weeks and months of pain and monotony.

We were so taken by this idea that we wondered how we might give impetus to it. And the answer, we think, is a "natural." We propose to Microfilm the complete issue of Coronet each month and distribute copies of the film, without cost, to all U. S. veterans' hospitals that have projectors—and we'll supply as many films as there are projectors.

But there are only a handful of projectors in use now. More are in production. And many, many more are needed. Realizing this, and feeling that many Coronet readers might like to participate in this worthwhile cause, the publishers of Coronet have set up a *Coronet Fund for Projected Reading*. All moneys contributed will go towards the purchase of projectors. Coronet alone will stand the cost of the films we produce.

We hope that in this way it won't be long before Projected Reading is available to every veteran who needs it . . . and in time can even extend to Infantile Paralysis victims as well as many other bedridden patients.

So if you'd like to join us in this project . . . you can make your contribution, in any amount, to the Coronet Fund for Projected Reading, c/o Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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An Arkansas judge flavors your future with the spice of the West, and a dream of ease in the Ozarks

You're a King in Arkansas

by JUDGE ROBERT W. LYON

EVERYBODY IS planning for the post-war future, and the big idea almost everywhere is to get away from the humdrum grind of big cities to the ease and comfort of rural living. Well, it's easier than you think to do just that in Arkansas' Ozarks.

The proof that city folk can make a living in the Ozarks is best demonstrated by the fact that a goodly number of them are already making a living here, and more are seeking locations every day. From close observation and the experience gleaned from ten years of living in the Ozarks, I list below a number of ways by which a city man can not only make a good living, but some money besides.

If you are fed up with big-city crowding, high living costs, food scarcities, noise and dirt, you can escape those things in the Ozarks. If winter winds freeze you to the bone and shoveling snow off the sidewalk gives you a crick in your back, come to the Ozarks. Should you be a retired person with a modest pension that scarcely covers city living expenses, you can sit on top of the world down here, or if you want to work a little and fish or hunt a lot you can do that in the Ozarks. Just take your choice.

The closest any man can come to absolute security for himself and family is to own a little farm in the Ozarks. I have never seen or heard of anyone suffering the pangs of hunger here. And no one ever will be hungry if he will work half as hard on an Ozark farm as he does on a city job. Forty good acres of land, two milch cows, a hundred laying hens and a well-tended garden will support a family of five persons comfortably. From such a farm you will have ample pasturage for your cows, and all the milk, cream and butter you need. The hens will supply your household eggs, with enough left over to buy the family groceries, and the vegetables grown in the garden will be eaten when fresh and canned for the winter's needs. Fuel from the wooded part of your farm is free for the cutting.

For those who may wish to farm on a more extensive scale I recommend sheep raising as a very profit-

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able enterprise. Our soil grows excellent grasses for pasturage and hay, while the mild climate allows the flock to run on range practically every day in the year. The sheep raiser gets two crops per year from his flock, lambs and wool, and he still has his original sheep. Eight head of sheep will keep fat on the pasturage required for one cow, and a well cared for flock of ordinary grade ewes will bear an average of one and a half lambs each per year, for many ewes bear twins. With choice lambs bringing $16.75 per hundred-weight and wool fifty cents per pound, one can readily see the profits are very good indeed. A neighbor of mine who raises sheep successfully informs me that his flock of 150 ewes on 160 acres made him a net profit of $3,375.00 this past year.

Raising beef cattle for market has long been one of the most profitable lines of Ozark endeavor. In many parts of this region free range is still available so that a cattleman may graze his herd over miles of country the year around. I personally know many men who have grown wealthy running beef cattle on range in the Ozarks and many are still doing it.

A COMPARATIVELY new Ozark enterprise that is proving to be highly successful is raising special breeds of thoroughbred goats whose milk is made into Greek and Italian types of cheese. This enterprise is conducted by means of cooperatives. Fifty farmers in a locality band together to raise the same breed of goats. All the milk from these herds is sold to the goat cheese factory which, likewise, is owned by the goat owners. The cheese is shipped to a ready market at high prices and is in constantly increasing demand. The widow of a former Chicago physician is the leading goat herd owner of one such cooperative, as well as being one of its officials.

Poultry raising is always profitable in the Ozarks because of the long summer seasons, mild winters —and, consequently cheaper cost of production. One Arkansas county specializes in the raising of choice broilers. It is claimed that more broilers are shipped annually from this county than from any other area of similar size in the nation. Driving through this county one sees an appearance of prosperity on every hand and everybody seems to be in the broiler business.

Another crop that brings rich returns, with proper culture, is strawberries. One small area near our farm shipped more than 285 express carloads of strawberries this year for which it received the price of $7.80 per crate—the highest price received in Ozark history for this fruit.

The price was determined by the government. Well-tended strawberry patches will return normally from 250 to 500 dollars per acre. A near neighbor of mine has four and one half acres of strawberries growing among the stumps and rocks. He received enough cash from his crop last year to build himself a modern five room home. Ozark growing seasons for strawberries come early enough to get them on the northern markets before the crops in Michigan, Wisconsin and Ohio are ripe. Early berries command the highest prices.

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Perhaps you are just not ambitious enough to grow berries and fruits. Well then, the good Lord has you in mind too, for he has blessed this Ozark country most lavishly by having it produce a variety of wild fruit in the greatest abundance. Wild dewberries, wild blackberries, wild grapes and wild plums make the most delicious jams and jellies to be found anywhere and here they are free, if you will just take the trouble to pick them. I know a man (a former Chicagoan) who conceived the idea of converting these wild fruits and berries into delicious jams, jellies, preserves and butters for the commercial trade. He started with less than one hundred dollars in a small cabin with one cook. He picked the berries himself. In two years this man was shipping his products to top-flight food establishments in New York City and Los Angeles and from Minneapolis to the Gulf of Mexico. At no time has he been able to come anywhere near filling his orders.

It may be that you are a mining man looking for new fields to explore. The Ozarks will be an excellent place for you to look. Not thirty miles from my farm is a newly discovered vein of zinc and lead located by a Baltimore mining company. It is claimed that this vein has the largest and richest deposit of these ores ever discovered in the country. The U. S. government is said to be shipping in drilling machinery for prospecting on its own account.

Down near Jasper, Arkansas, I visited a brand new mill that was ready to commence mining operations the very moment the war was over and manpower again available. And did you know that in the state of Arkansas is one of the richest diamond mines in the world? Various types of ore have been discovered in the Ozarks and this field of mining will take on much life in the future.

How would you like to get into the summer resort business on the absolute ground floor? You can do just that in the Ozarks. The government has built and is still building a number of huge waterpower projects down here. A large dam is built across a river which backs up the water for many miles, thus covering thousands of acres of bottom lands.

One such project, located in Baxter County, Arkansas, is named Norfolk Lake. This body of water equals in beauty any lake I have ever seen. It has a shoreline of more than five hundred miles. It is shaped like a huge octopus whose tentacles reach out hither and yon, following every depression and every former creek bed on either side of the original stream. Nestling as it does in the lap of green covered mountains that rise in imposing grandeur on all sides, it creates a setting spectacularly beautiful.

This lake teems with game fish, with large and small mouthed bass, blue gills, crappies and others. I can personally attest these facts having but recently covered the lake in a motor boat and having gorged myself for three days on bass weighing from two to five pounds each. Right now the government is completing plans for leasing shoreline property on this lake for commercial resort purposes,

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under certain restrictions. Climatic gentleness in this area will make this a resort location that may well be operated nine or ten months of each year. If you are interested in acquiring a resort location now is the time to act.

There are many other opportunities for making a living in the Ozarks and the keen observer will quickly spot them. The Ozark area is the last remaining section of the nation that has been unexploited, but with the ending of the war I predict a steady stream of people will head this way in search of new homes, new ways of making a living and new and beautiful surroundings.

It is dinnertime now and I see that we are having fried chicken again with hot buttered biscuits and country gravy, new potatoes, creamed new peas, tomato and lettuce salad covered with chopped hard boiled eggs and topped with plenty of homemade boiled salad dressing. Dessert will be wild blackberry cobbler covered to a depth of two inches with rich cream from our registered Jersey cows, and the whole washed down by copious glasses of ice cold Jersey milk. In the center of the table is a brick of homemade butter, churned an hour ago from more Jersey cream. All the items on this menu are grown on our own farm. Tomorrow we'll have either breast of guinea hen or roast duckling or perhaps a couple of juicy squabs. We raise them all. Ah me—city life must be terrible.

The Bride Wore Wisdom

MY TOWN is like a city of Purple Hearts. Not that the familiar white-edged ribbons are often seen. The studied gait of the soldier making his public debut with artificial limb is evidence enough. For my town is an amputee center.

I was window-shopping along the main street one afternoon when I saw a car festooned with ribbons and a "Just Married" sign draw up and park in front of a building. People began to gather at the entrance, and, curious, I wandered over.

From the edge of the crowd I could see part way up a dimly-lighted staircase which led to a photographer's studio. There was a murmur, then a hush, as the bystanders waited for a sight of the bride. From above there came only a dull thump-step, thump-step resounding down the narrow passageway. At last I was able to make out the gleaming white train of a satin bridal gown held carefully above the grubby steps. Alongside were the khaki-clad legs of a soldier.

The bride seemed to float down the stairs, yet, as if unaware, she kept even with the halting descent of the man beside her. Suddenly from behind me there came a choked whisper, "Oh, he has an artificial leg!"

"How young and brave they are," I thought. Then I knew that they were also wise.

The bride had stopped at the curb. As if inspired, she looked helplessly toward her husband, then down at the gutter where a small puddle of water lay between her and the waiting car. She spoke, and her words brought a flash of renewed confidence and manliness to the face of the young lad in uniform.

"Please, dear," she whispered, "please help me across this puddle."

—JANIS SCHNEIDER

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The Japs once learned American baseball but a Marine taught them a new trick

The Sixth Grenade

by WILLIAM R. MICKA

BEFORE HE joined the United States Marine Corps, seventeen year old Johnny Spillane of Waterbury, Connecticut, was playing semi-pro baseball. He was a husky right-hander and the major leagues were already watching him. His best beat was shortstop and no ball was too hot for him to handle.

The Marines trained Johnny to drive an amphibious tractor. He went through months of rigid training in the States. Overseas, at Gavutu, Tannembogo, and Guadalcanal he brought in ammunition under fire and he helped to remove his wounded buddies. Then he rested and waited in New Zealand. It was a soft life, but Johnny didn't know he was being trained for one of the worst battles in Marine Corps history—Tarawa, tough and bloody Tarawa!

Corporal Johnny Spillane was in the first assault wave that hit the savage beach at Tarawa. His lumbering amtrac plowed through the water, while enemy shells sought to tear it to shreds.

Once on the beach the crew on Johnny's amtrac opened up with their .30 and .50 calibre guns. Johnny held a forward position, with most of the troops to the rear of the amtrac. Suddenly a Jap hand grenade clumped on the deck, sizzling with pent-up death. Johnny dived on the grenade and winged it back at the Japs without so much as standing up. As he drew breath and laughed a little at the game of war another grenade bounced near him. Once again Johnny sent the deadly sphere back to its owners. This time the chattering of the machine-gun on the seawall ceased.

Well, that was something accomplished, Johnny thought—a Jap nest wiped out with their own grenades. But triumph didn't last long. A third grenade clattered at his feet. With his old shortstop speed he hurled this one, too, back at the stubborn Japs. Johnny was pushing his luck now, and he knew it. Twice more grenades lobbed in at his crew and twice more he sped them back. And then came the sixth grenade, hissing, like a snake about to strike.

Johnny had his hand on it ready for the life-saving heave, but it was too late. The explosion shook the amtrac from its treads. Pain shattered the gallant corporal. Shrapnel pierced his helmet and tore his body. And then he saw, in a furnace of agony, that he would never throw another grenade, never another baseball with his old speed and accuracy. His right hand was missing. But the men behind Johnny Spillane were safe. They went on to carry vengeance to the enemy. They went on to take Tarawa and to victory.

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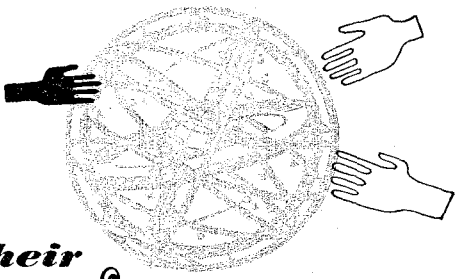
Because of one man's indomitable perseverance, the road of learning is no longer closed to the blind



A World at Their fingertips

by MORT WEISINGER

THE GIANT RED firecracker looked like a dud. So Arthur Sabados, a ten-year-old boy, celebrating Independence Day in his hometown of New Haven, Connecticut, stooped eagerly to relight it. A split second later there was the explosion, and when the boy regained consciousness he was in a hospital, blinded for life.

But readjustment to a life without eyes came quickly to this boy. While his face was still swathed in bandages his nurse brought him a small, thick card, the surface of which was highly embossed with tiny raised dots. She explained that it was the alphabet, devised by another sightless youth in far-off France, who had spent a lifetime perfecting a system of reading and writing for the blind.

"That boy's name was Louis Braille," the nurse told Arthur. She guided his index finger over the upper left-hand corner of the card and asked, "What do you feel?"

"I feel a little pimple," the lad replied.

"Good! One pimple means the letter "A," the nurse informed him.

Two more tiny mounds, one above the other, a quarter-inch to the right was B. Two pimples side by side was C. There was a different combination of dots for every letter in the alphabet. Getting to Q, Arthur discovered it consisted of five pimples—three on the left, two on the right.

Within a month Arthur, a seventh-grader in a public school, had memorized the symbols of every letter on the card, as well as those representing numerals, punctuation and contractions. Six dots, for example, stood for the often-used word "for." Once he had mastered the Braille alphabet, Arthur found it a passport to a new life.

As the boy progressed with his studies, mathematics became a game. Geometry, especially, was fun with three-dimensional triangles and cubes to work with.

Soon Arthur found that if he didn't press too hard on the embossed dots he could read about thirty words a minute. He learned that cold cream made his fingers more sensitive. Arthur's reading speed soon increased to eighty

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words a minute. And as he grew older, he became particularly appreciative of humorous stories with surprise endings. A finger can't take in a sentence at a glance, as the normal eye can, and suspense is maintained until the very last word. So the unusual story "twist" comes as a terrific impact to Braille readers.

In time he learned Grade Two Braille, a difficult but compact shorthand that saved reading and writing time. Later, at an Eastern university, he took special courses in journalism. Like scores of other blind students, he read Braille textbooks with his toes, simultaneously typing his homework on a specially constructed typewriter with Braille keys. Eventually he married, got a job in an advertising agency and settled down to a well-rounded life.

Arthur Sabados' story is typical of the thousands who have used the Braille system as stepping stones to success. Alec Templeton, 36-year-old champion in the realm of music from Bach to boogie-woogie, is another who obtained his entire general education through Braille, for he was born blind.

YET NOT ALWAYS did the sightless have access to the pursuit of happiness. A little over a century ago more than 95 per cent of the world's blind were paupers, beggars, or confined to institutions.

That these pitiful conditions no longer exist is due in great measure to Louis Braille, born in 1809 at Coupvray, France, the son of a poor harness maker. Blinded at the age of three, he was enrolled in the Paris Institution for Blind children when he was ten. There, older students frightened the impressionable boy with predictions that he would become a beggar. As a result he became passionately studious and mastered the violincello, reading the notes with his fingertips from sheets of music that had been highly embossed.

But Louis Braille thirsted for knowledge. He wanted to be able to read books, to learn things that shrouded him from the outside world. As he grew older, Braille wondered whether a practical system of reading could ever be invented for the blind. Grappling with the problem, he went to fantastic lengths. Once, daring the unknown horrors of the outside world, he slipped from the Institution and begged in the streets of Paris. With the few coins he collected, he purchased a supply of leather thongs. These he wound into a series of knots, so that one knot would stand for the letter A, two for B, and so on. For a while Louis amused fellow students, teaching them how to send simple messages this way; but the system failed because it was too cumbersome.

His exceptional aptitude as a student finally earned him the position of instructor in the Institution. But it was the simple parlor game of dominoes which finally gave young Braille the answer to the problem that obsessed him. Counting the dotlike indentations on each domino with the fingertips was a simple and rapid process. Recalling how easy it was to read embossed musical notes, he reasoned that the dots of the domino could be detected more easily if they were *raised* in-

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stead of *depressed*. Then if the domino dots could be arranged into various combinations so that each represented a letter of the alphabet he would have a practical system.

Inspired, Braille went to work, and finally perfected the code that most blind people use today. Yet, after months of labor, he knew no reward for his great invention. Officials at the Institution refused to listen to a word in its favor. "A separate alphabet for the blind would set them still further apart from the normal world," they argued, and the Braille system was forbidden to be taught.

THE OFFICIALS, however, had not reckoned with the indomitable spirit of Louis Braille. Secretly, he held classes in his room, teaching the new code to students. Next, he contrived a device that would teach them to write. This consisted of two zinc plates joined together with a hinge so that one fitted over the other. The upper plate was perforated with lines of small squarish openings. In the lower plate, under each opening, was a set of indentations corresponding to the six dots of the domino.

The writer merely had to insert a sheet of paper between the two plates and, working along from opening to opening in the upper plate, punch the paper down with a blunt awl into the indentations in the lower plate, which in turn spelled out words in Braille. There was just one drawback—the fact that the raised dots appeared on the bottom side of the paper made it necessary for the writer to work from right to left, so that when the paper was turned over the elevated dots could be read from left to right. Consequently, each letter had to be written backward. Yet so eager were Braille's pupils that this obstacle proved only a minor handicap.

As an instructor, Braille had a staff of scribes, or secretaries, and he now took the next step to bring further learning to the blind. Enlisting the aid of a few sympathetic professors, he had them dictate aloud from the Bible and some of the classics, while his scribes punched out the words on paper. At the end of several years, a fair-sized library for the sightless had been built up.

Thirty years old now, and a full professor, Braille's health began to fail. His lungs were ravaged by consumption, and he had to give up teaching five years later and accept retirement within the Institution.

Yet, even then he continued to fight for the adoption of his system. And a kindly fate finally granted him success. During the last graduation exercises that Braille attended at the school, the first prize for achievement went to one of his students, and as the boy stepped forward to receive his award he announced in ringing tones that he would not accept the prize unless full homage was accorded the man who had been his teacher.

Only then did the director acknowledge his mistake and proclaim in an official speech the advantages of the Braille method, promising that henceforward all students' books would be printed by it. Breathing his last a few days later, in his 43rd year, Louis Braille

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smiled peacefully and murmured, "Let there be light . . ."

Today, almost every well-known book, fiction and non-fiction, has been published in Braille. The system has even been adapted to Chinese and there are also Braille magazines. The Braille Bible is in 21 volumes. During the 26 years of its existence, the Braille Institute of America, Inc. in Los Angeles has distributed nearly eighteen thousand of these Bibles to the blind in all parts of the world.

Like the Morse code, the Braille system has been given free to the world, and no one derives any profit from its use. The Federal government, through the Library of Congress, annually appropriates 500 thousand dollars for Braille books, talking books (phonograph records) and slow revolving machines for playing the records. These are distributed without charge to the blind by 27 Braille libraries scattered throughout the nation.

Blind readers are not required to go to these libraries to borrow or return books. They simply send lists of desired titles and all reading matter is sent parcel post—free.

The government also grants the American Printing House for the Blind at Louisville, Kentucky, 125 thousand dollars annually to supply Braille books, talking books and tangible apparatus for education of the blind. Once a month, the American Foundation for the Blind at 15 West 16th Street, New York City, supplies free book reviews in Braille. They also list books which are available.

In the same way, the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind at Watertown, Mass., sponsor a "Map of the Month." Watches with special Braille surfaces are given free to blinded servicemen by the American Foundation for the Blind.

Because blind Louis Braille was a man of clear inner vision, today the sightless literally have the world at their fingertips.

Fish Stories

PORPOISES' WHISKERS are not vanity. Acting like pressure needles, they tell the porpoise when its maximum depth has been attained . . . Sharks shed their teeth. Originating in the rear part of the mouth, the teeth work forward until they reach the outer edge, where they're discarded. New rows move up constantly to replace losses.
—SIMPSON M. RITTER

SHOCKING IS the word for the South American electric eel. Two-fifths of its body, from three to six feet in length, consists of a 240-cell battery of electricity-producing organs. By bringing its head and tail in contact with a small fish, the eel can deliver a paralyzing blow. Indians who first sought these eels for food were knocked down or had their arms benumbed for hours from the force of the shock. This isn't surprising when you consider that the ordinary electric light bulb operates on sixty watts, while the eel can momentarily produce more than two thousand watts.
—CHARLES F. KETTERING, NBC

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Our Human Comedy

What makes for laughter? Amusing trifles from the everyday, remarked one famous philosopher. We agree and so gathered for your pleasure the following tidbits

AN IRANIAN air mission flew in to Washington recently for a series of informal discussions about the post-war aviation set-up. The Iranian ministry sent a high dignitary to greet his countrymen, of course, and the Air Transport Command was represented by Major General George. The Iranian mistook the American for General Marshall, and so addressed him three or four times. Finally General George decided to set him right. "The name, sir," he said somewhat testily, "is *George*."

The Iranian smiled happily, bowed from the waist and responded, "Please call *me* Mohammed."

—BENNETT CERF
in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

AT ONE OF OUR Pacific air bases, a Marine general was striding down the long rows of planes lined up for full dress inspection. Most of the craft were decorated with various slogans, nicknames and pictures. One in particular boasted a painting of a gorgeous blonde—but she was in a very startling state of undress.

The general frowned, threw back his shoulders and bellowed, "Put some clothes on that woman!"

As soon as the inspection was over the plane crew went into a huddle on dress designing. One hour later, just as the general had ordered, the beautiful blonde was given a dress—of cellophane!

—LT. R. J. MACQUAID

A SUPERFORTRESS crew member, recently returned from China, tells of a strange superstition among the Chinese near his base.

He was standing on the field watching one of the big B-29s being readied for flight when he noticed several coolies crouched along the runway. Just as the bomber sped toward them for the takeoff, one coolie raced madly across its path. The horrified American screamed a warning, but the words were scarcely out of his mouth when he realized the plane was airborne, and the coolie, unhurt, was calmly watching it.

"What's the big idea?" shouted

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the Yank airman in astonishment.

"Kill dragon," was the answer.

And slowly the story came out. These Chinese had a superstition that all their troubles were caused by a personal dragon which pursued them throughout their earthly life. The arrival of the Superfortresses gave them the idea of shedding their pursuers by having them run down by the giant bombers. As they dash across the runway in front of the speeding plane, the personal dragons, which are always lurking at their sides, promptly follow and are caught in the whirling propellers of the bomber.

It's a stunt which requires perfect timing. —THOMAS J. N. JUKO

AT THE CEDARS of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles, it is customary to notify the staff when an interesting post-mortem is to take place. Since it would be too blatant to have somebody shout, "Post-mortem! Post-mortem!" through the public address system, whenever something interesting is scheduled for the autopsy room, the loudspeaker announces:

"Calling Dr. Post, calling Dr. Mortimer Post."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

SHORTLY AFTER her first novel was published, Fannie Hurst entered a Fifth Avenue bookstore to see if her book were on sale. She looked about for a while, but could not find it on the shelves. Finally she asked the clerk.

"No, we don't have it," he replied, "but we should get it in about two weeks."

Promptly at the end of two weeks, Miss Hurst reappeared. Again she looked about and could not find her novel. She questioned the clerk, and he told her once again that it was expected shortly.

"You don't seem to have much demand for it," said the novelist, disappointed.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," responded the clerk. "Why only a couple of weeks ago there was another lady asking me about it!"

—E. E. EDGAR

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM was conducting a new work which had a rather difficult solo passage for the flute. After going over it a number of times the conductor rapped for attention. "We can't stay on this any longer—we must go on now to the second movement." He turned to the offending flutist. "You'll keep in touch with us, won't you?" —TED COTT in *The Victor Book of Musical Fun*

A DOUGHBOY in Normandy was having some trouble buying a bottle of perfume from a French salesgirl. Another soldier came up who claimed to know French. "Here, I'll help you," he offered, and turning to the clerk he asked "*Parlez-vous francais?*"

"*Oui, oui, Monsieur,*" she replied, her face brightening.

"Then why in the heck," he growled, "don't you give this guy the right change?" —*Brassnooze*

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The strange story of a man who spurned Hollywood's riches for something he thought was better

Glamour Without Shoes

by SIDNEY CARROLL

HERE AND THERE, occasionally, I meet people who are members of my club—the International Society of *Tabu* Fanciers. *Tabu* is a moving picture which was made fifteen years ago. It was a story of love in the South Sea islands. If you happened to see it, you can never forget it.

You can never forget the scenery, or the sunlight, or the people in it, or the simplicity of it. But above everything else, you find it impossible to forget—even after fifteen years—the boy who played the leading role in the film. He was better than the sunlight, the scenery, or any of the other people in it. He was simplicity itself. His name was Matahi.

In those days my friend Matahi was 25 years old. He was six feet tall and built like the Polynesian princes of the legends. He had a shock of curly black hair, and enormous shoulders. He was two-thirds Polynesian and one-third Chinese, and his eyes would close up and crinkle when he laughed. He had a tremendous grin. He was 25, but he looked nineteen. He was married and had three children. Polynesians are extraordinarily handsome and well-built people, but even in that group of fishermen Matahi stood out like a panther in a pack of Siamese cats.

Tabu was a very simple story. It was made by an elegant, humorless man, who was part Prussian and part genius, and a very great director of motion pictures. His name was Frederick Murnau. Murnau was an artist right down to his gloved fingertips, and the things he did with the lights and shadows of the islands, with the native actors, with the landscapes and the seascapes, are all, in their way, immortal. What he did with Matahi was a miracle.

The making of the picture was a kind of foolish game to Matahi. Possibly he did not have the faintest idea what was really going on. He took direction easily and casually. He would work hard and obediently for days at a time. Once in a while he would go out on a binge. It would last a day, or two, or three. He would come back to work somewhat the worse for wear,

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but he was never repentant. He had no real idea what his absences meant to the company and to Murnau's Teutonic temper. He would take his bawling out with a grin, and go back to work. It was impossible to be angry with him.

His stamina was amazing. One day they were shooting a scene in which Matahi, in his little boat, opens an oyster shell and finds a pearl. It was a long scene. Matahi went through it without a hitch. After the scene was over somebody discovered that when he had opened the shell Matahi had cut his hand badly with the oyster knife. He had lost a lot of blood during the scene. But he was surprised when they insisted on bandaging the gash.

After nine months of shooting, the picture was finished. Quietly *Tabu* was released to the motion picture houses of the world, and quietly it took its place in the motion picture hall of fame. The critics called it a work of genius. They went into raptures over the performance of Matahi.

IT IS HARD now to estimate the thing that could have happened to Matahi.

One day he was a simple fisherman on Bora Bora. The next day his face was on moving picture screens all over the world. He was suddenly an international celebrity. This of course is not a terribly unusual phenomenon; it happens to children of destiny all the time, particularly in the moving picture business. But Matahi was not in the moving picture business. He was a fisherman on an island called Bora Bora. While the connoisseurs of such things were going raving mad over the picture, and the ladies of five continents were gazing breathlessly at Matahi's image on the silver screen, Matahi was fishing in Bora Bora. Fame was a thing he could not understand.

Even when offers came to him from Hollywood, offers which amounted to thousands of dollars, he turned them down. Thousands of dollars was another thing he could not understand. The only thing that made any sense to him was the only existence he had ever known—the life of fishing for food and for fun, and raising a family, and dancing at the feasts, and going out every once in a while with his friends and getting drunk on the native bush gin.

So when the thing that millions of young men and women all over the world pray for happened to Matahi, he laughed at it and elected to stay in Bora Bora. He stayed there for ten years, fishing and raising children, while the movie impresarios kept renewing their offers. He would have kept it up for the rest of his life, except that he heard about the war.

In 1939 Matahi was 35 years old. He had fourteen children. He had the same wife. He was still big and handsome—a little broader here and there, perhaps, but still the best dancer on Bora Bora, still the best fisherman, and still one of the best fathers. His life had run the same course ever since he had made *Tabu* — the fishing, the fun, the occasional drunks. It was in this year, 1939, that France went to war with Germany.

The thing that happened next to

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Matahi was not a thing that fell upon him out of the blue, like *Tabu* and the whole motion picture sequence in his life story. It was something he arranged for himself, and that is what makes it hard to comprehend.

Bora Bora is a French island, but the natives of Bora Bora know nothing of the ways of the mother country. "France" is a word to them, the name of a faraway country which sends boats to their island to pick up their copra and their mother-of-pearl — a far-off mighty nation which sends a governor down to take care of them and provides them with a church and a native school and some canned goods. They know nothing of politics and intrigues and such mumbo-jumbo. That is why it is hard to figure out why Matahi, in the prime of life, as remote from the war geographically and spiritually as a man can be, enlisted in the Free French Army of General de Gaulle. It was a year in which the fish were running particularly high off the reefs of Bora Bora, and Matahi's children were growing up around him strong and tall. But he went off to war.

There were three hundred natives from the blessed isles who enlisted along with Matahi. Three hundred natives who knew nothing about France except that she was in danger. They were sent to Africa with the Free French. They fought through some of the bloodiest fighting that ever was. Bir Hacheim, for example, and El Alamein. Three hundred of them went out to Africa. Seventy-five of them came back. Matahi was one of them.

In this year of grace, 1945, it is hard to recognize Matahi as the hero of *Tabu*. I saw him in Tahiti early this year. He had come back from the hell of Bir Hacheim and he was sitting around in Papeete, waiting to be mustered out of the army. Somehow he does not seem as tall as he appeared in the picture. He has gained weight, though all of it is muscle. The impression of great strength is still there, but his physique seems to have shrunk a little. The face too has changed. Matahi has seen something of the way the white man goes to war, and there are lines in his face. They made him wear shoes when he joined the army, and he does not step so briskly any more.

In his baggy uniform he no longer looks like a prince of the legends, but Matahi still has the wonderful grin and the boyish laugh. When he doesn't feel like answering a question, he merely grins at you. When he is perplexed by a question he sticks his thumb in his mouth, bites hard on it, screws up his eyes, and goes through an agony of thinking. He is a man who once turned down the chance to be a movie star, then volunteered for the chance to get his head blown off. The innocence, the celebrated innocence of the Polynesians, is still there. Matahi today is like an overgrown boy.

FROM TIME to time I would meet Matahi in the town of Papeete. He'd be riding around on a bicycle, waving to his friends, grinning his grin. We'd have a beer together, or a bite to eat, and we'd talk about the time he made *Tabu*. My French is out of the textbooks, but Matahi has no English at all,

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and our conversation was part French and part sign language. He talks about *Tabu* the way a man talks about early childhood. It is still to him the most wonderful game he ever played.

"You know," he told me, "what they paid me for that picture?"

"What?"

"Ten francs—almost forty cents a day." He laughed. "That was so much money to me—I was so happy. I would go out every night after we made the picture and I would catch fish for the whole company. Act all day, fish all night. It was fine."

"Matahi, what happened to you at Bir Hacheim?"

He shook his head. "No good. Not nice." He would discard the war with a wave of his hand. Then he'd grin. "You come fishing?"

"Sure."

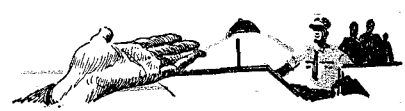
"We go out on the reef tomorrow. Good baby sharks now."

He would have one beer with me. Then he would decide that he had an urgent appointment elsewhere. I knew he had nothing to do but ride up and down the main street of Papeete and wave to his friends, but that sort of thing was important to Matahi.

There was this same end to our conversations every day. He would get on his bicycle. He would point to his army clothes. He would lift one foot to show me the heavy army boot he was wearing. He would grin. "Soon—I am out of these." He would pedal off.

"What will you do then?" I'd call after him.

First the big laugh. Then he'd say, "I go back to Bora Bora. Take off shoes! Have more kids! Catch more fish!"



Credit Goes a Long Way

GIVE CREDIT where credit is due. Yes, and give it where it's not altogether due. If you have been part of a project that was brought to success by your own work and also by the work of others, don't be reluctant to pass the credit on. Submerge your own role, even though you feel the others had little, if anything, to do with the achievement.

For what is this thing "credit"? If you claim it all for yourself, it is nothing and dies with you. If you pass it on, it is a magic substance that grows as you distribute it. Everybody feels strong and cooperative when given credit. And the giver becomes big in the eyes of the receiver.

The next time you ask people to work with you, they will give a much bigger part of themselves for your having given them the credit now. But if you grab all the credit, they will be reluctant to cooperate next time.

Human nature is eternally hungry for praise and recognition. The perfect food for this hunger is the credit, the written or spoken acknowledgment of service rendered. Give the credit, all of the credit, to the other fellow. It isn't easy! But try it, even though you inwardly rebel. After you practice it long enough, it will become second nature with you. You will feel a million times happier, more *creditable* within your own heart than you felt when you weren't passing the credit on.

—JAMES T. MANGAN

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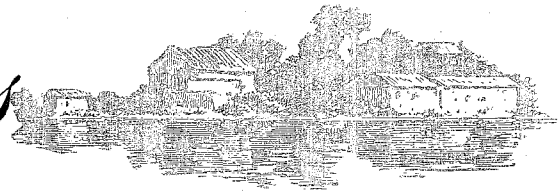
As evening is the ending of the busy day, so old age is the vesper hour of life

Vespers



by JOSEPH HOLLAND

A LOT OF FOLKS would never look twice at a lady I know. But down there in the Ozarks—in Hiwasse, Arkansas—"Aunt Phebe" Banks rates right at the top of my list of cherished acquaintances.

Phebe was 86 years old when I met her. I'd see her almost every day after that, riding to town proudly in her top buggy behind the steady clop of Jack, her thirty-year-old mule. Her clothes are entirely homemade, for not only does Aunt Phebe do her own sewing, she operates her own spinning wheel, loom and makeshift cotton gin, as well. And every evening at the vesper hour, Phebe reads her beloved Bible.

She lives in the same home she has kept in apple-pie order ever since Mr. Banks built it, shortly after their marriage in 1876. It's a large log house with an ample porch on which Phebe takes her ease in an old rocker in the evening as she works on a rug or a quilt. She sleeps in the same bed where she began her honeymoon and where, sixteen years ago, Mr. Banks passed on. I've heard that the paper on the walls of her house has been there for four decades, but it's still neat and clean. In her parlor, pictures cover the walls—the only family Phebe has left.

She still uses all of her old kitchenware, things modern housewives would long since have discarded. The old cedar butter churn, from which she has dashed out many a pound of golden butter, was old even when Phebe first began housekeeping. She sells some of the butter, and only recently she bought a fine marker for Mr. Banks' grave with her butter money.

Aunt Phebe has a broom for every room in her house. She makes each one exactly the way her mother taught her. She has never owned a store-bought broom in her life, and never will as long as there is a place in her vegetable garden for a small patch of broom corn.

That's Aunt Phebe Banks—and I never knew her to be fancy in any way. She knows little about frills and she needs them less.

I guess Aunt Phebe prefers things as they were long ago. That is what she would say, I know. But it seems more likely that Phebe Banks has been too *busy* to try to keep up with the world, or the Joneses. There's been too much work to do—too many folks in need of a helping hand or an understanding smile—too much honest, solid living—to allow time for erecting artificial scenery.

I think there ought to be a whole lot more of us who are like Mrs. Phebe Banks of Hiwasse, Arkansas—one of the folks who really count.

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PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN

BARUCH of the U.S.A.

by RUSSELL MALONEY

OUR CULTURE is the first in history to have no use for the wisdom of the elders. Most of our old men have the aimless air of survivors. Most old men—but not Bernard M. Baruch, who at seventy-five is the undisputed monarch of that shadowy realm of government which lies beyond politics.

Somebody once hung on Baruch the disparaging phrase, "The Apostle of the Obvious." Baruch's old friend Carter Glass said the same thing: "Bernie can be dogmatic as hell on a proposition like two plus two equals four."

For Baruch, government and business alike are functions of

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the individual, with practical and immediate objectives. He simply has the gift of not being a theorizer.

Here is a man whose life story is full of surface contradictions. He is a Southern Democrat who has been heard to say that he never voted for a Republican, and yet he has been the advisor of three Republican Presidents. He made his money on Wall Street during the days when rugged individualism was so taken for granted that the term did not exist; but the early New Deal legislation against the individualists had strong behind-the-scenes support from Baruch. An active and revered statesman for the past thirty years, Baruch has never been elected to a public office, or even made a public speech. Nobody has ever been able to discover whether Baruch has any concrete policies; he simply has a close acquaintance with a lot of obvious facts, and an inexplicable, intuitive way of dealing with them.

During one of Baruch's countless appearances before Congressional committees, his impartiality on a certain question was challenged. His reply was a statement of his only political principle: "I have too much pride as a workman in anything that I may say or do to make here a prejudiced statement. I want to be right. I would like to have the future justify me." Unfortunately, the man who takes this position renounces the glory that is the occasional lot of the shot-in-the-dark prophet. He puts himself in the category of the rustic who announces that tomorrow will be a fine day, if it doesn't rain.

What Baruch's admirers see as his great virtue, and his enemies as his great fault, is simply mediocrity on a heroic scale. His handling of the rubber shortage is an illustration of this. When he was called in to deal with the first big economic crisis of the war, his initial contribution was purely negative; he did not inflame the hasty temper of post-Pearl Harbor Washington by saying, "I told you so," even though, for the past six or seven years he had been trying to interest the administration in building up a stockpile of natural rubber. The problem divided itself into two parts: the conservation of such natural rubber as we had, and the development of a practical method of producing artificial rubber. He turned the latter problem over to his scientific aides, overseeing them only to the extent of demanding an immediate decision about an available method, regardless of any speculation as to the results of further research. Conservation was just a matter of stopping up mouse-holes: a maximum speed limit of 35 miles an hour, periodic tire inspection, rigid gasoline rationing, and the release of some of the precious rubber reserve for necessary civilian recapping jobs. None of these measures was in any way startling or original, nor did any of them do away with the fact that there was a rubber shortage; they simply represented the best way of playing a losing hand.

Quite a few men in Washington

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were irritated by the pedestrian way Baruch handled the rubber crisis. "Any one of us could have done that" represented the general reaction. "Yes, but B. M. *did* it," his friends said. What annoyed them, perhaps unconsciously, was that Baruch functions unconcernedly under conditions that are poisonous to the vote-seeking politician; he is guided by facts rather than hopes. Wilson, the first—and, in Baruch's eyes, the greatest—of the five Presidents he has served, used to call him "Doctor Facts."

THE PICTURE of Baruch in the mind of the casual newspaper reader is a little blurred, and understandably so. Didn't this bland "park-bench philosopher," this sage of the economic world, make his fortune in—well, not to mince words, in Wall Street? The popular imagination, which never does things by halves, has degraded the Wall Street operator from an American picaresque hero to something only a couple of notches above an out-and-out rascal. The rich man, we now think, should do penance for being rich. This is yet another preconceived pattern into which Baruch does not fit. The getting of money burdened him, not with guilt, but with satiety; and he spends it in the public service not to buy ease of conscience, but to do good, because he likes doing good.

This austerity of motive has been more than certain Congressmen could swallow, and on two occasions there have been inquiries into his practices: once in 1917, and once in 1935. On both occasions the proceedings turned into a sort of public testimonial to Bernard Baruch. In 1935, for example, the Nye Committee, after fearsome preliminary mutterings, brought to light the following facts about Baruch's financial operations during the World War: that from 1916 to 1917 his income dropped from $2,301,028.03 to $617,061.67; that in 1918 and 1919 he made no money at all; that he had put up, out of his own pocket, something approaching $85,000 to pay for an official government mission to study the costs of war materials in Great Britain; and that, after the Armistice, he had secretly engaged a woman to get in touch with all the unemployed "government girls" left in Washington, buy them railroad tickets, and put them on the train for home. The hearing was concluded in a flurry of nervous apology.

Over a period of thirty years, Baruch has spent between sixty and seventy-five thousand a year on government work. This does not include philanthropies—just the operating expenses of his extra-administrative projects. At the moment, his payroll for private investigators runs to more than three thousand dollars a week. One woman, for example, is employed in an exhaustive investigation of the production of prosthetic limbs for disabled war veterans. Undoubtedly Baruch knows that the mere gesture on his part is enough to keep the investigated parties wholesomely stimulated, but his habit of conducting investigations is more than a gesture. It dates back to his Wall Street days, when he would invest in a stock only after the most finicky scrutiny of the corporation's physical and financial set-up, per-

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sonnel, and prospects. The investigator serves the additional purpose of keeping Baruch from getting, as he puts it, "too interested," by which he means interested by irrelevant details.

Another magnificent Baruch inconsistency is that, after painstakingly familiarizing himself with all the facts involved in a certain problem, he will proceed to solve the problem intuitively. "It doesn't smell right" and "I don't *feel* it" are locutions that turn up frequently during conferences between Baruch and his assistants. Baruch will approve no course of action, however logical, that doesn't smell right to him. On the other hand, all his intimates know the expression they call Baruch's "snake-in-the-grass" look, which indicates that he is about to deliver a factual crusher to another's intuitive inspiration.

BERNARD BARUCH's mother, Belle Wolfe Baruch, was the descendant of Jewish Portuguese planters who had settled in the South shortly after the Revolution. After the Civil War, which left her family impoverished, "Miss Belle" married Dr. Simon Baruch, a Prussian Jew who had come to this country at the age of fifteen. Mannes Baum, a merchant of Camden, South Carolina, gave Simon a job in his store and, after he had learned the language, sent him to South Carolina Medical College. Simon concluded his medical studies at the Medical College of Virginia, taking his degree just as the Civil War broke out. He served as a surgeon with the Confederate Army, was imprisoned for a time at Fort McHenry in Baltimore, and wrote a monograph on bayonet wounds of the chest which was consulted by surgeons as late as the first World War.

Bernard Mannes Baruch was born in Camden on the nineteenth of August, 1870, the second of four sons. The family lived in Camden until Bernard was eleven years old. During that period the South went through the worst humiliation and deprivations of the "reconstruction" period. It made young Bernard a Democrat, finally and unalterably. Here, it may be observed, he had the opportunity to study the problems of post-war adjustment from the loser's angle.

In 1881 Dr. Baruch moved his family to New York. He had become interested in hydrotherapy, and wanted a larger field for clinical work. Bernard and his brothers went to public school, and in addition were tutored in ancient and modern languages. By the time he was eighteen, Bernard knew German, French, Hebrew, Latin and Greek. He had planned on going to Yale, but Miss Belle didn't want him to be so far away from home; he went to City College instead.

About this time, young Bernie—he must not, under any circumstances, be called Barney—became a formidable boxer. He worked out at Woods' Gymnasium, a resort of Fitzsimmons, Choynski, and other prize-ring heroes, and attracted a good deal of favorable attention. He had by then reached his full height of six feet three and a half inches, and was somewhere in the light-heavyweight class. A photograph of him in boxer's tights shows a curly-haired youth with a clipped

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mustache and bulging biceps. There is a noticeable resemblance to the Baruch of 1945, though the hair is now silky white, and the clean-shaven face habitually bears an expression of quizzical inquiry rather than the truculence of the 1890 pugilist.

Bernie played baseball, too—he was a first baseman—and this was the cause of his failure to achieve the great ambition of his youth—West Point and a career in the Army. He managed to get an appointment, but could not pass the physical examination because of a defective eardrum resulting from an exciting baseball game in which he performed the thrilling feat of batting in two runs to tie the score in the last of the ninth and then stealing home to win the game. Baruch is now unable to hear very much without the aid of an electrical device.

BARUCH'S mother had had her own ambitions for her son. She wanted him to follow his father's profession but, after a consultation with a phrenologist, decided that business might offer more scope. While admitting that the contours of young Bernie's skull did not altogether rule out the possibility of a medical career, the phrenologist said that his final advice would be: "Take him where they are doing big things in finance or politics." Never one to fly in the face of science, Mrs. Baruch gave her blessing to Bernie's career in business. He started out by earning three dollars a week from a wholesale glassware firm, then went to a brokerage firm, A. A. Housman & Co., at an increase of two dollars.

By the time he was 32, Baruch had piled up $3,200,000—a hundred thousand for each year of his life, as he still likes to point out. He started out as very small fry, overshadowed by such sharks as Thomas Fortune Ryan, Bet-A-Million Gates, Diamond Jim Brady, James Keene, Henry Huddleston Rogers, and the rest of a generally tough crew. In the manner to which the typical success story of his generation has accustomed us, he started on a shoestring, buying and selling ten-share lots, and worked up to gigantic and complicated manipulations. Several times he was almost wiped out, but he always managed to recoup. When he engineered the purchase of the Liggett & Meyers Tobacco Company by Ryan he received fifty thousand dollars as his share of the firm's commission. He soon ran this up to seven hundred thousand dollars.

The influence exerted by Dr. Simon Baruch on his famous son's career was not as direct as the mother's, but it seems to have been equally strong. It is not too far-fetched a theory that Baruch's discontent with money-making as the be-all and end-all of a man's life may be a reflection of his father's attitude. There is a story, which has been told before, of how violently young Bernie reacted to his father's impatience at his "recitations"—the little memorized pieces which current social custom required of every well-brought-up child. Once too often, young Bernie spoke his piece, and the put-upon father voiced his impatience by mocking him: "Blah, blah, blah." In the 65 or more years

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that have intervened since this incident, Bernard Baruch has carefully avoided all occasions for public speaking.

Dr. Baruch did not hold a high opinion of money. When Bernard was still considering a medical career, his father warned him not to go into medicine in the expectation of making money, which could, he pointed out, be got in easier ways. The doctor's reward, he said, was the satisfaction of helping his fellow man. Not long ago an interviewer asked Baruch if he ever regretted not having become a doctor. His answer was curt and honest. "Occasionally," he said. He remembered, too, that when he went to his family with the news that he had made his first million —and that was in a time when "millionaire" was a word that really meant something—his father had expressed no interest at all.

Whatever the reason, Baruch at 32 years of age was overcome by unrest and dissatisfaction. He withdrew from Housman & Co. with his $3,200,000, set up his own office, announced that he would from then on take no clients, and began to brood. For a time he considered giving up the market and studying law, but finally decided that this would be too radical a step for a man with a wife and children; besides, he considered himself practically a middle-aged man. He applied himself for another ten years to increasing his fortune; but, though he did not know it, he was waiting to meet Woodrow Wilson.

Baruch had always been a generous contributor to the Democratic Party, and it was inevitable that in 1912, when Governor Wilson became a Democratic Presidential prospect, the two should be brought together. From that first meeting until Wilson's tragic and unfulfilled life came to an end, he had Baruch's unquestioning loyalty and devotion. From the beginning, Wilson leaned heavily on Baruch for advice concerning finance and industry. The speculator's habit of painstakingly investigating any doubtful situation, and his queer, cranky intuition were put at the service of the nation.

In 1916, Wilson appointed a Council for National Defense, with Baruch at the head. This was a purely advisory post from which, in July, 1917, grew the all-responsible position of Chairman of the War Industries Board. Given absolute power by Wilson, and delegating absolute power to his subordinates, Baruch integrated the civilian economy with the war effort along lines now so familiar to us that we take it all for granted. He devised the first system of priorities for men and labor, control of production for civilians, and integration of production and transportation. To put it as briefly as possible, Baruch originated economic warfare in the United States.

It was Baruch's hope that after the war some peaceable version of the WIB might be set up, to encourage the development of our natural resources against any future war emergency, and to encourage industrial research along the same lines. He hoped for peace, and continues to hope for it, but he has always acted on facts rather than hopes and the fact was that we had been lamentably unpre-

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pared for war. Baruch went to Versailles to work on the economic sections of the treaty. If his memories of the ruined South made him lenient to Germany, it is a mistake he is on guard against committing a second time. As for the League of Nations, he took the view that something was better than nothing, and made a hopeless attempt to convince Wilson that, even with Senator Lodge's emasculating reservations, we were better in the League than not.

The change of administration in 1921 left Baruch more or less of a political outsider. He went back to finance, this time as a creative investor. He had sold his Stock Exchange seat in 1917, before taking on his war job, and never again seriously considered buying another. But he soon found his way back to the White House, Republicans or no Republicans, where he concerned himself with the war-debt wrangle, the perennial predicament of the American farmer, and prospects of preventing another war. He kept his eye closely enough on the market to get out before the fatal crash of 1929, and he was clear-headed enough in 1930 to predict a long, painful depression. The depression, in fact, took him to the White House as a kind of harbinger of the New Deal—if that is not too fanciful a way of referring to his work under Hoover, on the RFC.

Baruch's work during the twelve great years of Franklin Roosevelt divides itself into two periods—the early days of the depression emergency, and the war. Both represented what Baruch likes to call "uneconomic areas." By this he means to indicate a state of affairs in which we cannot rely on the operation of such time-honored principles as the law of supply and demand, but must seek temporary relief in what he has called "statutory amendments to natural laws." Cases in point are NRA and AAA, which were administered by "Baruch men"—Hugh Johnson and George Peek. In advocating these violent measures, Baruch plays the role of a surgeon who recognizes the need of an immediate operation but relies heavily on the patient's recuperative powers and hopes eventually to see him walking without crutches.

WAR, OF COURSE, is another uneconomic area. Having been through it before, Baruch knew better than most other men in Washington just how uneconomic it was going to be. For instance, he uttered just before Pearl Harbor some dreary but inescapable truths about inflation and its prevention. "I do not believe in piecemeal price fixing," he said, before the House Banking and Currency Committee. "I think you have first to put a ceiling over the whole price structure, including wages, rents, and farm prices . . . I do not believe that you can treat price control as a separate effort. It must be intimately tied up with and move in step with all other war controls: wage and rent control, priorities, conservation, commandeering, war trade, war finance, and so forth." If Baruch has ever in his life been severely tempted to say, "I told you so," it must be at this moment.

Baruch has never turned into a professional dissenter, but it is not

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unlikely that he senses that the politicians look to him wistfully for the forceful presentation of the politically unpopular viewpoint. Certainly every grown-up member of Congress, whatever his overt position may have been, must have been secretly in agreement with Baruch when his recent report on the post-war control of Germany turned into a dissertation on the necessity of trying to get along with Russia. Baruch, the individualist, the Democrat, the man who knows more, probably, than any other single person about the actual and potential strength of his own country, spoke of Russia in plain, cheerful, self-respecting language: "I have no fear of the spread of Bolshevism in the United States—jobs and higher living standards are the proven anti-toxins . . . As the living standards within Russia improve, the atmosphere there should lighten and some practices which strike us unfavorably are likely to disappear."

THE BENCH in Lafayette Park is, of course, a symbol, regardless of the fact that Baruch is a habitual sun-bather. Perhaps the symbolism indicates the austerity of his political life. Certainly it is balanced by the opulence of his private life. There is nothing humble, for example, about Hobcaw Barony, his place in South Carolina—23 thousand acres teeming with duck, quail, wild turkey and deer, not to mention a particularly delicious variety of small oyster which grows in the Hobcaw salt marshes. His New York town house is no less magnificent; there is a story that during prohibition he brought General Pershing in for a drink at his private bar and the bedazzled General later asked him, "Mr. Baruch, could you get me a card to that place?" In the days when food was plentiful, it was not unusual for him to have ninety guests at dinner.

Every morning, just after rising, Baruch shadow-boxes for several minutes with a pair of dumb-bells. He is still strong and agile, and only a few years ago knocked out a man half his age as the result of a traffic brawl on Fifth Avenue. The taxicab Baruch was riding in was grazed by a private car, the owner of which began to abuse the taxi driver. The taxi driver happened to be a rather small, pathetic type, and Baruch intervened in the quarrel, whereupon the aggressive stranger invited him to get out of the cab and have his block knocked off. Ever the master of strategy, in small battles as well as great ones, Baruch got out on the far side, to guard against attack before he was prepared. The stranger charged him, and Baruch felled him with his first blow.

Even in less aggressive moods, Baruch does not act like an old man. His voice is strong and resonant and, in spite of his impaired hearing, well-pitched. He wears conservative, well-made clothes, striking an old-fashioned note only in his high laced shoes and the lumps above them that indicate the termination of the legs of his long underwear. He eats heartily but simply, avoiding red meat and desserts. He gave up smoking a long time ago, but drinks when there is a social reason for it. "I understand Mr. Baruch used to

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be very fond of the ladies," somebody once remarked to one of Baruch's close friends. "*Used* to be!" the friend exclaimed.

Like all legendary figures, Baruch seems a little lonely. If he has never had exactly what he wanted, that has been to the benefit of his fellow citizens; history is seldom made by contented people. Once, at an auction, Baruch bought a lot of finely bound books, including a superb set of Thoreau. It happened that he had never read the work of this American philosopher who retired to Walden Pond and a life of vigorous simplicity. When his set of Thoreau was delivered Baruch idly opened a volume, read some of it, then went back and started at the beginning. The two individualists had finally met—the man who has fought the most complex problems of history's most complex society, and the man who lived by himself beside a pond.

Each by His Own Standards

LONG BEFORE the late Ernie Pyle took to the road as a rambling correspondent, and later to the wars to become the doughboys' buddy, he was a thirty-dollar-a-week copyreader on the Washington (D. C.) *Daily News*. One day he received a story to which he tagged this headline:

"MAN INHERITS HUGE FORTUNE OF 15,000 DOLLARS."

When he turned it in, his executive editor asked, "Where do you get the idea that 15,000 dollars is a huge fortune?"

Pyle's reply was classic. "If you were earning the same dough I am, you'd think so, too." —IRVING HOFFMAN

DEATH WAS NOT FAR off, and as his one good deed on earth the miserly old uncle decided to give his only heir a word of advice. "Remember, my boy," he gasped, "wealth does not bring happiness."

"I don't expect it to," replied the young man. "I merely want it so I may choose the kind of misery that is most agreeable to me."—*Enjoy Yourself*

EIGHT LONG, discouraging years had passed, and still his stony New England farm had yielded no profits. Gnarled, weatherbeaten, yet undefeated, the old farmer took reckoning, then announced:

"Anyhow, I'm holding my own. I didn't have nothin' when I come here, and I ain't got nothin' now." —JOHN W. HUMFREVILLE

I ONCE RECEIVED a letter from Will Rogers about writing an article for *Forbes* magazine, to which he added a sentence that caused me to throw out my chest and say, perhaps I was some pumpkins after all, when it came to analyzing and writing about security markets.

When I reread it, however, I wasn't sure just how handsome a compliment it was. He wrote:

"I hope some day, brother Forbes, to be rich enough to afford to act on some of your stock market advice."

—B. C. FORBES in *499 Scottish Stories* (Forbes)

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A baby born in the Waldorf-Astoria can live a full life span within its portals

The Fabulous Waldorf

by ALAN HYND

IT WAS SAID before the war that if a traveler sat long enough at a table in the Café de la Paix in Paris he would, sooner or later, see every important person in the world pass by. Actually for fourteen years now, this has been far more applicable to the main lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, than to the Café de la Paix.

More renowned personages have stopped at the Waldorf than at any other hotel in the history of inn-keeping. Presidents, including Franklin Delano Roosevelt, have stopped there. Herbert Hoover, America's only living ex-President, maintains a permanent apartment.

Kings and queens and prime ministers and diplomats and potentates from the Far East have come to regard the Waldorf, rather than Shepheard's in Cairo, the Grand in Rome, or the Savoy in London, as an important crossroad. Explorers and artists, scientists and best-selling authors, merchant princes and captains of industry are all part of the Waldorf's passing parade.

No hotel, indeed, has ever had such a diversified clientele. Celebrated churchmen have ridden in the swift, carpeted elevators with luminaries of the entertainment world and noted sportsmen as fellow passengers. The present Pope, Pius XII, stopped at the Waldorf when he was Cardinal Pacelli. Frank Sinatra, Clark Gable and Louis B. Mayer sign the Waldorf's guest register when they come to New York.

The Archbishop of York has been greeted by Oscar, the Waldorf's fabled host, and Colonel Matt Winn, father of the Kentucky Derby, has a permanent suite. Henry Kaiser has worked out production miracles in a suite in the Waldorf Towers, and Cole Porter has dreamed up hit tunes in his soundproof and air-conditioned workroom in the hotel.

Allied military leaders have, from time to time since Pearl Harbor, arrived at the hotel's private railroad siding, beneath Park Avenue, secretly entered the hotel, met to discuss strategy, and then gone off, just as secretly, to put the strategy into operation in war theatres around the globe.

Behind the quiet, luxurious dignity of the Waldorf are enacted daily all the little comedies and tragedies of life. Men and women have danced and loved and died there, babies have been born and guests have been placed under ether for emergency operations in a completely equipped miniature hospital.

Incidents taken directly from life at the hotel have been incorporated in the recently released M-G-M

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picture, *Weekend at the Waldorf*. Last year, for example, there appeared at the registration desk a young Navy ensign and the pretty, starry-eyed girl he had just married. A clerk reluctantly informed the couple that the Waldorf was filled to wartime capacity with almost two thousand guests and that it would not be possible to accommodate them.

"Oh, dear," said the bride. "The Waldorf has always been the most enchanting place in the world to me and I had always dreamed of spending my honeymoon here."

The remark was overheard by a middle-aged man, a prominent industrialist who occupied a permanent suite in the hotel. He was on his way out of town. He looked at the bride and groom. "Let these young people stay in my suite," he told the clerk. "And don't let them pay for their meals; charge everything to me."

The ensign and his bride were pleasantly stunned and began to stammer their thanks. The industrialist smiled almost apologetically. "It's the least I can do," he said. His face grew solemn as he looked at the ensign, and his voice was husky as he added: "You see, young man, I've just lost a son about your age in the South Pacific."

Many veteran members of the Waldorf-Astoria staff, whose service goes back for decades to the famous original Waldorf, have become practical diplomats. Hardly a day passes that does not present some crisis that would otherwise threaten the Waldorf decorum.

There was, for instance, the occasion not long before the entry of the United States into the war, when the paths of the Chinese and Japanese ambassadors, both staying at the Waldorf, threatened to cross. It was only by skillful behind-the-scenes maneuvering that the management circumvented a head-on clash that might well have assumed the proportions of an international incident.

The Duke of Windsor once got lost in the Waldorf and rang for an elevator. The car that appeared was a freight carrier, but the Duke stepped in, sat on a trunk and said to the flustered operator: "Let's go. I don't mind if you don't."

Lucius Messenger Boomer, the quiet and imaginative chairman of the board of the Waldorf-Astoria tries, simply, to make every guest feel at home. To this end, it was Boomer's idea to keep a sort of dossier on every regular guest. When Winston Churchill was expected to stop there, the Waldorf ascertained in advance what type of cigar he smoked, and when he arrived they made it their business to have a stock on hand.

Ex-President Hoover is a connoisseur of cheese, and when a waiter goes to the Hoover suite, he learns beforehand what cheeses are available. Special dishes have been prepared for guests of such varied gastronomical leanings as Madame Chiang Kai-shek, King George of Greece, General de Gaulle, and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

Mattress, pillow and laundry preferences, as well as many other idiosyncrasies of regular guests are carefully noted and silently complied with. For example, while it is a custom of the hotel to present each

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lady guest with a rose in a silver vase, along with her morning coffee, the management substitutes other flowers for one woman who is allergic to roses.

The Waldorf, which among other things happens to be the world's largest hotel (it occupies the equivalent of two city blocks), is equipped with more than its share of usual hotel facilities. On the premises there are tailoring and modiste establishments, banking facilities, a dentist's office, a children's playroom and outdoor terrace, and motion pictures and television.

It would almost be possible for a baby born in the Waldorf to grow up and spend an entire normal lifetime within its portals—and many guests who come from distant points actually do spend most of their New York visit within the confines of the hotel.

Waldorf prices for rooms, contrary to a general impression, are not astronomical. But the magnificently appointed suites, on the other hand, may run as high as 125 dollars daily for two to ten rooms.

Waldorf-Astoria cuisine is world famous. The kitchen has been called a little League of Nations. Most of the chefs, butchers, sauce and pastry specialists are French. There are Italian cooks and Austrian bakers. The china and silver are taken care of by Portuguese, Filipinos, and Spaniards.

In normal times the Waldorf reaches great distances for food and potables. English sole and mutton and Scotch grouse are old Waldorf favorites. Cheese, lemons and olive oil normally come from Italy, *paté de foie gras* and truffles from France, hors d'oeuvres from Holland and Scandinavia, and caviar from Russia.

The Waldorf's guiding spirit, Lucius Boomer, is generally regarded as the world's outstanding authority on hotel management. To his way of thinking, a world war has nothing to do with courtesy, cheerfulness and efficiency in hotel employes. Just because the Waldorf, like all other hotels, has been hit by rationing is no reason why the food that is available should not be prepared as well as ever, he says.

In the face of all the grandeur, the myriad of smoothly administered services, and the thousand and one comforts which the Waldorf-Astoria supplies as a matter of course to its guests, one world traveler has remarked: "I see it, but I don't believe it. It's not *possible!*"

Pacific Story

HE HAD RED HAIR and a likeable grin that came with his face. We chatted casually in his tent there at that South Pacific base, as two GIs from different outfits will. "Sweet planes, those B-24s," he said.

"You're right," I said. "We watch them all go out in the morning. One of the prettiest sights I know around here."

He still had the smile. "It's a lot prettier," he said, "when they all come back."

—CPL. WILLIAM E. PENSYL in *Yank*

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When the cattlemen of Oklahoma named a bellowing heifer Bette Davis, the first lady of the screen knew who were her friends

America's Leading Lady

by CAMERON SHIPP

"JUST LIKE folks," was the verdict of a Kansas City *Star* reporter, after he had attended Miss Bette Davis' interview in shirt sleeves to prove that Hollywood didn't impress Missouri.

In the penthouse drawing room of the Muehlebach Hotel, Kansas City, Missouri, Miss Davis had met the press, the mayor, some local celebrities, and a group of awed high school reporters. She greeted them all with forthright handshakes and learned their names —and remembered them. She charmed them by being as natural and as frank as any personable young woman putting guests at ease could be.

Bette had just discovered America, and vice versa. The results were mutually illuminating. Particularly, she struck up warm friendships with the states of Missouri and Oklahoma. When the citizens of Sedalia, Missouri, presented her with a mule, and the cattlemen of Oklahoma City led a bellowing heifer into a hotel dining room and christened it Bette Davis in her honor, she was momentarily dismayed. But her dismay turned to enchantment. And though she was by this time exhausted, after hand-shaking and wholesale bond selling, she stayed up all night to give a party for those who had entertained her so magnificently.

Thousands of persons who ordinarily never get closer to Hollywood than the neighborhood double feature discovered, on this trip, that you pronounce it "Betty," not "Bett," and that you call her that on first introduction.

Shortly after discovering Ameri-

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ca by way of War Bonds, Bette went to New York and discovered the Stage Door Canteen. She caught the first train back to Hollywood, enlisted John Garfield and Jules Stein, president of Music Corporation of America; and electricians, musicians, laborers and an attorney. They held a meeting in an abandoned night club that had been empty so long it had the rancid smell of a county courtroom, and there were no lights. Bette arrived in a station wagon loaded with kerosene lamps and candles ("Only a New Englander would have thought of that," said Mervyn Leroy) and incorporated the now famous Hollywood Canteen before the attorney could say "habeas corpus."

Bette's favorite anecdote about herself comes from the Canteen, which has entertained more than three million servicemen and women. When it was new, she used to empty the garbage pails. She also scrubbed floors, and she was engaged in this wholesome work one morning when a Pfc. walked in.

"You Bette Davis?" he asked.

"That's me," said Bette, looking up from her pail.

"Well, lady, your pictures ain't so hot, but you sure look like sweetness and light right now."

Hollywood, always astonished by stern evidences of integrity in regard to its professional chores, admires this young woman whose roots lie deep in the firm precepts of New England, but at the same time it is often puzzled by her. However, Bette is beyond challenge in Hollywood as motion pictures' foremost actress.

The combined operations of Miss Davis' energy, talents, and background were turned loose upon the innocents of Hollywood in 1930. Bette had been a successful but not sensational actress on the Broadway stage. She had been rebuffed by Eva Le Gallienne, who had her read the part of a seventy-year-old Dutch crone, then briskly dismissed her by saying that she was "a frivolous little girl."

Bette made her Broadway debut in 1929 as Floy, the farmer's daughter, in *The Earth Between*. She played leads in *The Wild Duck* and in *Broken Dishes* that same year, and was brought to Hollywood by Universal.

For four years she played girls who wore pink, floppy hats. Bette speaks of this period now with distaste. She will resent the observation that she *was* cute and blonde, because she knew that she was the cerebral type and that tragedy was her dish. She was about the most resounding flop that had yet hit Hollywood.

She was packing her bags to return to New York when George Arliss asked her to be his leading lady in *The Man Who Played God*. This gave her momentary standing and some hope, at least enough to endure the floppy hats for two more years. She was working for Warner Bros., by this time, to their mutual dissatisfaction, when the great role of Mildred in *Of Human Bondage* came her way, principally because nobody of any importance wanted to portray the distasteful character.

Her performance as Mildred inspired breast-beating and huzzahs from the critics, but *It Happened One Night*, with Claudette Colbert, was

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the hit of 1934 and therefore the Academy Award winner. Miss Davis' subsequent *Dangerous* was a good picture, but not nearly so distinguished as *Of Human Bondage* (1934). She got her first Oscar for *Dangerous* because she should have had it for *Of Human Bondage*.

When David O. Selznick made *Gone With the Wind*, he wanted to give Bette Davis the part of Scarlett, but hesitated because Bette was a New England girl. The role went to Vivien Leigh, a young lady from England. Warner Bros. immediately cast Bette in another Civil War picture, *Jezebel*. The race was on. *Jezebel* was released first (1938) and won the Academy Award. According to all critics, Miss Davis gave a better performance in *Dark Victory* than in *Jezebel*, but *Dark Victory* happened to come out in the same year as *Gone With the Wind*, (1939) so Vivien Leigh got the Oscar. To sum up:

Miss Davis lost the Oscar in *Dark Victory* to Miss Leigh because she had just won one in *Jezebel*. She did not win one for *Of Human Bondage* because she lost out to Miss Colbert in *It Happened One Night*, as a result of which she won her first Oscar for *Dangerous!*

Bette is smaller than you might think. On the screen, she often gives the impression of being tall. She is five-feet-three and usually weighs less than 110 pounds. Anyone who has expert knowledge of anything and can explain it is likely to attract from her either the most flattering and intense interest he has ever enjoyed or the most logically destructive argument that ever flattened him. (But Bette makes no bones about changing her mind.)

Bette lives in a six-room, two-bedroom, English type house, tastefully furnished—not in the manner of those movie queens whose homes resemble bakery shop nightmares. She answers her own telephones on the theory she is competent to deal with anything or anybody and requires no protection from servants.

She was 37 on April 5, and looks much younger. She will be able to play youthful parts for years. But it is possibly evidence of New England prudence which, aside from the dramatic temptations, have influenced her so often to play older women. When she does get old, she can slip gracefully into older parts without exciting the usual comment about actresses' ages.

All directors who have worked with her say they have benefited by the experience and that she is by far the most responsive instrument in cinema dramaturgy. They report that her interpretations are always surprising, no matter how diligently they prepare themselves for surprises, and always correct. Moreover, they say that her acting is as bright and untarnished at the end of a hard day, after many retakes, as at first rehearsal. She likes to work. But she does not think it is possible to give a finished performance in a motion picture, and

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she would like to work hard before audiences. One play a year, then a picture from the same play, she feels, might be a good program.

After the preliminary years of battling with Warner Bros., to whom she is still under contract, she has her own career under firm control, including an agreement which allows her to produce one picture a year herself.

Her producing unit is called "B.D. Inc.," and she likes it because she despises the factory system of making pictures in Hollywood. Better pictures could be made, she argues, by small companies for small capital, as opposed to the current system of assembly line drama, trademarked, packaged, and nationally distributed like breakfast food.

She loves to portray tragedy. Her forte is, of course, high tragedy involving well-bred persons and the Fates. She is at her best as a woman beset, besieged, and inevitably trapped.

Before her husband, Arthur Farnsworth, died of a cerebral hemorrhage not far from their Hollywood home, they used to retreat to a place called Butternut in New Hampshire, as often as they got away from Hollywood. Butternut was the place to which she was going to retire. Retirement for Bette Davis is, of course, as unlikely as General Patton's taking the veil, but just the same she has a passion for New Hampshire people, the White Mountains, and the Ammonoosuc River.

Bette's full name is Ruth Elizabeth Davis, and it came perilously close to becoming Bettina Dawes when she was working for Universal, but in the family circle and to her friends she is "Bess."

Some distant June she will go to Bates College, Maine, to receive a Doctor of Letters degree. She has been offered many degrees, but by this one she sets great store. Her father, Harlow Davis, was valedictorian of the Class of 1907. She comes by her sentiments and her intellect naturally.

Who Started It?

"Son of a Gun"—Back in the days when sailors were permitted to keep their wives on board ship, this term was actually used to refer to children born alongside the guns of the broadsides. —*Banana Peelings*

"Smile like a Cheshire Cat"—Cheese sold in Cheshire, England, was once moulded in the shape of a cat whose feline features were illuminated with a generous smile—whence came the simile. —MARY MCKINNON

"Take the cake"—This term originated in the sophisticated city of Athens, where nightly drinking contests were customary. The citizen who drank the greatest number of his opponents under the table was rewarded with a cake—provided the judges were sober enough to make the presentation and the victor to accept it. —SIMPSON M. RITTER

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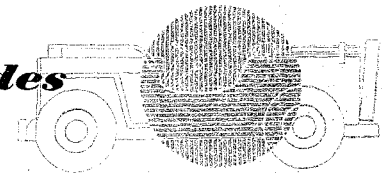
A war veteran of infinite ability and versatile power is the mighty little jeep

Jeep of All Trades



by HARMAN W. NICHOLS

A LIEUTENANT COLONEL told me that his driver in the Southwest Pacific once said: "That jeep can do everything but climb a coconut tree, and I wouldn't be surprised to see it do that." The post-war jeep, unveiled recently on a farm near Toledo, Ohio, is a blood cousin to the wartime scout car and can do almost any chore except gather eggs and serve up fried chicken to the threshers. It will carry you to that hunting lodge off the trail, which you once reached only on foot or pack horse. It will deliver the mail to your country home. It will even saw the wood for your fireplace.

The new jeep was developed behind closed doors during months of exhaustive research and experimentation, while the GIs' best friend was building a reputation on the far-flung war fronts as the most versatile weapon in the Allied arsenal. It has been described as "the first vehicle in history to successfully combine the basic functions of the light truck, tractor, mobile power unit and passenger conveyance."

That's a tall statement, but the facts stand behind it. The new jeep possesses a lot of power that can be put to use in the factory, on the farm, in railroad yards, mines, oil fields, lumber camps and in various other peacetime pursuits.

The military jeep was a revolutionary combination of power, weight, size, four-wheel drive, dependability and ruggedness. The domestic jeep, a twin to the old one in appearance, is no "pin up" among the rolling stock. In fact, it was and is the ugly duckling of the garage. It hides its beauty under the hood up front. As a columnist recently put it, "The jeep represents man's most successful effort to produce a mechanical mule."

Many new things have been added, among them a special power takeoff. Shoving the new gear shift home sends the jeep lunging ahead like a two-year-old filly legging it out of the barrier. Add to this a couple of handy gadgets in pulley and belt attachments and you have a metal workhorse that can churn up thirty horsepower—enough push to run anything from a buzz saw to a thresher.

In addition, gear ratios have been changed in the transmission, transfer case and axle for maximum efficiency when the jeep is plodding up the corn row between three and seven-and-a-half miles an hour. The gear ratio also gives it a cruising speed of sixty miles an hour when you use the jeep on an emergency run into town. The steering apparatus has been redesigned to insure safety on the

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highway as the jeep highballs it around steep curves.

And here is something every GI will appreciate. The wartime jeep was a work horse ridden by servicemen bareback, so to speak, and was about the roughest ride in the war. The new vehicle, however, has shock absorbers, mounted at an angle to provide a level floor. Seats buoyed by springs have been installed, and the new models wear pull-down tops fore and aft as protection against the weather.

Some of the other features, either as standard equipment or accessories, include seven-inch headlights which meet all legal requirements, a tail gate which enables it to function effectively as a pickup truck, an automatic windshield wiper, and a large tool box. And your eight-year-old boy could drive it—it handles that easily. Owners of the vehicle will be able to purchase a list of special accessories to widen the range of the jeep's usefulness, including snowplow and grader attachments, spray painting equipment and others.

There are not many jeeps for sale today, but soon they will be plentiful. The government paid approximately one thousand dollars apiece for the fighting scout car. The price to the public will vary as labor and material costs adjust to peacetime economy.

What are some of the jobs the civilian jeep can perform? Well, the list runs into the hundreds, and each day new uses are being discovered. Some of the most important of the already tested chores it can perform are: thresh wheat, combine oats, bale straw, elevate grain to bin, plant, cultivate or shell corn, operate a hammer mill, rotary hoe or grain drill, haul grain, hay and livestock, mow and rake hay, operate a post-hole auger, manure spreader or a wagon with a hay loader, saw wood, operate an orchard or paint sprayer, fill a silo and operate a pickup field cutter.

THESE represent workaday chores you would expect of a machine as sturdy and adaptable as the jeep, but the designers have other things in mind. You will one day see the vehicle kicking up the steam to dig a well. You will watch it generate the power to run the electric plant for your country home. And off the farm it can maintain utility lines and play pack mule through the labyrinth of underground passages in coal and iron mines. Screw on a siren, hop up the gears and you have a police patrol car. The rural mailman can slop through the spring's worst mire on country lanes to deliver the mail. The jeep can play cowboy and herd cattle. It can pump water, skid logs, move yard freight, and stretch wire for fences. It can plow snow, fight fires, and service oil fields.

And as mentioned earlier—it can serve as transportation on hunting and fishing trips through the

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wilds. If you ever have tried to plow through back country with the family jaloppy, you know what a beating your car takes. The jeep takes a ride like that in stride.

The new jeep is no dream. It is now a reality. It possesses the kind of power that peacetime America needs. It does a thorough job effortlessly and economically. On the highway, you'll get about twenty miles to a gallon of gasoline. In the field, where great pulling power is demanded, its economy forecasts a civilian future of great appeal to the thrifty.

Experimental tests have supplied on-the-soil records of jeep performances, gasoline consumption, fuel, speed, engine condition, times required for given tasks, specific cost of each item and overall costs.

To list a few of the more interesting: In Texas the jeep rode the range and rounded up all straggling cows and calves inside half an hour. Time required by a half dozen cow hands—one half day.

In U. S. Forest Service two jeeps made an ideal team in fire fighting, one carrying a crew of five men, the other carrying a water tank, power pump and hand tools.

In Florida a jeep carried out the fruit from among rows of trees that were too close for large conveyances which brush the fruit from low-hanging limbs.

In Arkansas the jeep, in contour plowing on difficult hillsides, maintained equilibrium, lost no time and wasted no gasoline. This was made possible by the four-wheel drive which prevented the front wheels from jamming into the earth, a difficulty with other mechanized devices.

With the jeep on hand to do the work, old Dobbin, who was brought out of retirement to do a job in this war, can now go back to his grazing.

Quizzed Kids

ON A WALK with her mother, little Rosalie spoke to a small boy whom they passed. "His name is Jimmy," she exclaimed. "He's in my room at school."

"What's his last name?" asked her mother.

"His whole name," responded Rosalie, "is Jimmy Sitdown—at least that's what teacher calls him." —*Solar Blast*

TO THE UTTER surprise of the teacher, the dullest boy in the class raised his hand when she asked: "Can anyone tell me where St. Louis is?"

Nodding to the boy she said, "All right, Junior, you may answer."

"St. Louis," said the lad, "is playing in New York."

THE MINISTER had called and was holding the small boy of the house on his lap. "So, you can count, eh?" he said. "Well, let's hear you."

The lad met the request with alacrity: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack, Queen, King." —PHILIP BEATON

A DISTINGUISHED gentleman from Boston stopped off at Salt Lake City to visit friends. While there he made the acquaintance of a little Mormon girl. "I'm from Boston," said the visitor. "I don't suppose you know where that is?"

"Oh yes I do," the little girl replied eagerly. "Our church has a missionary there." —BEN CASSELL

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There are wounds which do not bleed, and the Army knows how to cure them

Paradise at Pawling

by CAROL HUGHES

THE YOUNG airman sat leaning against the wall of the porch at the Army Air Forces Convalescent Hospital, Pawling, N. Y. His eyes stared vacantly across the beautiful lawns at the rolling hills. They were dead eyes, eyes with the pain of hell in them. They saw nothing of the quiet beauty in those hills. They saw only the shattering horror of planes in a bleeding sky; planes that tore through the air like broken winged birds, trying to scuttle away from guns. They were the eyes of a wounded airman who could see only bombs and havoc, and people scurrying from inevitable death.

For days he sat there, hearing with deaf ears other young Air Force men calling to him: "Golf today, Bob?" "No," said the dead-eyed soldier. Dazed and miserable, he leaned against the wall, his battered heart unable to respond even to his own kind. Doctors looked away in despair. Behind closed doors they said: "It will take months, maybe years—or maybe never."

A Red Cross worker talked to Bob on every subject she thought might be of interest to him. But nothing was. Always the blackness held him. One day a young pilot standing nearby heard her, and looked with pity and understanding at his dazed friend. "Bob," he said, "you'll never get well the way you're going, unless you have something alive to love. A dog, maybe?" Bob turned his head slowly and looked at the pilot. A flicker of interest sparked his eyes. "Yes," he said, "if I could have a little Shepherd puppy." The Red Cross worker stole away.

The next day she approached the porch holding in her arms a Shepherd puppy just six weeks old. Before she was halfway up the steps Bob was on his feet—swaying a little. "My dog," he said, his voice barely audible. The friendly little puppy licked his new master's face. Tears welled in the eyes of the soldier, and his arms closed about his dog. Four months later he had almost completely recovered, and the dog was a constant companion.

From that day in May, 1944,

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dogs have played one of the most effective parts in the rehabilitation program of the Army Air Forces Hospital at Pawling. Since the day when it was found that a dog could pierce the shell of a battle-dazed airman, 150 dogs have been secured by the Red Cross and the Westchester SPCA for those who find it so hard to fight their way back alone. The dogs have worked miracles.

In order to secure a dog a man simply makes out a request sheet, stating the kind of dog he wants. He signs a pledge that he will retain the dog himself after discharge or return it to the original owner. He agrees not to sell it. Then conscientious workers in the Red Cross and the Westchester SPCA go out and get "his type of dog." The boy must get the breed he wants. Anything else would be a disappointment. At the moment there are four hundred patients at Pawling, out of which 150 are a happy master and pup combination.

The dogs have been given rightful prominence in the program of a hospital equipped with the finest medical and scientific aids for recovery that can be provided. Each man must care for his dog in every way: feed him, provide for his new sleeping quarters in the old K-9 kennels, keep him healthy—and, if interested, groom him for the dog shows that are now so important at the Air Force hospital. "The ownership of a dog," a surgeon points out, "shifts the man's attention from himself and redevelops a new sense of responsibility to something alive. The therapeutic value is remarkable."

The Air Force hospital is a paradise. There is no more beautiful spot in all America than the crest of the hill from which the high, brick towered building overlooks the rolling landscape of Dutchess County. Once a fashionable private school for the sons of America's richest families, it was opened by the Army on January 1, 1944, as the first experimental hospital in an entirely new plan for rehabilitating convalescents. The spacious green lawns, swimming pool, riding stables, the magnificent golf course, tennis courts, baseball diamond, private trout pool, and the 680 acres of playgrounds on the outside are minor items compared to what goes on inside.

THE AAF HOSPITAL is a GI's dream. But one he never expects to see in reality. It takes a convalescent almost a week to believe what he sees is really happening. With every new and beautiful thing he discovers he says: "All right, what's the gag? When does the Army crack down?" At Pawling there is no gag. The Army doesn't crack down. There is little there to remind a man that he is in the Army. There are no drills. No bugles. No roll calls. Breakfast is served at 7:30. If a man doesn't want breakfast he sleeps until nine. About the only orders at Pawling are the ones that require a convalescent to play, but he is expected to be out on the tennis courts, go swimming, riding, play baseball, or work out in the gymnasium. The one strict rule is that if a man signs up to play, weather permitting, he must play or be considered AWOL. And at Pawling the doctors come to the men. There is no long waiting in

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line or standing in anterooms. A doctor visits each man every day in his own room.

To Pawling come only men who live in nearby eastern states, so that the wives and families, who play an important part in the new plan for a man's recovery, are within easy reach. Any man at Pawling who can afford it can bring his wife along to live nearby, and with his doctor's permission he may live outside the hospital. Those who can't afford to have their families near are given generous leaves to visit their homes in Pennsylvania, Connecticut or New York. Hundreds of wives of the men live in Pawling. Their visiting hours are all day. They play golf, tennis, swim or fish with their husbands on the elaborate grounds of the hospital.

To Pawling come men from all walks of life—some from proud homes of wealth and power; some schooled by poverty and hardships; many from small farms and drab factories. To it come the once gay, cocky, fun-loving boys who took their planes into the sky, proud of their wings, to meet other men on wings and to find that a plane in war means fury and the horror of destruction. To Pawling come young boys, men now, with the silence of the dead in their hearts. All have served in some capacity in the Air Forces—gunners, pilots, technicians, co-pilots. All have seen death; all have breathed it. Every theater of war is represented at Pawling. Every brand of air hero has passed through its doors.

The patients are classified into two categories—operational fatigues and orthopedic disabilities. Upon arrival each patient has an interview, which takes the form of a friendly chat. The first objective in the hospital is to root out self-pity. There is no coddling. A man is taught to hold his own no matter what his disability. All proud hearts learn this from the first talk at Pawling. The second interview is with the surgical services. If a man has a disability involving limbs, muscles or nerves, plans are made immediately for him to receive further treatment. Every modern facility is available, including an operating suite, X-ray department, a neuro-psychiatric section, full medical service, good psychologists, physiotherapy, and one of the most modern dental laboratories in the country. Dr. J. K. Wallace, psychiatrist, helps the boys straighten out their personal problems.

THE AIR FORCE is setting a stern and proud tradition that it takes care of its own. The individual handicap of any one man becomes the concern of all the men, from surgeon to pilot. The AAF hospital has opened up a new world and a new career to many of its convalescents. There are excellent machine shops, radio instruction classes, art, music, agriculture, botany and almost any kind of academic study. Five can start a class in any subject.

Pawling's handsome 32-year-old commanding officer, Lt. Colonel Hobart H. Todd, is a boon to morale on all fronts. He is good-humored and broad-minded; his men like him and he likes them. "We have no handicapped men here," he says. "They may be inconven-

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ienced, but never handicapped." Under his direction Pawling has proved that. Almost every man, no matter what may have happened to him, leaves Pawling with an assured place in society.

Pawling boasts one of the finest farm courses in America. Across a small valley from the main building and playground is a 540 acre farm, housing a dairy and poultry farm of prize winning breeds. The Guernseys that were cared for by the Air Force men took thirteen prize winning awards last year in the Dutchess County Fair. The farm work is entirely voluntary.

The grounds at Pawling today are alive with healthy, optimistic young men, burning their hides in the sun, and happy for their future. They have organized teams in almost everything. Competition is stiff, and hopes are high. They love Pawling, and appreciate what it is doing for them. They enjoy their freedom, their pets and their sports.

Pawling dog owners sound like new parents discussing their babies. According to all owners, every dog is a champion. At a recent dog show four of the AAF pets took first prize when pitted against veteran show dogs.

Dogs are not the only animal interest at Pawling. The Frog Derby is now an important occasion and trout fishing is widely enjoyed. Pawling has a well-stocked pond in which only fly-casting is permitted. One of the champion casters is T/Sgt. Joseph J. Boros of Hilliards, Pennsylvania. Boros was an engineer-gunner on a B-17 in the European Theater of War. His plane was shot down over Germany and Boros lost an eye. After being a German prisoner for nine months he was repatriated and sent to Pawling. Life was pretty grim for Joseph until he discovered the trout pond. A quiet, reserved sort of fellow, he kept to himself, brooding, until one day he pulled out two nineteen-inch trout, weighing three pounds each. Now every day around dusk, Joseph heads for his pond. He is the champion fly-caster at Pawling.

"Pawling is great," one of the young pilots said. "There's so many things here that a guy gets a kick out of—like that sign, for instance." The sign says: "Please walk on the grass."

Insect Lore

ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON a naturalist sat watching several large ants pass to and fro over a length of wire stretched between an old apple tree and a stone wall. In order to test their resourcefulness, he carefully wound sticky flypaper around the wire. Two days later he observed the result. The ants had covered the sticky surface with small fragments of apple leaves and, except for two insects who had made missteps and were stuck on the paper, there was an uninterrupted procession of the little creatures over this shaky, leaf-paved bridge.

—*The Strand*

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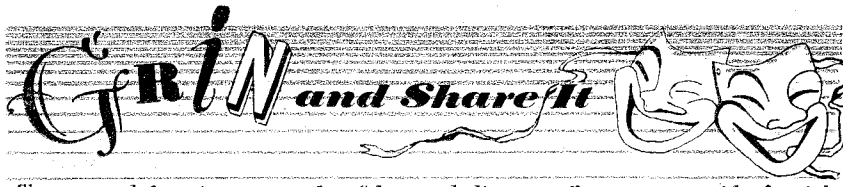

These tested favorites prove that "the good die young" was never said of a joke

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

AN EX-SOLDIER, with a gold discharge button in his lapel, met an old friend on the street. They chatted for a while, then, when the ex-soldier bent to light a cigarette, the friend noticed he wore handcuffs and quickly looked around for an accompanying officer. There was none. He took a second look—sure enough, they were handcuffs. One steel bracelet was snapped on the right wrist and the other was clamped around the belt.

"Darned nuisance," sighed the ex-soldier. "But I've got to break myself of saluting officers, somehow."

—JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

ASKING FOR money to finance a writing career, an aspiring author concluded his letter with this recommendation: "I have never written a thing in my life, so I ought to be full of ideas!" —ELIZABETH A. LANGERAK

GUIDE: "THIS castle has stood for three hundred years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing repaired or replaced."

Visiting Yank: "Must have the same landlord we have."

—*Gould Battery News*

THE VICAR in an English village, after several unsuccessful attempts, finally succeeded in cornering one of the younger members of his flock.

"Er—William," he said, "I am afraid I must talk to you. I—er—have heard that you have been raising false hopes in the hearts of several maidens. If rumor does not lie, you are engaged to one girl in this village, another in Little Mudford, another in Ditchley, and heaven knows how many more. How do you account for doing this sort of thing, William?"

Will grinned uneasily, hung his head, and scuffed the ground. Then he looked up at the vicar and explained, "Well, you see, parson," he said, "I've got a bicycle." —JOHN E. DONOVAN

THE INEXPERIENCED golfer had led his caddy a merry chase. "Do you think I'm the worst player on the links, Sam?" he asked.

"Well, Mr. Jones, I wouldn't exactly say that," answered Sam diplomatically. "But I've certainly seen places on these links today that I've never seen before."

—THEODORE RUBIN

"YOUR SON is making good progress with his violin," remarked a musician friend of the family. "He is beginning to play quite well."

"Do you really think so?" beamed the father. "We were afraid that we merely had become used to it."

—ALFRED BAUMANN

IT WAS A black night and he was on his way home from the station. Suddenly he realized that he was being followed. He quickened his pace. So did the man who was following him. He quickened his step again. And so did the man who followed. Faster and faster went the pace until he came to a cemetery.

"Now," he thought, "I'll fool him." He entered the cemetery, dodged around several tombstones, crawled

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under a hedge, circled a mausoleum. Still the man followed. At last he turned and faced the fellow.

"Well, what is it? Why are you following me?" he asked.

"Well, sir," came the reply, "I'm going to Mr. Simpkins'. home. The station agent said to follow you because you live next door. But tell me, mister, do you always go home like this?"

—PHILIP BEATON

A GOVERNMENT agent was looking for a notorious criminal in a small Midwestern town. While seeking information from the town constable he showed his credentials, among which was a picture of himself.

The ancient officer adjusted his spectacles and peered closely at the card. "Yep," he declared, "he certainly is a tough-looking rascal. I'll keep an eye open for him."

—PENCE JAMES and WILLIAM SPILLARD

"NOW YOUNG MAN," said the Trial Judge Advocate at a court martial, "you understand that under the regulations you are presumed to be innocent."

"Yes, sir," answered the soldier. "But then why all this effort to convict me?" —*The Communiqué*

A MEMBER of a psychology class on tour asked an inmate his name. "George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "the last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife!"

—HENRY A. COURTNEY

"WHAT?" EXCLAIMED the woman. "You'd charge me a dollar for this loose-leaf scrapbook?"

"Yes, ma'am. We can't go any lower," replied the clerk.

"I can get one just like it at Brown's for 75 cents!"

"Perhaps Mr. Brown has taken a fancy to you. He's a widower, you are very beautiful, and—yes, ma'am, one dollar. Thank you," concluded the clerk as he rang up the sale.

—MURIEL LEYDEN

"SCULPTURE is very easy, isn't it?" asked a sweet young lady at an exhibition of statuary.

"Very, very easy," said the sculptor, "and very, very simple. You just take a block of marble and a chisel and knock off all the marble you don't want." —*Brickwork*

WHEN A FRIEND came over to pay a call on Sgt. Buck, he found nine-year-old Buck Junior sitting on the front lawn. "Hello, there," said the visitor. "Where's your little sister?"

"Oh, she's in the house playing a duet," said the boy.

"Well, why aren't you in there, too?"

Young Buck gave him a look of scorn. "I finished my part first."

—*The Communiqué*

AT SADIEVILLE, Ky., a tourist once called to an old native of the village: "Hey, uncle! How far is it to Lexington?"

"I dunno, mister; hit used to be 'bout 25 miles; but th' way things has gone up around here, may be near 40 by now." —*Tracks*

LITTLE JOHNNY'S mother had just presented the family with twins, and the household was in a state of excitement. Father beamed with pride as he took Johnny to one side.

"If you'll tell your teacher about it, I'm sure she will give you a day's holiday," he said.

That afternoon Johnny came home radiant. "I don't have to go to school tomorrow," he announced proudly.

"Did you tell your teacher about the twins?" asked his father.

"No, I just told her I had a baby sister. I'm saving the other for next week." —*The Kablegram*

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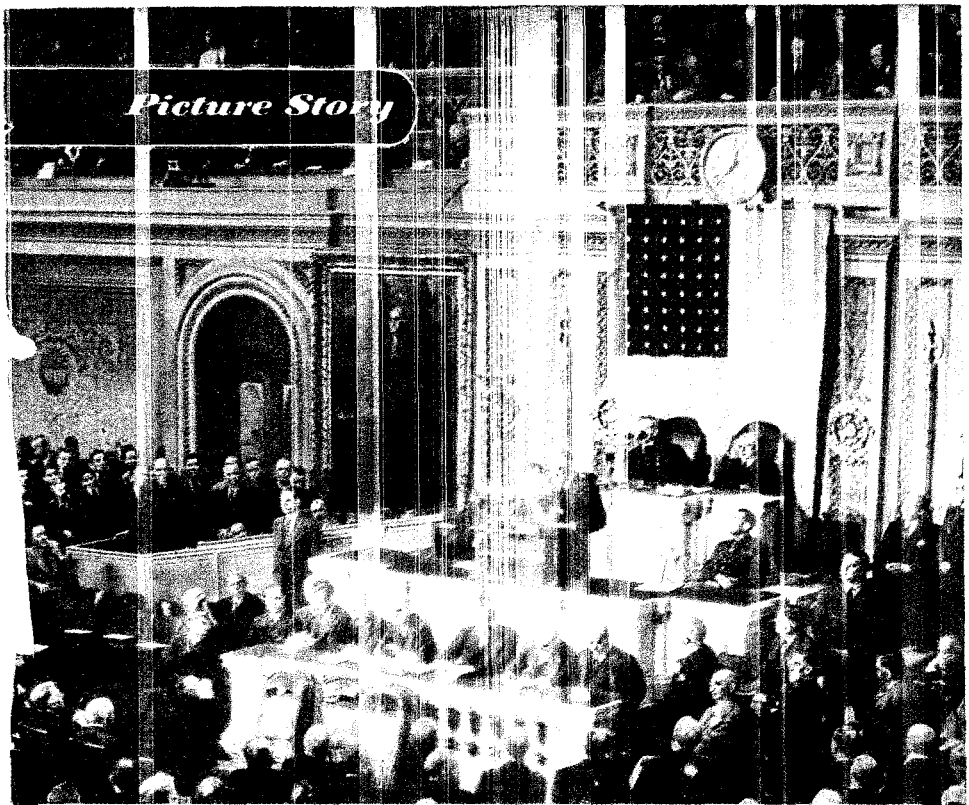

Our Women In Congress

by MICHAEL EVANS

AMERICAN POLITICS is still a man's game. When suffragettes chained themselves to the White House fence to the dismay and annoyance of William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson, their battle cry was for women's rights. They proposed to "take politics out of the saloon," to bring "a woman's touch" to the legislative halls, and to end the making of laws in an atmosphere permeated by the fumes of Pittsburgh stogies.

The Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution is the symbol of suffragette victory. It is almost thirty years since Jeannette Rankin of Montana became the first woman to enter the man's world of Capitol Hill. Yet today only nine women sit in Congress—about one and one-half per cent of Congressional membership—the total seldom varies more than one or two. On a census basis there should be more than 250 women members.

At that, women are better represented in Congress than in most

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other levels of American politics. There are no women Hagues or Kellys. Women mayors are still curios. Typical state or city tickets carry women largely as window-dressing to attract what is still euphemistically called the "women's votes." Those women who succeed in American politics do so, with certain significant exceptions, by playing the game according to the men's rules.

By and large, the influence in Congress of the "gentlewomen" is much greater than would be expected from their numbers. Their biggest fight is to get a nomination from the local organization, for few women are trying to move up the ladder from precinct to ward to city to legislature and, finally, to Congress. It has been said that a woman needs much more ability and energy than a man to break into Congress.

The woman in Congress is spotlighted. Because it is still unusual for a woman to be elected, she gets more publicity and attention. The average woman legislator has far more influence than her average male counterpart—except in the Senate—despite the subconscious or even public resentment of her presence by the gentlemen.

Hattie Caraway was the only woman ever to disturb for long the homogeneity of the United States Senate—the most exclusive gentlemen's club in the world. Mrs. Caraway served over thirteen years within the sacred halls. Her shy inconspicuousness won her the acceptance of her male colleagues. Four other women served short terms; one for only 24 hours.

The average "gentlewoman" is either married or the widow of a Congressman, and is most likely to be from the north or west. She is usually fairly attractive, an extrovert, and has had generally at least ten years in politics or public life. She usually isn't much good in the kitchen. Once in Congress her expectation is four or five terms.

The "gentlewomen" fall into two classes—one, women of unusual public attainments; the other, Congressional widows.

The widows are either "honorary" or "working" gentlewomen. "Honorary" members are wives who are appointed or nominated to succeed their husbands until the boys back home decide who is to get the post for keeps. Generally, "honorary" members serve only one term or a part thereof.

The "working" widows have political ability of their own and, though often elected on the strength of their husband's name, continue to hold their seats by merit.

Senator Hattie Caraway, widow of Thaddeus, was an "honorary" member who won her spurs in action—and kept them. In 1938 she carried Arkansas on her own. She was finally beaten last year.

There is no "women's bloc" in Congress. Generally, the "gentlewomen" are slightly more interested than the men in social legislation. They average slightly more liberal, and, naturally, sponsor more bills concerned with women's problems, children, and health. But in the last three years all the ladies have agreed only once on an issue of great consequence.

Presented here are nine lady politicians—but American politics is still a man's game.

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Mary T. Norton

Mary Norton of New Jersey is the dean of the "gentlewomen." She is Boss Hague's contribution to women in Congress, but don't call her a "Hague woman."

When Mrs. Norton came to Congress in 1925, she, Mrs. Florence Kahn of California, and Edith Nourse Rogers made the trio which for years formed the feminine core of the House of Representatives.

Once in debate a male colleague sarcastically offered to yield "to the lady." Mrs. Norton snapped: "I'm no lady, I'm a member of Congress."

As head of the labor committee, she put through the wage-hours bill which she considers her greatest achievement.

At seventy, Mrs. Norton's career is entering its twilight. "Women," she says, "won't vote for women."

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Edith Nourse Rogers

Edith Nourse Rogers is the Republican deaconess of the "gentlewomen." In her twenty years in Congress, she has learned all the tricks of the trade.

She is an effective legislator. Before she succeeded her husband at his death in 1925, she spent much time in veterans' hospitals. Until World War II, it was Mrs. Rogers who originated the bulk of veterans' care legislation in Congress.

Six years younger than Mrs. Norton, she is the next oldest "gentlewoman." She is consistently for a big Navy, expansion of cotton textile exports which is the chief business of her Massachusetts district, and she stands by a high tariff in opposition to the Hull reciprocal trade program.

Mrs. Rogers authored the bill to create the WAC.

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Jessie Sumner

Jessie Sumner of Illinois is the professional "anti" of the "gentlewomen," and of Congress in general. She was the only representative to vote against war with Germany and Italy. She thought the whole thing could have been fixed up by sending a committee to talk to Hitler.

Miss Sumner acquired an English accent at Oxford, where she studied law. When Colonel Robert R. McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* backed her for Congress, she tried to eliminate the accent.

She is the most isolationist and reactionary member of Congress. But even people who shudder at her speeches and votes usually chuckle at her outrageous antics.

For possibly womanly reasons, Jessie, a spinster, keeps her age darkly secret. Probably she is 46.

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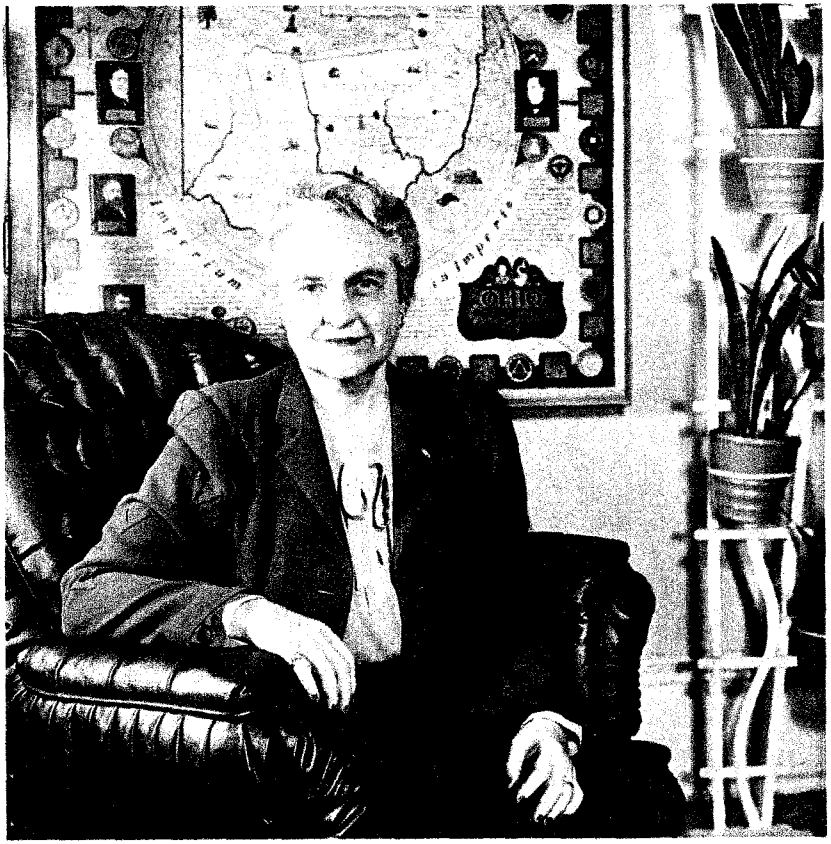

Frances P. Bolton

Mrs. Frances P. Bolton is the "working" widow of the Congresswomen. She came into the House in 1940 representing, for her late husband, a Cleveland suburban district. The seat is now her own.

Mrs. Bolton is a rich, serious woman of sixty, devoted to nursing and public health philanthropies, and to her seat in Congress.

She works hard and sends the newspapers of her district a voluminous stream of news about her activities, and Congress in general. One of two Republican women on the foreign affairs committee, she is an internationalist.

Mrs. Bolton has been a nurses' aide and a practical nurse. She has investigated Army hospitals and nurses in England and France. She was vital to the creation of the U. S. Cadet Nurses Corps.

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Margaret Chase Smith

Margaret Chase Smith is a businesswoman. She won her seat via widowhood, but keeps it because she is a Maine go-getter.

Coy about her 46 years, she is a fresh, direct person with a warm smile. From schoolmarming, she went into business, and, finally, she secured a position with the *Independent Reporter*, her hometown paper. She married its publisher.

While her husband was in Congress, Mrs. Smith served as his secretary and wrote a weekly newsletter to the papers back home. She still writes it.

Mrs. Smith is an internationalist Republican, and a Townsendite (a Maine peculiarity). Naturally, she specializes in social security. She has won respect as a quiet, hard-working representative of her Maine constituency.

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Clare Boothe Luce

Clare Luce is the firebrand of the "gentlewomen." When Connecticut sent her to Washington in 1943, it was rumored that she would write a play about Congress, and she was linked to the supposed presidential aspirations of her husband, Henry Luce.

Mrs. Luce spent almost three and a half months in Europe, visiting the various battlefronts. She was in Burma and China, and saw something of the German blitz in the West.

Wise enough in domestic affairs, Clare Luce still retains a somewhat outmoded uneasiness toward our relations with Russia.

Mrs. Luce's speeches get more news prominence than those of any other Congresswoman. Her Congressional biography omits the fact that she is 42 years old.

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Emily Taft Douglas

Emily Taft Douglas is the war wife among the "gentlewomen." Her husband, a University of Chicago economist, enlisted as a private in the Marines at fifty and rose to the rank of major.

Mrs. Douglas is a frank, intelligent, internationalist, liberal Democrat. The first time she ever ran for office, in 1944, she retired the formidable isolationist, Stephen Day, as Illinois Congressman-at-large. Quietly she won the membership in the house foreign affairs committee which veteran Clare Luce had failed to get.

Her father was Lorado Taft, the sculptor, and the William Howard Taft family are her cousins.

Mrs. Douglas is chic, quietly groomed, intense but soft-spoken. She is 46 years old and makes no secret of it.

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Chase Going Woodhouse

Chase Going Woodhouse is the intellectual of the "gentlewomen."

In contrast to her fellow from Connecticut, Mrs. Luce, she is a Democrat, a liberal, a reformer, and a veteran worker in public causes. She taught political economy to Jessie Sumner at Smith, but the political philosophy of the two women is at opposite poles.

Mrs. Woodhouse is fiftyish, direct and crisp—a woman who has spent her life campaigning for the causes of university and other professional women.

Her colleagues expect her to become one of the most effective Congresswomen, if the fluid Connecticut elections do not unseat her. As the result of years of testifying and lobbying, she knows how to get things done in Washington. *Going* was her maiden name.

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Helen Gahagan Douglas

Helen Gahagan Douglas is the Hollywood star of the "gentlewomen." Mrs. Douglas represents the new, serious, politically and socially conscious Hollywood. Because she is handsome, Mrs. Douglas has been called the Clare Luce of the Democrats.

Although Mrs. Douglas and Mrs. Luce exchanged sharp words during last year's Roosevelt-Dewey campaign, they have had no fiery contacts in Congress.

Like the Illinois Douglas, Helen Gahagan is a member of the foreign relations committee and a liberal. Her husband has been a morale officer in the China-Burma-India theater.

Mrs. Douglas is probably the furthest left of the "gentlewomen." She has long fought fascism, both abroad and home in California.

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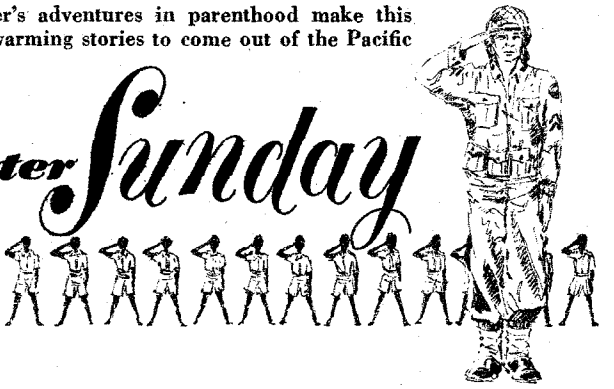
A tough young soldier's adventures in parenthood make this one of the most heartwarming stories to come out of the Pacific

Mister Sunday



by ALLEN RANKIN

GENE MADDEN, corporal, waited anxiously for his C. O. under the hot Pacific sun. He couldn't think of anything in particular that the C. O. might want to blast him about. But then, maybe some of his deeds had overtaken him. The C. O. was brief and to the point:

"Madden," he said, "we're getting a bunch of Chamorro boys to work in the mess and around the grounds. I'm giving them to you to take care of. They're ragged and dirty and they don't know anything—only that they want to work for us. They will be your responsibility, in addition to your other duties."

"But, bu—," stammered Madden, "I don't know nothin' about kids. And besides, I don't know no Chamorro."

"I know," said the captain affably.

"And Chamorro kids don't know no English!"

The C. O. waved his hands in dismissal: "Just do the best you can, Madden. You're in charge of keeping this place in shape and so are they. That makes you the logical man. I'm giving you ten to start with. If that works out . . ."

Gene Madden backed out. "This is a heck of a war," he muttered, as he walked away. He had done many things with considerable skill, like crawling up on this same island flat on his belly in the mud, and he was adept at dodging Jap bombs, even good at shuttling his way back and forth through a rain of shells. But baby nursing was a little out of the soldiering line. He kicked the ground hard. This was going to be a killer.

With absolutely no illusions as to the dark prospects ahead, he faced the motley, gibbering little group of Chamorro boys lined up outside his barracks. They were dirty. They were ill-fed. They looked more like ten befuddled little street urchins than native boys.

Madden looked at them. They looked at him. For the first time in his life he felt scared. Bullets, bombs and Japs, he argued with himself, belong in a war—but kids don't. He scratched his head, frowned, and wondered what they

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were saying about him in their strange jargon. Then and there he made a decision. The best thing to do was to make soldiers out of the kids. Whether they understood it or not. He sent for an interpreter immediately and made one of the briefest speeches he knew.

Firm as granite he stood over the boys: "Look," he said, "no stealing. No dirt. Everybody clean. Every man a gentleman. Savvy?"

Ten brown little faces remained rigid. Sharp little eyes peered fuzzily into space. No one moved a muscle. Like rebels in knee breeches they were rooted to the spot.

Madden's heart shook. He was going to fail in the beginning. He would be a corporal until he died. Then he grinned. It was a bright go-to-hell grin that always came to him when things were blackest. The ten little faces grinned back. A chorus of small voices shouted gleefully: "Savvy — Savvy." The native interpreter smiled, nodded to Madden: "They understand you now."

Madden went to work. Off came the rags and pieces of gunny sack they had worn since the Japs put their families into slave labor in the sugar cane fields. He pushed them into the nearest shower and scrubbed them. Somehow, Madden managed to get them clean, if a little exaggerated, American clothes. Next came the tent, a fancy one with a floor, and neat Army cots placed in a row. And so began the strangest soldiering that Corporal Gene Madden had ever known. His new job was to take him from anonymity as a fighting soldier in the Southwest Pacific to a personal kind of top glory. Corporal Gene Madden became "Mister Sunday." And to Chamorro kids there is no title higher than that.

A couple of weeks after Madden's initial speech the local interpreter was no longer needed. Madden had his boys speaking "pidgin American" well enough to carry on. His strange, young and tender troops ranged in age from fourteen to eighteen. Their ill-use under the Japs had left them looking more like eight to fourteen. Under the Americans they worked like beavers —ate like bears. Truthfulness, and scrupulous attention to detail, became their watchword.

WITHIN two short months Madden got his little army into shape. He had taught them to meet sick call and pay call; to line their shoes up neatly under their cots; to keep their clothes clean, and to perform their duties well in the garrison mess. He even arranged a special school session so they could learn better pidgin English.

He soon found himself worrying about his small soldiers. In the craggy hills above the camp there was still the ping of snipers' rifles, the rattle of machine-gun fire, the occasional gulp of a hand grenade muffled in the caves from which the Japs still picked off anything that moved within their range. There were air raids too. Madden listened sometimes as hits came near and looked sharp to be sure that his ten little boys were still unharmed.

After a while, no one was surprised to see Madden digging foxholes in his spare time. His hands blistered as he extracted each inch

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from the reluctant coral. A kidding sergeant came by one day: "Getting paternal, Gene?" he asked. Gene Madden reddened. He didn't have any kids of his own. He was only 28 and a bachelor. He glared at the sergeant: "A general's first duty is to look out for his men," he said sharply. When the foxholes were finally done they stood ready to protect Gene and his Chamorro boys.

The moon over the green, restless island rose softly over the blue sea, growing larger each night—more full, more round. Too full. It became a bombers' moon. Madden sat and looked at it, and his thoughts turned to home. He wanted to see his mother again—and the home folks. Suddenly, he sat bolt upright. Since he wanted to go home —then of course the kids must want to see their mothers too. And why not?

The next Sunday he gathered them all together and set off with them across the hills. It was a great day. They were dressed in their cleanest clothes. They were grinning and carrying their first American money clenched tightly in their fists. The natives ran out to meet them at the edge of town. Mothers and fathers kissed their children. Older natives admired their clothes, felt of the cloth—asked, how were the Americans? The boys broke into their whangy gibberish and it had a pleasing sound. They were pointing at Madden. To them, he represented all Americans. And they liked him.

It was a few nights later that the little boys flocked around Madden. One of them hugged him affectionately and said: "Mister Sunday." He said it timidly and then repeated, "Mister Sunday." The others nodded approval. They had decided on the name together. Sunday was the nicest thing they knew. Their padre had told them so. "Mister Sunday" was their way of saying that Gene Madden was as good as Sunday.

Funny name, thought Madden. But kinda nice. He tipped his helmet back on his head and grinned, and his face lit up with a sudden rush of joy. The boys grinned right back with love and affection plain on their faces.

The whole incident brought a change over Madden. It was as good as being a general . . . well, almost. He had 45 "men" in his army now. And to his little Chamorros he was top dog. He began to whistle and sing while he worked, digging up tunes that he thought he had long forgotten. And his little troops sang them right along with him.

The kitchen, once filled with the sing-song of native chants, began to ring out with *Clang, Clang, Clang, Went the Trolley* and *Would You Rather Be a Pig?* It sounded good when the boys lit into *The Star Spangled Banner*, to the accompaniment of clinking silver and the washing of dishpans. Gene Madden was happy. His boys were jubilant. And then it came.

ONE NIGHT, after a hard day, Gene was fitfully turning and tossing in his bed—knowing that something was trying desperately to keep him from sinking back to sleep. Then he felt a tug on his arm: "Mister Sunday," piped a frightened little voice, "quick, Mister

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Sunday — they come." He heard the whine of motors and the crash of bombs.

Madden was up in a flash. He tore into the tent to get his boys, and herded them into foxholes, counting them off. When all were in, he tumbled in after them. The bombs rained terror on the camp that night. The Japs were out for a kill. The flak from the American guns lit the sky and splattered back on the ground. As a big bomb exploded nearby, Madden winced and drew back. Instinctively, he reached out his hand to comfort his boys. He was surprised to find them sitting calmly, not the least perturbed.

"Mister Sunday," one of the little boys said tenderly. It was Ignacio Lizama, and his whisper was not one of fear—but absolute trust. "Japs," he said, snuggling closer, "canno' hit Mister Sunday."

Madden straightened. He felt guilty that the little boys attributed to him powers he didn't possess, but if they did get him now—well, he was ready for them. The foxholes remained safe.

The Japs came back shortly after, sweeping out of the noontime blue, bent on getting the B-29 base. Madden stood with his boys, watching the dog fight going on above. As he watched, the boys clustered close around him, a fighter pilot of the Seventh Air Force came twisting down on the tail of a Jap plane. The Chamorro boys jumped to their feet and yelled and cheered him on like American boys at a baseball game: "Git 'em! Git 'em!" When a burst of .50 caliber lead laced over the enemy plane, and sent it rolling down the sky toward the sea like a burning tumbleweed, the boys shouted with glee. "P-38s!" one screamed, "P-38 git him, Mister Sunday?" Mister Sunday nodded Okay.

One of the darkest hours of Madden's life was the day he had to fire one of his boys. He brooded over it for days, but finally told him sadly he would have to leave and go back to his native village. José had insisted on using the camp site, any part of it, for a latrine. He always forgot that it mattered, now that he was a soldier.

On the day José was dismissed the other Chamorro boys woefully sang him out of camp. Madden's ears almost popped off when they began their farewell song. It was *Auld Lang Syne.*

SOMEDAY they'll sing that song for Gene Madden. Some day, in the not too distant future, Mister Sunday will take his tin hat and carbine, sling his duffel bag over his shoulder and head for another Pacific island — and home. The little boys will remember the nights when the wind was flapping against the tent and it was cold, and Mister Sunday came tiptoeing in to look at them. The "little army" will have much to remember. Like the time Leon Comacho had a pain in his stomach and Madden took him in his arms and carried him a quarter of a mile through a cold night to get medical aid for him. And the time Jesus Guerrero had an eye infection. He could have walked. But Gene Madden didn't want a sentry to shoot one of his little soldiers by mistake. "Besides,"

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he explained to a guard, "a fellow needs someone along at a time like this."

The boys will remember too, the tough-talking, soft-dealing, Mister Sunday whose rough exterior and brusque mannerisms never deceived them one whit. Mister Sunday will always be America—and America is just as good as Sunday. Gene Madden—Sergeant Madden now—will have a tough time being tough on that day when he looks for the last time at his squint-eyed little army who taught him something about devotion—the same kind of loyalty that kids have all over the world for their idols.

Recently someone mentioned to Gene Madden something about another post which might mean a higher rating in the future. Gene looked at his little soldiers diligently cleaning pots and pans. "It don't make so much difference now," he said quietly.

Almost any kind of rating would be a demotion after a guy's been Mister Sunday.

"To Err Is Human . . ."

♛ In November, 1943, a woman's body was discovered in a sack in a river at Luton, Bedfordshire, England. After months of investigation Scotland Yard detectives determined that the body was that of Mrs. Caroline Seagrave Manton and called at the home of her husband to question him as to his wife's whereabouts.

Why, his wife was alive and well, said Mr. Manton. Yes, she had left him, but she was staying in Hampstead—had even written him from there. He showed the letters to the detectives to prove his statement.

One of the investigators noticed that, in the letters, Hampstead was spelled "Hamstead." Suspecting that Manton had killed his wife and written the letters as an alibi for himself, the detective asked him to write the name of the town. Manton spelled it H-a-m-s-t-e-a-d. Confronted by the evidence, his confession followed.

♛ Last year police in a large metropolis were on the lookout for one William Hamick, wanted in connection with a murder in Johnson City, Tennessee. They picked up a tall youth who answered the description but he insisted his name was Kenneth Carrol, although he carried no identification. He was booked on suspicion and told to sign for his property. Without thinking, he signed "William Hamick."

♛ Criminals have no priority on mistakes; even law officers have slipped at times. Last year the Pittsburgh police were told to crack down on parking violators. They went on a ticket-writing spree and tagged every illegally-parked auto they could find. Twelve of the tagged cars turned out to be police and law department vehicles.

♛ An Australian unit, scheduled to take over a base conquered by Americans, decided to cooperate fully by teaching the men to drive on the right-hand side of the road, American style, instead of the Australian style of driving on the lefthand side. The Australians worked diligently until they were well practiced. Then they moved to the base—and met the world's worst traffic jam. The Americans, also cooperating, had changed to the Australian lefthand system.—Don Bogardus

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Victim: Akimbo, the Clown.

Time: Closing night, between acts.

Place: Akimbo's tent.

Suspects: Nadine, a tight-rope walker who reported finding him dead; Nick, a research chemist for a theatrical grease paint company and Charley, a circus electrician.

Synopsis: Akimbo had received threatening notes printed on mysterious blue paper. The night of the murder, Charley had carried lemonade into Akimbo's tent. Spilled lemonade had turned the blue notes pink. Nick was found outside the Big Top, looking for his pipe. Who killed Akimbo? The two clues—page 75.

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DOLL FOLK

Some of your very best—and oldest—friends are dolls. Identify these story-book folk and tell where they lived. Six right is average and more than eight right is good. Answers are given on page 75.

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Geographical Sandwich

It wouldn't do to start out for New England for a shore dinner and wind up in Arizona roping steers, would it? Here's a quiz to help you brush up on the whereabouts of some of our states. Select in each question the state which lies sandwiched between the two given states. For example, in the first, Idaho lies between Oregon and Wyoming. Ten or more right is good, eight or nine fair, and seven or less not so good. Check your answers with those listed on page 75.

1. Oregon .... Wyoming
   (*a*) Washington
   (*b*) Montana
   (*c*) Idaho
2. Nebraska .... Oklahoma
   (*a*) Kansas
   (*b*) South Dakota
   (*c*) Utah
3. Kentucky .... Alabama
   (*a*) Arkansas
   (*b*) Georgia
   (*c*) Tennessee
4. Pennsylvania .... Indiana
   (*a*) Iowa
   (*b*) Illinois
   (*c*) Ohio
5. Maine.... Vermont
   (*a*) Massachusetts
   (*b*) Connecticut
   (*c*) New Hampshire
6. Georgia .... Mississippi
   (*a*) Tennessee
   (*b*) Alabama
   (*c*) Arkansas
7. New Mexico .... Wyoming
   (*a*) Colorado
   (*b*) Oklahoma
   (*c*) Texas
8. Texas .... Arizona
   (*a*) Utah
   (*b*) Colorado
   (*c*) New Mexico
9. Arkansas .... Iowa
   (*a*) Kansas
   (*b*) Missouri
   (*c*) Illinois
10. Colorado .... Nevada
    (*a*) Utah
    (*b*) Arizona
    (*c*) Idaho
11. California .... Utah
    (*a*) Nevada
    (*b*) Arizona
    (*c*) Colorado
12. Montana .... Colorado
    (*a*) Wyoming
    (*b*) Nebraska
    (*c*) New Mexico
13. New York...New Hampshire
    (*a*) Vermont
    (*b*) New Jersey
    (*c*) Rhode Island
14. South Carolina .... Alabama
    (*a*) Florida
    (*b*) Georgia
    (*c*) Tennessee
15. Kansas .... Illinois
    (*a*) Iowa
    (*b*) Arkansas
    (*c*) Missouri
16. California .... Washington
    (*a*) Nevada
    (*b*) Oregon
    (*c*) Idaho

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Indian Masquerade

Sixty-four famous people have turned up masquerading as Indians. Their names are given below, Indian fashion. Missing are William Free Silver (William Jennings Bryan) and Elsa Society Shindig (Elsa Maxwell). Score two points for each of the others you are able to identify. Rating: 112-128 Sachem Smart Trousers (Superior), 90-110 Big Chief Bright Scalp (Good), 68-88 Little Brave Also Ran (Fair), below 68, Johnny Rain on the Brain. Answers on page 75.

1. Elias Sewing Machine
2. Annie Bull's-eye
3. Sigmund Subconscious
4. Noah Dictionary
5. Alfred Prize
6. Luther Horticulture
7. Thomas Talking Machine
8. Cecil Scholarship
9. Cornelius Railroad
10. Clare Congress
11. Paul Ride
12. Alexander Telephone
13. John March King
14. Wilbur Airplane
15. Benjamin Almanac
16. Izaak Fish
17. Isaac Gravity
18. Evangeline Salvation
19. Robert Steamboat
20. Richard South Pole
21. Guglielmo Wireless
22. James Knife
23. Charles Evolution
24. John D. Oil
25. Horace Newspaper
26. Phineas Circus
27. Orson Planet
28. Samuel Telegraph
29. Patrick Liberty
30. Rudyard Fuzzy-Wuzzy
31. John Jacob Fur Trader
32. Fiorello Big Hat
33. Louis Pure Milk
34. Herman White Whale
35. George Cherry Tree
36. Knute Football
37. Jimmy Big Nose
38. Winston Peace Pow Wow
39. Salvador Crazy Picture
40. Henry Gas Buggy
41. Mae Life Preserver
42. Walter Keyhole
43. Herman Home Run
44. Josef War Council
45. Cyrus Reaper
46. J. Edgar Fingerprint
47. Ernie Brave Man
48. Eli Cotton Gin
49. Joe E. Mouth
50. Douglas Fly Backwards
51. Abraham Freedom
52. Charles Two Cities
53. Clara Red Cross
54. Joe Brown Bomber
55. Bret Roaring Camp
56. Thomas Blue Boy
57. Alexander Duel
58. Louisa Little Women
59. Jenny Singer
60. Albert Relativity
61. Pearl Good Earth
62. Cole Night and Day
63. William Thin Man
64. Harriet Uncle Tom

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Instrument, Please

There's music in the air — and you're to tell what makes it. What musical instruments do you associate with the following people or things? Only one of the three choices listed is correct. For instance, if we gave you the name Jack Benny and the three choices Piano, Violin and Cello, the answer would be Violin. You're doing well if you get nine right. Between six and eight is fair, but below six puts you definitely in the back row. You'll find the answers on page 75.

1. David, of Goliath fame
   (*a*) Harp
   (*b*) Flute
   (*c*) Guitar
2. Sherlock Holmes
   (*a*) Piano
   (*b*) Violin
   (*c*) Cello
3. O Susanna!
   (*a*) Guitar
   (*b*) Banjo
   (*c*) Accordion
4. Pied Piper
   (*a*) Harmonica
   (*b*) Violin
   (*c*) Pipe
5. Frederick the Great
   (*a*) Flute
   (*b*) Drum
   (*c*) Violin
6. "The Lost Chord"
   (*a*) Organ
   (*b*) Guitar
   (*c*) Accordion
7. Nero, while Rome burned
   (*a*) Flute
   (*b*) Lute
   (*c*) Harp
8. Ruffs and Double Drags
   (*a*) Harmonica
   (*b*) Flute
   (*c*) Drum
9. Phil Baker
   (*a*) Saxophone
   (*b*) Accordion
   (*c*) Trumpet
10. Circuses and Carnivals
    (*a*) Xylophone
    (*b*) Harp
    (*c*) Calliope
11. Pete
    (*a*) Piano
    (*b*) Piccolo
    (*c*) Guitar
12. Walls of Jericho
    (*a*) Trumpets
    (*b*) Bassoon
    (*c*) Trombone
13. Borrah Minevitch's Rascals
    (*a*) Banjo
    (*b*) Saxophone
    (*c*) Harmonica
14. The Ancient Mariner
    (*a*) Bassoon
    (*b*) Cornet
    (*c*) Piano
15. Owl who eloped with Pussy-cat
    (*a*) Piccolo
    (*b*) Guitar
    (*c*) Bagpipe
16. Painting, "Spirit of '76"
    (*a*) Two drums & a fife
    (*b*) Two fifes & a drum
    (*c*) Three drums

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A Game of Suffixes

If your vocabulary is a good one, you know all your "ists" and "graphs." Here is an opportunity to test yourself. Part I is a multiple choice test, Part II a matching test. There are thirty questions in all. Each counts three points. Consider seventy-five or above a very good score. Between sixty and seventy-two is good and between forty-eight and fifty-seven is fair. You will find the answers on the following page.

I. Choose the one of the three choices which corresponds to the given "ist" word. For example, the answer to the first question (consider this a bonus) is (a) Metals.

1. Metallurgist (*a*) Metals (*b*) Foods (*c*) Man
2. Philologist (*a*) Fruit (*b*) Languages (*c*) Fires
3. Zoologist (*a*) Flowers (*b*) Animals (*c*) Water
4. Genealogist (*a*) Heat (*b*) Lineage (*c*) Stamps
5. Psychologist (*a*) Seeds (*b*) History (*c*) Mind
6. Agronomist (*a*) Milk (*b*) Trees (*c*) Farming
7. Ventriloquist (*a*) Air (*b*) Voice (*c*) Nose
8. Neurologist (*a*) Money (*b*) Wind (*c*) Nerves
9. Seismologist (*a*) Rivers (*b*) Earthquakes (*c*) Trees
10. Pomologist (*a*) Fruits (*b*) Powders (*c*) Soils
11. Optometrist (*a*) Figures (*b*) Eyes (*c*) Motors
12. Florist (*a*) Fuels (*b*) Grains (*c*) Flowers
13. Jurist (*a*) Races (*b*) Politics (*c*) Law
14. Meteorologist (*a*) Wire (*b*) Music (*c*) Weather
15. Geologist (*a*) Families (*b*) Earth (*c*) Wood

II. Match each "graph" word with its definition. Answer to first (bonus) is (h).

1. Paragraph (*a*) Instrument for measuring motions of earthquakes
2. Monograph (*b*) Apparatus for signaling by reflected sunlight
3. Phonograph (*c*) A picture or likeness
4. Pantograph (*d*) Device for copying landscapes
5. Seismograph (*e*) A person's own signature
6. Mimeograph (*f*) Electric transmission communication apparatus
7. Heliograph (*g*) Inscription on monument or building
8. Typograph (*h*) Subdivision of a written passage
9. Optigraph (*i*) Written acknowledgment of debt by borrower
10. Photograph (*j*) An instrument used in shorthand
11. Telegraph (*k*) A copying device using a stencil
12. Stenograph (*l*) Line-casting machine
13. Autograph (*m*) Treatise on one subject
14. Chirograph (*n*) Instrument for recording sound
15. Epigraph (*o*) Instrument for copying drawings to scale

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ANSWERS

Doll Folk

1. Hiawatha, America
2. Lord Fauntleroy, England
3. Heidi, Switzerland
4. Hans Brinker, Holland
5. Joan of Arc, France
6. Huckleberry Finn, America
7. Mowgli, India
8. Alice in Wonderland, England
9. Little Black Sambo, India
10. Pinocchio, Italy

Portrait of a Murder

Nick was the murderer. The first clue was Nick's pipe, which he left at the scene of the crime. Second clue was the fact that the spilled lemonade turned the blue paper pink. The notes were written on Nick's chemical litmus paper. Blue litmus paper turns pink when touched by acid.

Geographical Sandwich

1. (*c*) Idaho
2. (*a*) Kansas
3. (*c*) Tennessee
4. (*c*) Ohio
5. (*c*) New Hampshire
6. (*b*) Alabama
7. (*a*) Colorado
8. (*c*) New Mexico
9. (*b*) Missouri
10. (*a*) Utah
11. (*a*) Nevada
12. (*a*) Wyoming
13. (*a*) Vermont
14. (*b*) Georgia
15. (*c*) Missouri
16. (*b*) Oregon

Instrument, Please

1. (*a*) Harp
2. (*b*) Violin
3. (*b*) Banjo
4. (*c*) Pipe
5. (*a*) Flute
6. (*a*) Organ
7. (*b*) Lute
8. (*c*) Drum
9. (*b*) Accordion
10. (*c*) Calliope
11. (*b*) Piccolo
12. (*a*) Trumpets
13. (*c*) Harmonica
14. (*a*) Bassoon
15. (*b*) Guitar
16. (*a*) Two drums & fife

A Game of Suffixes

Part I.

1. (*a*) Metals
2. (*b*) Languages
3. (*b*) Animals
4. (*b*) Lineage
5. (*c*) Mind
6. (*c*) Farming
7. (*b*) Voice
8. (*c*) Nerves
9. (*b*) Earthquakes
10. (*a*) Fruits
11. (*b*) Eyes
12. (*c*) Flowers
13. (*c*) Law
14. (*c*) Weather
15. (*b*) Earth

Part II.

1. (*h*)
2. (*m*)
3. (*n*)
4. (*o*)
5. (*a*)
6. (*k*)
7. (*b*)
8. (*l*)
9. (*d*)
10. (*c*)
11. (*f*)
12. (*j*)
13. (*e*)
14. (*i*)
15. (*g*)

Indian Masquerade

1. Elias Howe
2. Annie Oakley
3. Sigmund Freud
4. Noah Webster
5. Alfred Nobel
6. Luther Burbank
7. Thomas Edison
8. Cecil Rhodes
9. Cornelius Vanderbilt
10. Clare Luce
11. Paul Revere
12. Alexander Graham Bell
13. John Philip Sousa
14. Wilbur Wright
15. Benjamin Franklin
16. Izaak Walton
17. Isaac Newton
18. Evangeline Booth
19. Robert Fulton
20. Richard E. Byrd
21. Guglielmo Marconi
22. James Bowie
23. Charles Darwin
24. John D. Rockefeller
25. Horace Greeley
26. Phineas T. Barnum
27. Orson Welles
28. Samuel Morse
29. Patrick Henry
30. Rudyard Kipling
31. John Jacob Astor
32. Fiorello LaGuardia
33. Louis Pasteur
34. Herman Melville
35. George Washington
36. Knute Rockne
37. Jimmy Durante
38. Winston Churchill
39. Salvador Dali
40. Henry Ford
41. Mae West
42. Walter Winchell
43. Herman (Babe) Ruth
44. Josef Stalin
45. Cyrus McCormick
46. J. Edgar Hoover
47. Ernie Pyle
48. Eli Whitney
49. Joe E. Brown
50. Douglas Corrigan
51. Abraham Lincoln
52. Charles Dickens
53. Clara Barton
54. Joe Louis
55. Bret Harte
56. Thomas Gainsborough
57. Alexander Hamilton
58. Louisa May Alcott
59. Jenny Lind
60. Albert Einstein
61. Pearl S. Buck
62. Cole Porter
63. William Powell
64. Harriet B. Stowe

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After the children are grown and gone life becomes the echo of yesterday's song

The Empty Years

by HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

LIFE HAS A strange resemblance to an accordion. You start small, and gradually work into full voice . . . first a wife, then children, then grandchildren. And then things go the other way. The accordion folds up. Suddenly you find yourself in an empty house.

You live with echoes. There are no twinkling little legs following your sedate pace of a morning to that limit of the habitable world—the street corner. At twilight, there are no sharp eyes to descry you at the horizon, no gay treble to sing the glad tidings of your return.

There are no sleds or tricycles to trip over on the front porch, no forgotten doll to salvage. There are no crayons in your ashtray, no scraps of embryo art lying on the floor. The scissors are where you left them, and no pictures have been clipped from your magazines.

There are no greasy fingerprints on the piano, no penciled scribblings on the wall. The doorknob is no longer sticky.

There is a new peace at breakfast, with nobody to be hurried off to school. No hands have been at your typewriter, and your book is where you saw it last. You can listen undisturbed to the radio, with nobody on your lap. You can scan your newspaper without being importuned to repeat a chapter of *Jimmy Chew*. You are free from the embarrassment of attempting answers to an endless repetition of "why?"

You have no use for the word "don't," and ended is the invasion of your privacy. Your meals are served promptly, and you don't have to accommodate yourself to a juvenile diet. At the table there are no arguments over the desirability of vitamins; no pleading with talkative dawdlers. For the first time in as long as you can remember, you enjoy supremacy in your own abode . . . and you are as ill at ease as a liberated canary!

When, at night, you crawl between your sheets, you find no forgotten jacks, no cracker crumbs. And your early morning repose is not broken by screams from the bathroom.

When you talk, the flow of your eloquence is free from interruption. Life is simpler and quieter—and infinitely more dull! You are free—and lonesome. Your accordion has contracted to a thin and plaintive squeak. And you have to face the fact that it will be this way from now on.

You have completed what the Chinese proverb says is the fullness of life. You have built a house, planted a tree, written a book and begat a child.

Now the house hangs about you in creaking folds. The tree is gaunt,

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with fewer buds each year. The book lies dusty on a forgotten shelf. The child has gone away to play her own accordion. You are where you started—and with faint heart for the rest of the journey.

From my window I can see a swing hanging listless from an oak which has seen many accordions open and close. The squirrels flit silently about their routine; and somewhere under the eaves a woodpecker is sounding his vainglorious nonsense. A bluejay chatters in the evergreens. Fall has come again, and with the rest of nature, grandma and I must start afresh.

It was hard getting used to children. It is harder getting used to being alone.

But that, I suppose, is all there is to life—getting used to the unfamiliar. All we can be sure of is that quicksilver runs through the fingers.

Howard Vincent O'Brien, The Chicago *Daily News*.

Miniature Battalion

IT WAS Michael's first visit to the country, and feeding the chickens fascinated him. Early one morning he caught his first glimpse of the peacock sunning himself on the lawn. Rushing indoors excitedly, Michael sought out his grandmother.

"Oh, Granny," he exclaimed, "one of the chickens is in bloom!"

—RICHARD E. BECKER

MYTHOLOGY had been the subject of the day's lesson. Just before the final bell, one student raised his hand.

"To whom was Minerva married?" he asked.

The weary teacher sighed in discouragement. "When will you learn that Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom? She was never married."

—*Highway Builder*

THE SMALL FRY at nursery school were agog over little Johnny one morning when he arrived sporting an overseas service ribbon which a friend of the family had given him. One small classmate asked:

"Is it a *real* overseas ribbon? You been overseas?"

"Sure," answered Johnny.

Another youngster chimed in dubiously, "You weren't really overseas—not *really*?"

"I was so," Johnny declared.

"Yeah?" continued the cynic. "What did you do overseas?"

"I shot Nazis and Japs and cut their heads off and killed them all dead and shot their airplanes," was Johnny's reply.

"What else?"

"That's all. Then my mommy gave me my milk and I took a nap."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

AFTER THE pupils in the classroom handed in their homework, the teacher noticed that little Bobby was the only member of the class who had solved one difficult problem.

"Did your father help you with this problem, Bobby?" she asked.

"No," replied Bobby truthfully, "he didn't help me. He did it alone."

—BEN CASSELL

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Billy, the son of a Navy Commander, was asked what he wanted to be when he grew up.

"How should I know?" he responded. "By the time I grow up there might not be any more Japs left."

—R. FRIEDMAN

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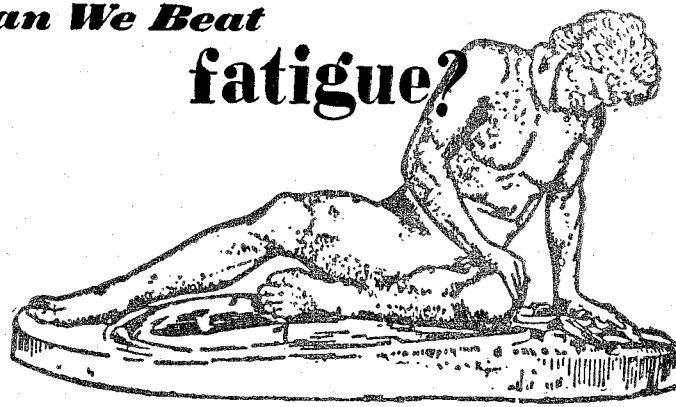
Fatigue, psychological or physical, is a disease which one day will be curable

Can We Beat fatigue?



by J. D. RATCLIFF

R. I. P. means rest in peace. It is the final comment on the one thing which bothers all of us every day of our lives. We come home at night after a hard day's work and we are tired. We need rest. Science says we are fatigued.

But a lot of us get tired while at work, too, and the results in slowed production cost industry billions of dollars a year. Fatigue is universal and costly. For the individual, it can be a persistent torment.

Scientists know about fatigue, but even for them it is a problem not yet fully solved. Fatigue is an infinitely complex thing. It is a combination of both known and unknown factors. And its complexity is made more difficult by the fact that we may be either mentally tired or physically tired.

Moreover, no matter what makes us tired, fatigue factors vary with each of us individually. One person shrugs off a chore that is physically devastating to another. Thus, Einstein would probably end up in the hospital if he had to chop down a half dozen trees. Yet a lumberjack can chop all week but is worn out on Saturday trying to figure out deductions from his pay check.

In an effort to solve some of the puzzles of fatigue, a number of years ago, research men devised an engaging experiment. They snipped the leg muscle from a frog. The muscle was suspended in a saline solution, with a weight attached. Repeated electric shocks made the muscle contract, lifting the weight. The shocks were continued until the muscle was exhausted.

When a chemical analysis of the exhausted muscle was made, the

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researchers found that it showed a striking increase in lactic acid (which is, by the way, the same acid that contributes to the sour taste of buttermilk). Here, said the research men, was the cause of fatigue. When we work too hard lactic acid accumulates in our muscles, and we get that tired feeling. When we sleep the body burns up the acid and we awake refreshed.

The lactic acid theory sounded fine, only it had flaws. For instance, what about the bookkeeper who does no physical labor? Or the ticket-taker in a movie theatre who never moves from her chair all day? When the eager researchers analyzed the blood of such people they found no unduly large amounts of lactic acid. Yet these people were tired just the same.

And so it was finally decided that lactic acid by no means provided the entire answer to the problem of fatigue. Yet the theory did fill one gap—with some interesting results. It was found that the rate of lactic acid production was a good measure of human endurance. Well-trained athletes produce the acid slowly; out of shape businessmen, even in the course of mild exercise, produce it rapidly. Some wily coaches have used the rate of lactic acid production as a means of selecting likely distance runners for their college teams!

With such experiments going on, a new picture of fatigue has been built up. It was proved, for instance, that there are two main types of fatigue—physical and psychological.

The physical kind of fatigue is somewhat easier to deal with. It can be traced to such definite things as too much work, bad diet, lack of proper light or ventilation, or a toxic condition in the body.

On top of these, there is still another factor in physical fatigue—adaptation. Everyone has noticed that the first days spent on a new job are inordinately tiring. This weariness disappears after a few days of adjustment to the new requirements. The human body is almost endlessly adaptable.

WHILE adaptability is mostly unconscious, we can help our bodies to overcome a prime factor in physical fatigue by learning how to use our muscles properly and how to relax them properly. Most of us, for instance, use both leg and back muscles in certain motions where either set alone would do. Badly coordinated people, people who constantly use wrong muscles, may expend twice the energy on a job that well coordinated people will use. It is a matter of using muscles properly.

Relaxing muscles properly is a feat which we would all do well to learn. For if we sleep unrelaxed we lose the benefits of sleep and wake up tired. The way to avoid tension during sleep is to relax your muscles before you drop off for the night. When you get into bed tonight try tensing your muscles and relaxing them. After you have relaxed as many muscles as you can find, your body will be ready for sleep. When relaxation becomes a habit, you will naturally slip into real rest every night.

But physical fatigue takes place during the working day for most of us. There are ways of reducing such fatigue. Ventilation should supply

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enough air to your heart and lungs without making them strain for the oxygen vital to burning up fatigue poisons. That will reduce fatigue. By improving poor lighting you decrease the amount of nervous strain bad light induces, and you increase your chances of not getting tired.

And remember that posture plays an active part in the causes of physical fatigue. Poor posture means strained muscles. It means, too, a compression of the chest cavity and a decrease in that all-important oxygen supply.

NOT ONLY office workers and laborers suffer from physical fatigue. Housewives get tired, too. Recent work at the New York State College of Home Economics, Cornell University, has shed new light on household fatigue. The studies showed that household equipment was largely to blame. For while human beings are not all the same height, sinks, ironing boards and tables are!

In the course of the Cornell studies motion pictures were made of housewives at work. The pictures revealed that in such chores as ironing, women used leg and body muscles when arm and shoulder muscles alone would have done the job. When the ironing boards were later adjusted to proper levels, the women did their chores with a fraction of the energy previously used. Similar results were obtained for other jobs—washing dishes, preparing vegetables, dressing the baby. Housewives are advised to have all their work surfaces adjusted to comfortable levels.

One last point about physical fatigue. Chemical factors are often involved in human tiredness. Harvard Fatigue Laboratory workers demonstrated this in the fiery canyon where Boulder Dam was being built. In one year of construction, fifteen laborers died of heat prostration, and hundreds of others suffered from heat stroke. The Harvard workers traced this to loss of blood salt through the sweat glands. Muscular collapse among the workers disappeared when they were given salt tablets to make up for the loss.

Chemical fatigue involves vitamins, naturally. Malnutrition due to vitamin deficiency is one cause of physical fatigue. At the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, recently, vitamin pills added an average of 10½ work days a year to the output of men suffering from vitamin deficiency.

In the field of chemically-caused tiredness, Drs. Hudson Hoagland and Gregory Pincus at the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology found that when a man is fatigued he secretes excessively large amounts of the hormone produced by the adrenal gland. After considerable effort they found a chemical to balance this excessive secretion. People who took it got immediate relief from physical fatigue.

Remembering how lactic acid once seemed to be the answer to the fatigue problem, Hoagland and Pincus are not yet ready to claim they have a chemical which magically banishes fatigue with no harmful after effects. But their work seems to indicate that physical fatigue can be licked.

Physical fatigue, as has been

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said, is only one side of the complex fatigue picture. There is also mental, or psychological, fatigue. Psychological factors may not themselves cause breakdowns from overwork, but they do play a big role in fatigue. A person will be dog-weary from some boring task, but will perk up immediately some diversion is at hand. The original weariness was merely mental.

In her excellent book, *How Never to Be Tired*, Marie Beynon Ray cites an interesting example of mental fatigue:

"Three kinds of textiles are made in a factory: cotton, silk, and wool. These three textiles present three different degrees of difficulty in handling and in the amount of physical effort involved. Silk threads break seldom; cotton breaks more frequently; wool breaks all the time. The wool workers are, therefore, constantly on the jump. The silk men can sit all day and watch their well-behaved fabric roll out, lustrous fold after fold. The cotton workers have to be more alert and work harder than the silk workers, but less than the wool workers.

"Now what would you say would be the amount of fatigue in each group? The wool workers are the most tired, you say. Right! The cotton workers come next, the silk workers last. Wrong! The silk workers are almost as tired as the long-suffering wool workers."

Why? Because the silk workers were bored and suffering from mental fatigue.

As yet there is no magic pill which will cure us permanently of the disease known as fatigue. But for mental fatigue self-analysis can work wonders. Pick out the highlights in your daily life. You will find new points of interest which will do much to remove the constant feeling of lethargy.

For the physical fatigue from which we all suffer, perhaps most important of all is learning to relax in bed at night. When you get into bed, just remember that relaxation will give you better rest—and a fresh start in the morning.

Scornets

A CERTAIN mediocre composer who insisted upon playing his own boring works at social gatherings once remarked to Camille Saint-Saëns, "I wonder if my music will be played a hundred years from now?"

"Ah, yes, monsieur," rejoined the great Frenchman, "*if you are still alive.*"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

The most hated man in a small town died the other day. At his wake everyone stood around trying hard to think of something nice that could be said. Finally one man's face lighted up: "Well, you've got to hand it to him, he certainly was the best speller in third grade."

—TERENCE JAMES

YEARS AGO, when Mark Twain was doing his best to entertain his guests at a dinner party, a lady turned to the young daughter of the humorist and said, "Your father is a very funny man."

"Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

—E. HUBBARD

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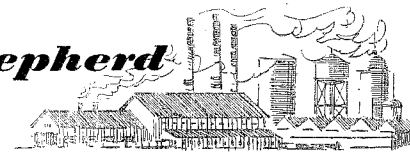
The war plant faltered until this quiet man of God mixed sympathy with efficiency

Factory Shepherd



by RHODA RODER

BEFORE THE war the Boonton Molding Company in Boonton, New Jersey, manufacturers of industrial plastics, employed 185 men. With the war, it converted production to military items and 225 men were added to the payroll.

George Scribner, the plant owner, had never bothered with a personnel manager. He hired and handled his staff personally. But war was presenting new problems. Other war plants around Boonton were luring workers from his plant by offering higher wages. The wage freeze had prevented Scribner from increasing the earnings of his workers. New factories had no wage scale precedent, and thus could start with higher pay.

Scribner realized that he would have to offer his workers advantages to compensate for the lower wages. Another problem—absenteeism—threatened to weaken his production. How could he be sure of adequate and efficient help to fulfill his war contracts?

Scribner viewed absenteeism and the lure for higher wages as a social problem that no business efficiency expert could satisfactorily solve. The answers lay in the human factors. He decided to find a man in Boonton who knew the town's families and its worries. When he discussed this at an executive meeting, Boonton's outstanding social worker was suggested—Nicholas Burggraaff, a minister.

Since he was ordained in 1934, Burggraaff has been pastor of the First Reform Church of Boonton. As a minister he serves about two hundred families in the community, and in this role he is friend and confidant to all. People turn to him not only for religious guidance but for aid in their personal problems. Since 1936 he has served the entire town as head of the Community Relief Bureau. He seeks out the needy, and is in charge of the distribution of the town's charity funds. For the sick he arranges hospital care, and for the unemployed he tries to find jobs.

The Molding Company executives met the reverend four years ago when he asked if they could employ an elderly townsman who thought his days of usefulness were over. A job was found for him, and today this 69-year-old workman is an efficient asset to the factory.

Burggraaff was the man to whom Scribner turned for advice. When Scribner explained the need to improve working conditions and to prevent absenteeism holding back war production, Burggraaff accepted an offer to work part-time for the factory. He viewed the job as a patriotic duty, and as another means of bettering the community by visiting and aiding the troubled.

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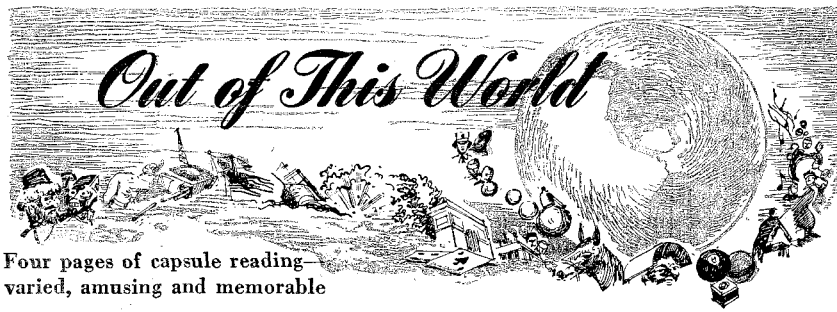

Four pages of capsule reading—varied, amusing and memorable

Cash for Brains

MANY CIVILIANS, as well as returning veterans, are going to want to get into something different. They'll want a complete change—a decent living, too. Everybody has his own ideas, but here are a few money-makers which have worked out successfully for others:

There's a man in Pennsylvania who likes wolves. He started a wolf farm and lives comfortably off his fur sales. But he has another angle. He charges the public 25 cents to look at his stock; and makes a neat pile on the side.

In an old house in Tucson, a Phoenix carpenter noticed a huge altar supported by the beautifully grained ivory-colored woody stems of the giant saguaro tree-cactus. Now he's his own boss, making cactus-wood furniture — chairs, beds, davenports, which resorters snap up at fancy prices.

In California a sea lion supplier hires cowboys to go out in fast boats and lasso sea lions, which are then sold to zoos and circuses.

A Michigan man farms river bottoms for sunken logs. The fine water-cured hardwoods provide him with a very comfortable living.

Another Michigan man bought a herd of surplus buffalo from the government. His first shipment of meat brought $1.25 a pound. Now he's building a farm to handle the sale of one hundred animals a year.

A grouse hunter in the north woods noted that grouse were growing fat on acorns which were otherwise wasted. So he's preparing to sell the acorns, with the bitterness removed, as "Northwoods Acorn Flapjack Flour." Gourmets are sure to support him.

Well, that makes six bright ideas. The world *is* full of so many things that, with a little pioneer spirit, we can all take a crack at living like kings. —BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

Bar-Relief

A "BAR HAPPY" captain (one who takes excessive pleasure in his rank) who, incidentally, had not seen overseas duty, finished a stern lecture on military courtesy before a group of returned veterans at a Long Island hospital. He had emphasized the importance of recognizing rank in the approved military manner—via salute.

Next day one of the veterans was assigned to guard a detail of Ger-

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man prisoners. The prisoners were dusting some folding chairs when the afore-mentioned captain entered. The prisoners continued to dust. "Ah-hem!" puffed the captain. No one paid any attention. "Ah-hem!" the captain repeated. The sergeant in charge came forward. "Yes, sir?" he said politely.

"What's wrong with these men? Don't they know rank when they see it?" the captain demanded. "Tell them to come to attention."

The sergeant explained that his knowledge of German did not enable him to convey the captain's command. Impatiently the captain brushed the sergeant aside and tapped one of the Nazis on the shoulder. In pantomime the officer pointed to the "railroad tracks" on his own shoulders and simulated the position of attention.

The German stared at him without comprehension. The captain repeated the mime. This time the German nodded understandingly, took his dust cloth and slowly dusted the captain's bars. The captain has not mentioned military courtesy since. —Lt. L. Outlaw

No Greater Love

Today few citizens of Gary, Indiana, can name their mayor of 1912, but nearly everyone in town can tell you about a crippled newsstand man who died that year.

As a result of an injury in infancy, one of Billy Rugh's legs was so withered away that it was necessary for him to use crutches. Still, he was a cheerful little man of 32, knew most of his customers by their first names and never complained of his misfortune.

With an insight and a compassion possible only to one who had himself suffered, Billy Rugh was the first to answer an appeal which appeared in one of his morning papers. Ethel Smith, an attractive girl of nineteen, was in a critical condition at the general hospital. Badly burned in an accident, she needed 164 square inches of skin grafted to her face and body. Otherwise she would die or go through life horribly disfigured.

Billy Rugh went to her surgeon and begged to be accepted as a donor. His withered limb was useless to himself, he said, so if the girl was willing he would be glad to have the skin removed and grafted to her burns.

The operation was performed and Ethel Smith recovered completely. Billy Rugh, however, developed pneumonia and died, but not before learning that the entire nation had been touched by his sacrifice. Newspapers throughout the country told his story; immediately thousands of letters containing praise and money began pouring into the hospital. Churches sent their Sunday collections and school children their pennies until nearly two thousand dollars had been received. Billy Rugh knew his number was up, but he remained cheerful and without regret until he lapsed into a coma.

When he died, the city of Gary went into mourning and the council voted a public funeral. His body was carried on a fire truck and three bands marched in the procession.

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So many thousands attended that the service was forced out of the church and into the street.

Now, 33 years after his death, the citizens of Gary have dedicated a memorial to Billy Rugh—a carved limestone terrace. It is located at 7th Avenue and Massachusetts Street in the heart of Gary, not far from where Billy once hawked papers. A plaque imbedded in the floor of the terrace reads:

"He gave his life so that another might live." —WINFRED VAN ATTA

Harmony for Hominy

WHEN BING CROSBY returned from entertaining troops in France, he told his friend Fred Cosgrove, New York hotel executive, that he had promised to send General Eisenhower some whole hominy. So far, he hadn't been able to get any.

"Don't worry about it, Bing," said Cosgrove. "I'll take care of it for you—shipping and all."

However, taking care of it was no easy matter. Cosgrove vainly contacted every well-known cereal company and wholesale grocer in New York. Finally, he found a small firm in Brooklyn which had a supply. He spoke to an executive of the firm, a woman, asking if she had any whole hominy.

"Lots of it," was the reply.

"My name is Cosgrove," explained Fred, "and I want you to ship two hundred pounds to General Eisenhower in the name of Bing Crosby. Charge it to me."

"Look," laughed the woman. "This is a good rib, but you don't expect me to believe it, do you?"

Cosgrove tried to convince her he was serious, but she remained dubious. At last in desperation he said, "You'd recognize Bing Crosby's voice, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly I would," was the reply. "He's one of my favorites."

"I'll have him call you back and sing for you," said Cosgrove, giving her a line from a once popular song that he would have the famous crooner sing as a code.

"Look, Bing," said Cosgrove, "I've finally located some whole hominy for General Eisenhower. But you're going to have to sing for it." He explained the situation.

Crosby called the woman, identified himself, sang for her—and the next day two hundred pounds of whole hominy was on the way to General Ike's headquarters.

The song Crosby sang? Cosgrove, who loves a pun almost as much as Bing himself, had him sing a parody of a once popular air: *Hominy Hearts Have You Broken?*

—CPL. TOM SHEHAN

Pacific Fire-Monster

WE WERE shark fishing under a pale silver moon when I saw it. Moonlight relieved the darkness of the rock-walled passage where we waited near Acapulco Bay on the Pacific. The phosphorescence of the water made our three-quarter-inch anchor rope seem like a great two-inch hawser ablaze with pale green fire. My fishing line seemed to be a heavy blazing rope and the ten-pound chunk of shark bait, five fathoms below, a barrel-sized mass of smoking, wavering flame.

Suddenly I froze in horror.

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Heading directly toward us from astern writhed an incandescent sixty-foot sea serpent. The wide head with its long snout was terrifyingly clear. Just aft of it were pectoral fins in rapid motion.

I was about to shout for my high-powered rifle when from the deckhouse roof came a hoarse "Ay, Dios mio!" Jose, our deckhand, had seen it. His bare feet thudded in the cockpit and in an instant he had hurled our heavy harpoon. As it struck, the monstrous head, the fanning fins and the long writhing body erupted into a blaze of fiery streaks and points that spread, circled, then formed again into a large, close-bunched mass.

Our sea serpent was nothing more deadly than a school of sardines who had gathered themselves into a terrifying apparition.

—S. Robert Russell

Grandmother of Cannibals

In 1899 Mrs. Daisy Bates was only 39, and no cannibal had as yet called her "Grandmother." She was about to leave England to visit her late husband's cattle station in Northwestern Australia, and she offered her services to the editor of the London *Times* to investigate reports of cruelties to the native population there. Her offer was accepted, but after eight hundred miles of searching the wilderness she found no evidence to support the charges.

Daisy Bates did find, however, a race of the most primitive people on earth: black bushmen still in the stone age of development. Only some sixty thousand people were left from what had once been millions. Of these, many were diseased or insane. The women told her they were fond of "baby meat," and that they sometimes cooked and ate their own children. Mrs. Bates realized that the race was doomed to inevitable extinction and resolved to relieve, as much as possible, the ordeal of its passing.

It took her but little over a year to settle her affairs: sell her cattle, her ranch, most of her possessions, then go to live among the cannibal tribes.

She has served and studied them for nearly a half century and now, almost ninety, has earned the title of "Grandmother of Cannibals." Daisy Bates knows her tribes better than they know themselves and speaks 188 of their dialects. Their own women would have been killed for witnessing ceremonies to which she has been invited. And they have even entrusted their sacred totems to her keeping.

Today she lives in an eight-by-ten tent, carrying her drinking water a mile through the 112-degree heat, directing her people in war salvage work and in the making of spears and boomerangs. These articles of native handicraft are sold to the GIs and Aussies, and the money given to the Red Cross.

Mrs. Bates belongs to no church or mission. She has been just a woman alone, befriending a friendless people, ruling them not by law but by a personality which has no room for selfishness and seeks no end but the happiness of others.

—Hayden Church

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A footnote to victory in Europe by Chester Morrison, NBC's ace correspondent

Brussels Letter

—*Brussels*

A WEEK AGO I was in Paris, minding my own business and just trying to get along. Life was made easy by an organization called Army Public Relations. It was a paternal organization with the habit of caring for reporters by providing comfortable quarters and pre-fabricated news. It discouraged enterprise, and on the whole was paternal in the sense and manner of Clarence Day's father.

Paris is not what it is cracked up to be, but that's just one man's opinion. I much prefer Brussels, and I'm told that Copenhagen is best of all. But I may never see Copenhagen, because my doghouse is Brussels. I never had any intention of coming here.

But *à nos moutons*, as we foreigners say—to get back in the groove:

Head man of Public Relations in those good old Paris days was a ferret-eyed insurance salesman who had risen to the rank of major and a job as hotel manager for reporters—hundreds of them.

He didn't like reporters and he didn't like his job, but as a soldier must, he endured the reporters and did his job. I honestly can't think where he could have found another. As the soldiers used to say about anybody who griped: "He never had it so good."

The meals in the hotel were not very good. When you wanted a change for the better, you could get a friend to take you to a British mess. But the hotel was better than some. One day I discovered one that was worse. I went there with an English girl—and I thought it was not good enough for her.

She could not go into her own mess without being whistled at and frequently accosted by American officers. So I gave the English girl a mess ticket for the hotel which had been issued to me, first carefully typing in her name. Entirely illegal, of course, but under the circumstances, I thought, justifiable and even possibly useful.

I should have known I never would get away with it. The fraud was detected immediately. It was such a clumsy, amateurish job. So here I am in beautiful Brussels.

I was sent here by a curious board of inquisitors, headed by an elderly colonel who has figured in other humorous incidents, and I was told never to darken Europe's door again. If the episode had not coincided with an odd turn in Belgian politics, necessitating that one of my employers' representatives be here, I do believe that court would have exiled me to the United States.

I had cheated no one; I had performed a minute chore in the cause of international amity—I had fed the hungry. But I had com-

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mitted an irregularity that might have tangled up the accounts. I was no longer qualified, therefore, to perform the pleasant functions for which I am paid so handsomely and which the folks at home think sufficiently important to rate a phrase in the Constitution.

Long ago, when the war was young, I looked upon the future with frightened eyes and turned my face away. But I couldn't see it in detail. I could see only the datelines of Tunis, Salerno, Normandy, and beyond them Athens, Beirut—with more to come. I couldn't foresee that the duty of watching those miseries and recording them for you would be less important than the crime of admitting an unauthorized person to a reporters' mess in Paris.

Meals are even better in Brussels. Not since I left home nearly four years ago have I seen such luscious peaches, such full-blown grapes, such delicious currants and raspberries, such huge, sweet strawberries, such a profusion of eggs and salad and fresh vegetables. Nor have I had in years such well-cooked food, such good beer.

Brussels is charming. Its streets are wide and paved with cobblestones. There are more trolley cars than there are in Philadelphia—short, close-coupled, four-wheeled trolley cars, clanging like mad, jammed to the gunwales, painted white and traveling in pairs like policemen in a tough neighborhood.

The shop windows are filled with everything you need and much that you don't need. The sidewalk cafés are gay with music and the people are friendly in three languages. Hedy Lamarr is playing at the Odéon in *L'Extase*. What more could anybody ask?

The strange characters who exiled me from Paris warned that if I ever came back there something awful would happen. I have half a mind to go back anyway. Maybe they'll banish me to Copenhagen.

—CHESTER MORRISON

Eye Opener

WHEN I WAS A BOY in the little town of Sieradz, Poland, I was apprenticed to a kind of barber-surgeon called a *feldscher*. People came to him to be bled, to have their teeth pulled, splinters and thorns removed and bandages applied. But this *feldscher* had one more than local distinction. He had succeeded in removing a cataract from the eye. From all the surrounding country, people came to him blind and went away seeing. He did the job with care, but just as part of his regular work, and he never had a failure.

One day a Warsaw ophthalmologist who had heard about him came to Sieradz. He asked the *feldscher* if he realized how dangerous the operation was. He showed him up-to-date photographs of the eye and told him about the latest technical helps. The *feldscher*, who never in his life had seen an anatomical picture of the eye, was so overwhelmed at what he had done in the innocence of his soul he never again performed a cataract operation.

—ANTOINE in his autobiography *Antoine* (Prentice-Hall)

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For millions of art-hungry Americans, a unique institution is today delivering masterpieces C.O.D.

fine art for the Millions

by FRANCES ROCKMORE VELIE

"THIS IS my vacation money," the prim, little schoolmarm said, as she paid 75 dollars for the water color and three prints it had taken her five days to choose.

After she left the Associated American Artists gallery, a Negro deacon with his wife and two children made a down payment on four prints worth five dollars apiece. They were followed in quick succession by a sandwich filler, a young screen actress, a sailor, a Minnesota farmer, a salesgirl and an advertising executive. It was a typical day.

Associated American Artists is a new kind of "five and ten" in art. Oil paintings, water colors, and etchings sell for five dollars to ten thousand dollars. The main offices, in a skyscraper in New York's expensive upper Fifth Avenue, occupy 35 thousand square feet.

With a branch in Chicago, it has assumed the proportions of a million dollar mass merchandising business. Galleries are supplemented by conference rooms, the largest commercial stockroom of paintings in the world, a reproduction plant, and a mailing room whose files tell the story of 100 thousand plain Americans, turned art patrons.

A Midwestern farmer and his family wanted prints advertised by the Associated American Artists. Their budget was meager enough, but they cut the luxury of meat to pay for the luxury of beauty.

A little housewife whose husband was ill and querulous started collecting five dollar prints to keep her mind off her troubles. Later she bought a two hundred dollar oil painting on the installment plan.

"At night, I take out my paintings and look at them, and get courage to go on with the next day," she confided to Pegeen Sullivan, gallery director.

American housewives once didn't talk this way. How did the hunger for fine art grow where a generation ago blotchy calendars, garish prints and stuffed dead fish were considered decoration enough for the average American home?

It started in 1934 when Reeves Lewenthal, then 25 and press agent for most of the fine galleries and art societies in the country, noticed

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that almost all art was going to the very select few, who could pay stupendous prices for pictures sold in the hush-hush atmosphere of jewel-like salons, where price, in the thousands, was always whispered as an embarrassed afterthought.

He talked to his friend, Thomas Hart Benton, the artist, who had left New York to escape the gallery snobs.

"Art ought to be sold in department stores, like yard goods, only faster," Benton snorted.

Lewenthal agreed. He laid a simple but revolutionary idea before Benton. Etchings were being printed from original plates in limited editions of about 75 in order to keep prices up. "Why not print them in editions of 250 and more and sell them at five dollars each instead of twenty to fifty dollars?"

"Why not?" said Benton.

Lewenthal got forty top artists to let him have their etching plates in return for a minimum fee and royalties. Among those who joined Tom Benton were Grant Wood, John Stuart Curry, Doris Lee, and Georges Schreiber.

The idea caught on. Wanamakers in New York sold 1,300 prints the first day. But when department stores marked down for clearance the etchings that did not sell at once, and offered Benton's "Farm Lad," now worth 160 dollars, for $2.50, Lewenthal naturally withdrew his wares from the stores. He went directly to the people—to sell art by mail order for the first time in history.

In the first year he sold 27 thousand dollars' worth of art. Associated American Artists' annual sales are now well over a million. No longer simply a mail order house for art, they do a thriving over-the-counter business.

Among the first things the visitor to the galleries sees are the five dollar prints, always 75 of them on display. Slim pocketbooks are further reassured by large full color reproductions of fine paintings at $7.50. Vivid water colors, originals, sell for from 50 to 250 dollars, priced more cheaply than oils since they take less time to paint. Finally, there are the original oils priced from three hundred dollars up. Artists set all the prices. All works of art are marked clearly with price tags.

Salesmanship at the galleries is at a minimum. Pegeen Sullivan, the director, believes that people should not buy pictures which do not excite them spontaneously.

People unconsciously choose art that has special meanings for them. A man will choose a head that reminds him of a woman he loves—a sweetheart, or his mother as he remembers her from childhood. Men remembering their boyhood choose *Swimming Hole* by Charles Wilson. Few women buy it.

Overflow paintings were hung in the stenographers' office back of the Associated American Artists gallery. Soon the stenographers were buying oils of their own.

Some paintings were placed in the offices of the Encyclopedia Britannica for several months' exhibition. When they were removed, the employes protested, then formed a club to paint and exhibit their own works.

The desire to accumulate art often becomes a passion which is satisfied

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only by new and more paintings. The pride felt for each new acquisition is one of the richest experiences life offers.

Collecting develops taste and sensitivity. Life-like paintings of the sea and ships are usually sufficient for beginners, but very early the subtleties of "modern" art become vivid and meaningful to them.

Actually, the most precious thing that owning a beautiful work of art does for people is to show them beauty where they had never seen it before.

"I can now bear living in Pittsburgh," a woman said recently. "In the twilight, I can see the beauty of the light through the smoke shining on the severe, sooty houses. I can see masses, functional and powerful, of the huge buildings—and everything I see, I see through the eyes of an artist."

BUT ARTISTS as well as the public are benefiting from the Association. Lily Harmon, a fine painter of women and young children, confesses that she used to sell an average of two paintings a year at a couple of hundred dollars apiece, although her work was of museum calibre. "Just enough to starve on even in a thirty-dollar a month railroad flat."

One day Lewenthal saw her work. He promised Lily a one-man show within the year. Today, through the gallery's facilities, she has orders for more commissions, book plates, and other projects than she can fill.

Frederic Taubes is the kind of businessman-artist who could survive under any conditions, because of his versatility in both "pure" and commercial art, and his gifts as columnist, lecturer and writer.

Taubes is most impressed by the Association's strictly business attitude. Every month on the tenth the artist gets an itemized accounting of the sales of his work, and a check to cover; an unusual procedure in the art world, where many galleries keep pictures for months.

The Associated Art galleries does more for the American artist than sell his work in a business-like fashion. The new and widespread appreciation of art is changing many things.

A significant effect of appreciation on the artist is the need for art which is reaching into the business world, and into the government. This need is taking the artist out of the financial dumps.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey commissioned twelve artists to tell the part that oil is playing in the world today. The paintings were arranged through the Art in Advertising Department of the Associated American Artists' Special Services Division.

Abbott Laboratories, makers of medicines and pharmaceuticals, commissioned 47 of Lewenthal's 123 artists to make a permanent art record of the war—its agony, sacrifice and heroism. The artists took their easels and brushes to the beaches at Tarawa and Bougainville, the foxholes of Normandy, the jungles of Burma, and to the frozen Aleutians.

The Abbott Laboratories sent the veterans of Saipan reproductions of Georges Schreiber's paintings. The boys made their own frames from native mahogany. The paintings told the story of the Army and Navy doctor, of the slogging

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Infantryman and the bomber crews. Planned originally for use in advertising campaigns, they were turned over to the Treasury to provide War Loan posters that spurred millions of Americans on to buy War Bonds.

Lucky Strike cigarettes and Steinway pianos are advertised through fine paintings. Sears, Roebuck has made a deal with Associated Artists to sell reproductions through the pages of its catalog. Fine paintings, reproduced on the backs of playing cards, have doubled their sales. The riches of fine art, once locked in museums, are being brought to the millions.

Lewenthal and his Associated American Artists have great plans to hasten this trend.

After the war he plans to establish a studio and design center in New England to produce fabrics, pottery, silver, hand wrought jewelry and decorative accessories.

In the Associated American Artists there will be departments of stage and billboard designing, business portraiture, glassware, china, book illustrating, calendars—in short, it will seek to make art a functioning utility in everyday life.

Lewenthal wants to make Associated American Artists fifty times bigger, with branches in Paris and London, to bring American art to the European masses.

Many Americans will have a new respect for art. The Marines who survived Tarawa and Bougainville won't quickly forget Kerr Eby, the 59-year-old World War I correspondent and painter of the soul-stirring "Marines in Action." Nor will the parents of the boys who fell in the Aleutians soon forget Edward Laning, who painted the lonely cemetery in Alaska. Reproductions of the painting, sent by the Associated American Artists, are cherished remembrances of loved ones who will never return.

Those who suffered in the war will be part of a new audience who will recognize serious, good art and want it around their homes.

And why just their homes? Why not their factories, their offices, their subways and restaurants?

For those who can't afford even five dollars, Lewenthal is planning penny post cards with reproductions of beautiful paintings on them.

"Nobody in this country is too poor to be a collector," he says.

Civic Welcome

BRET HARTE, the author, once arrived in Richmond with a splitting headache which almost blinded him with pain. Feeling that a bit of fresh air would do him good, he went out for a stroll with a proud native of Richmond who talked long and hard about the wonders of the city.

"Richmond," boasted his companion, "is one of the healthiest cities in America. Our death rate averages only one person per day."

At this, Harte slowed his walk perceptibly.

"Tell me," he moaned, holding his throbbing head in his hands, "has today's man died yet?"

—*Spaulding Times*

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Picture Story

We Are the Liberated

As the lights are flickering on again . . . in Europe in the East and Westward out across the Pacific . . . Coronet presents a portrait of the liberated ones. Carefully selected from thousands of eloquent pictures made under the holy arc light of freedom, the 32 photographs finally chosen represent a cross section of a new hope for a better world. This is a story of the people who have been made free . . . their own story.

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That's part of it. But there are also the million pairs of outstretched arms . . . the great tidal wave of pent-up laughter and tears . . .

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To some of us, liberation came almost too late to have any meaning. Through jagged barbed wire, empty eyes stared, unbelieving . . . afraid to look . . . yet even more afraid not to look.

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And already we are learning again to look each other straight in the eye . . . already suspicion is being driven into the same stockade as the black-booted bullies who raised it from a pup . . .

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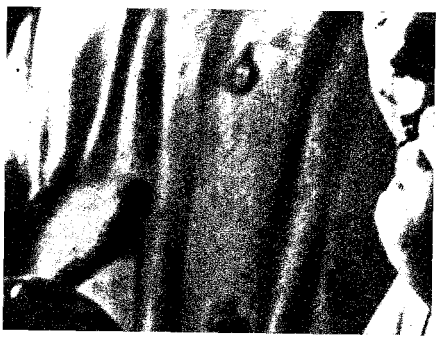

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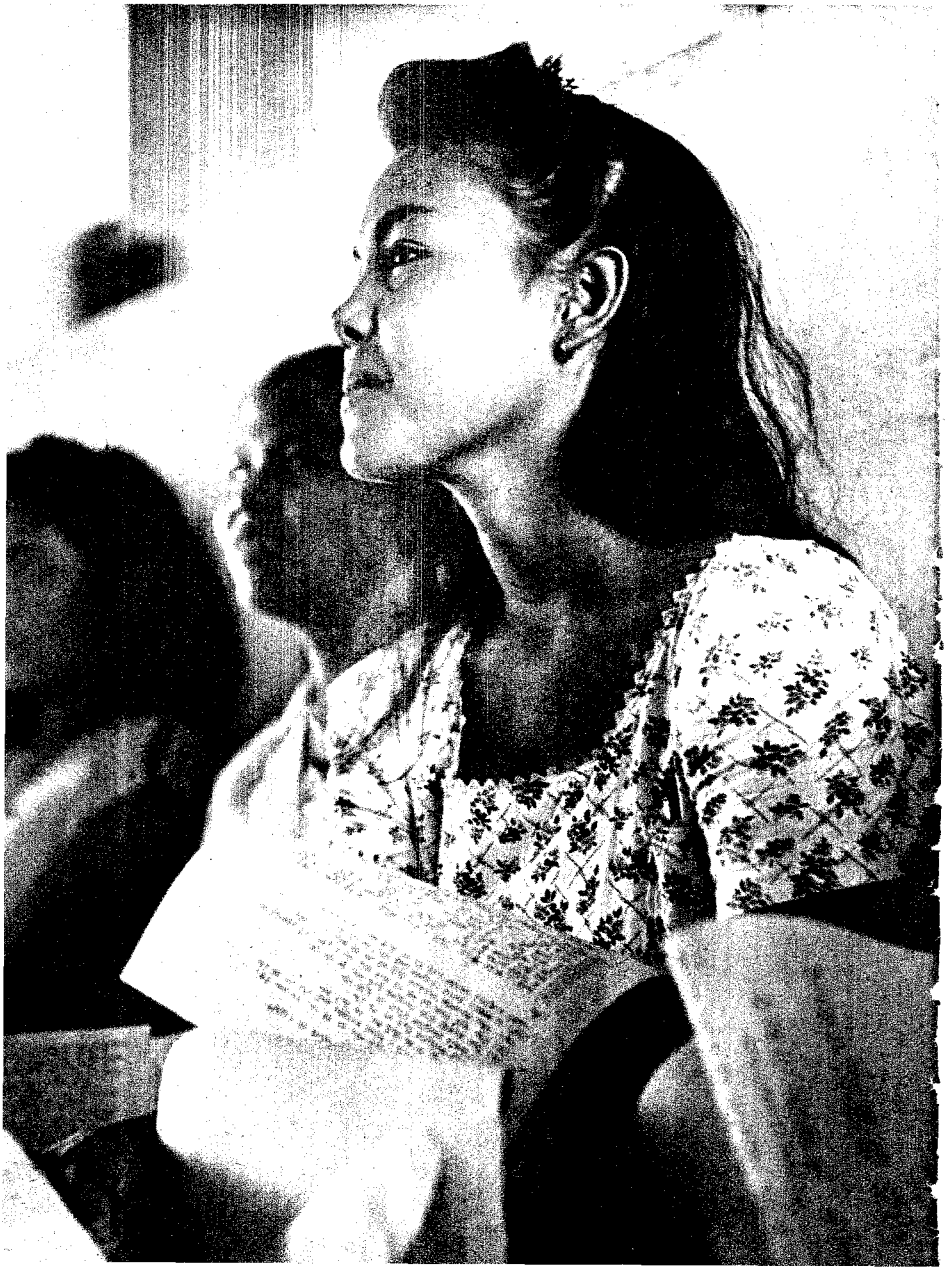

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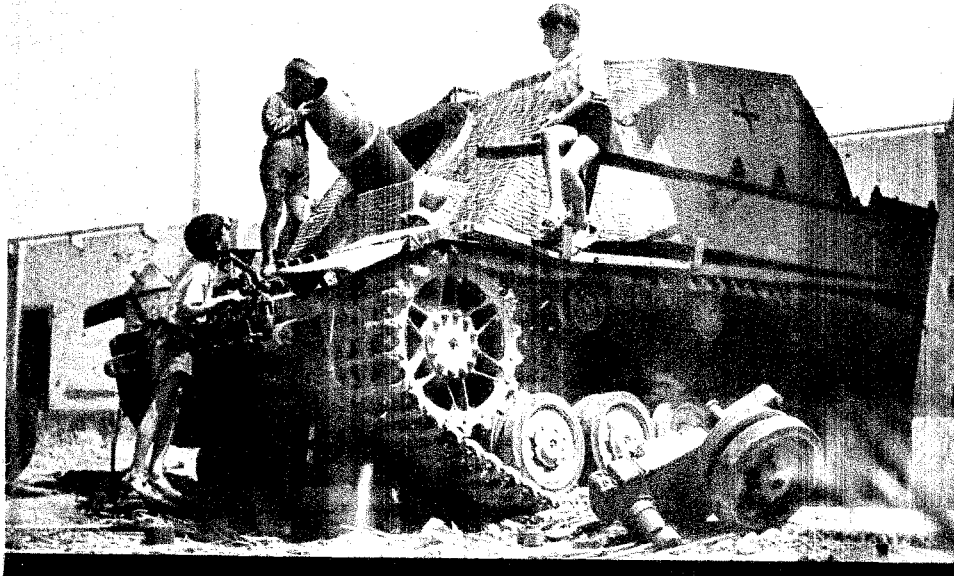
But it is really our children who must reap the harvest of liberation . . . the curious, bright-eyed kids . . .



the innocent bystanders who were born into

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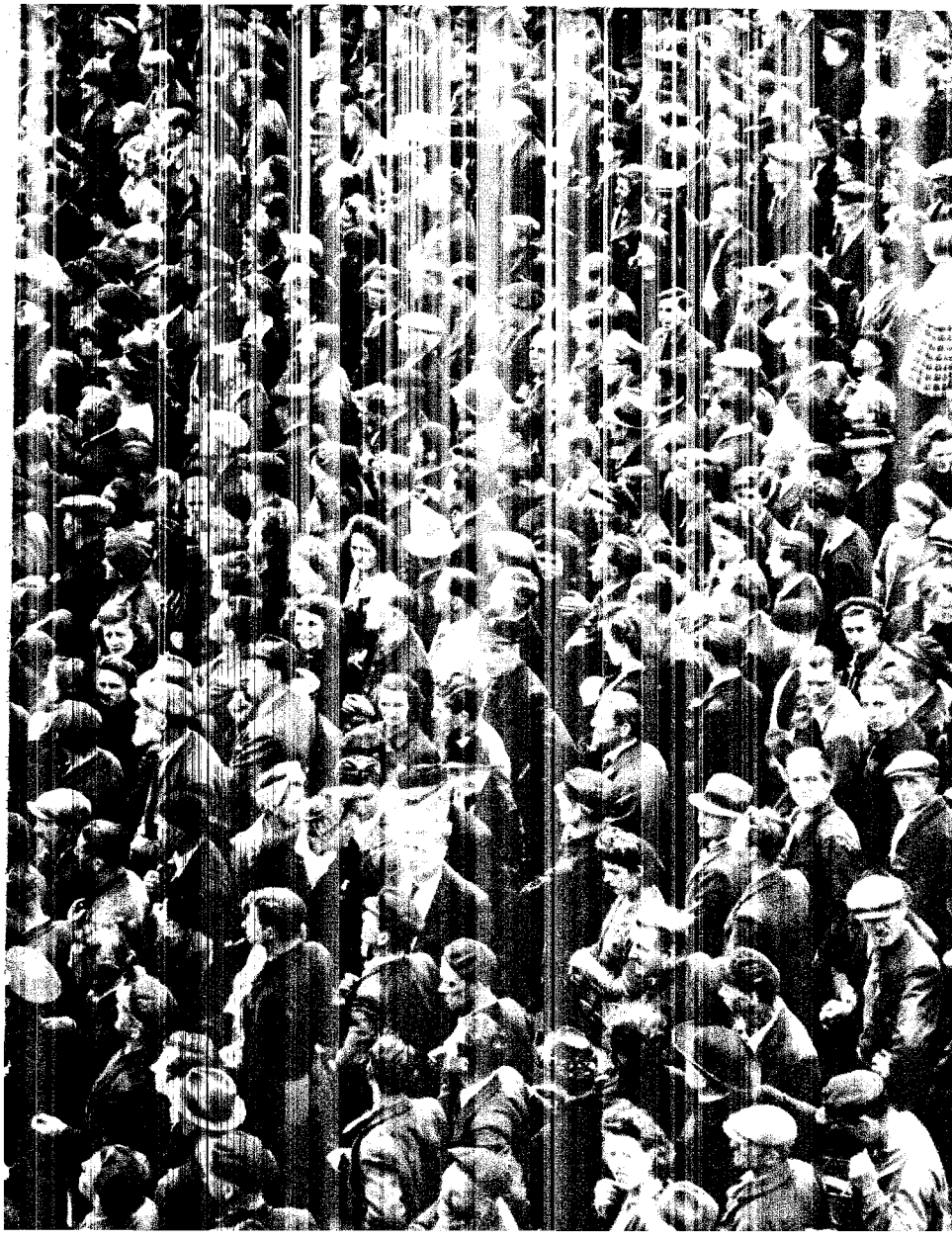

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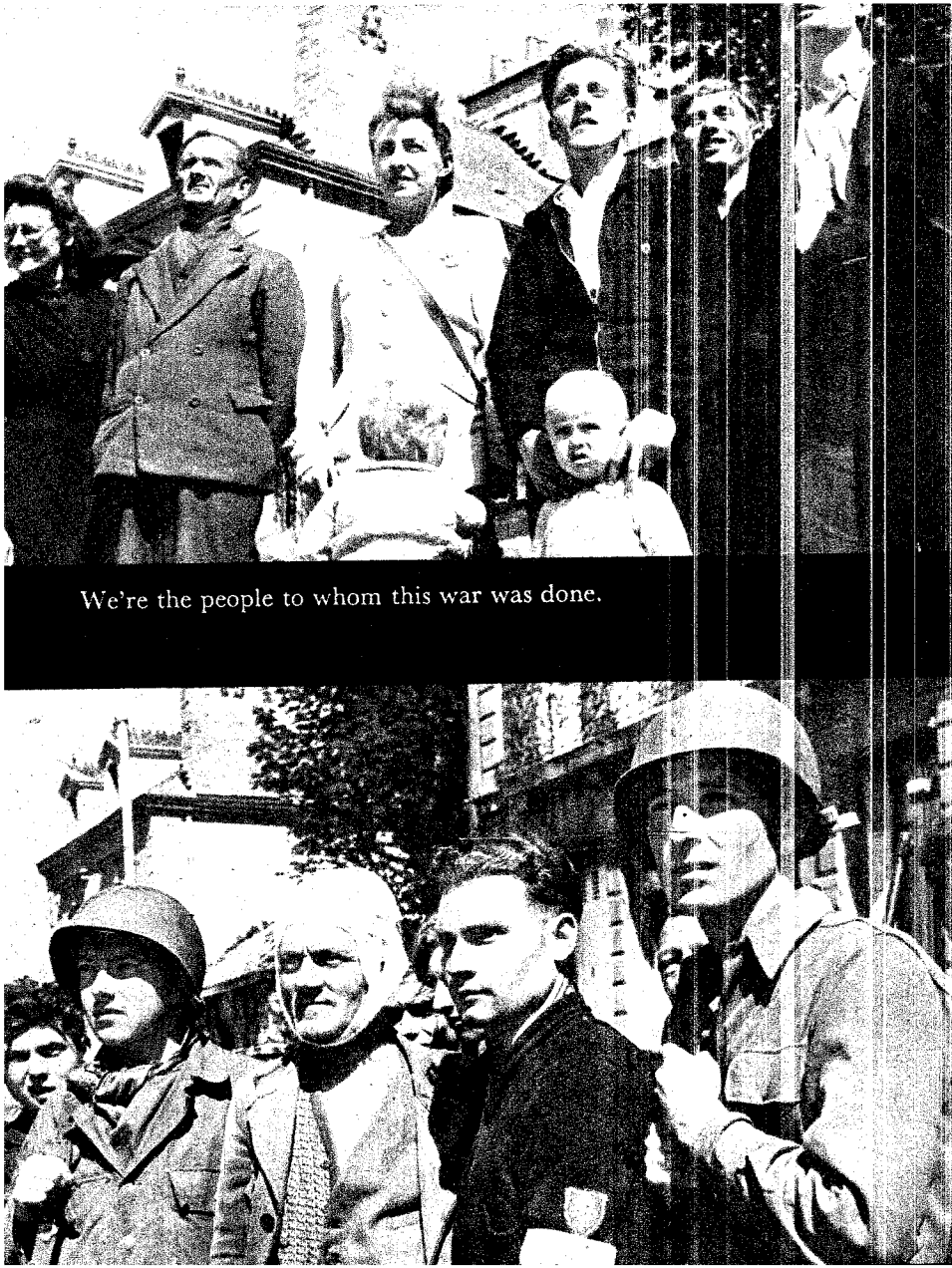

We're the people to whom this war was done.

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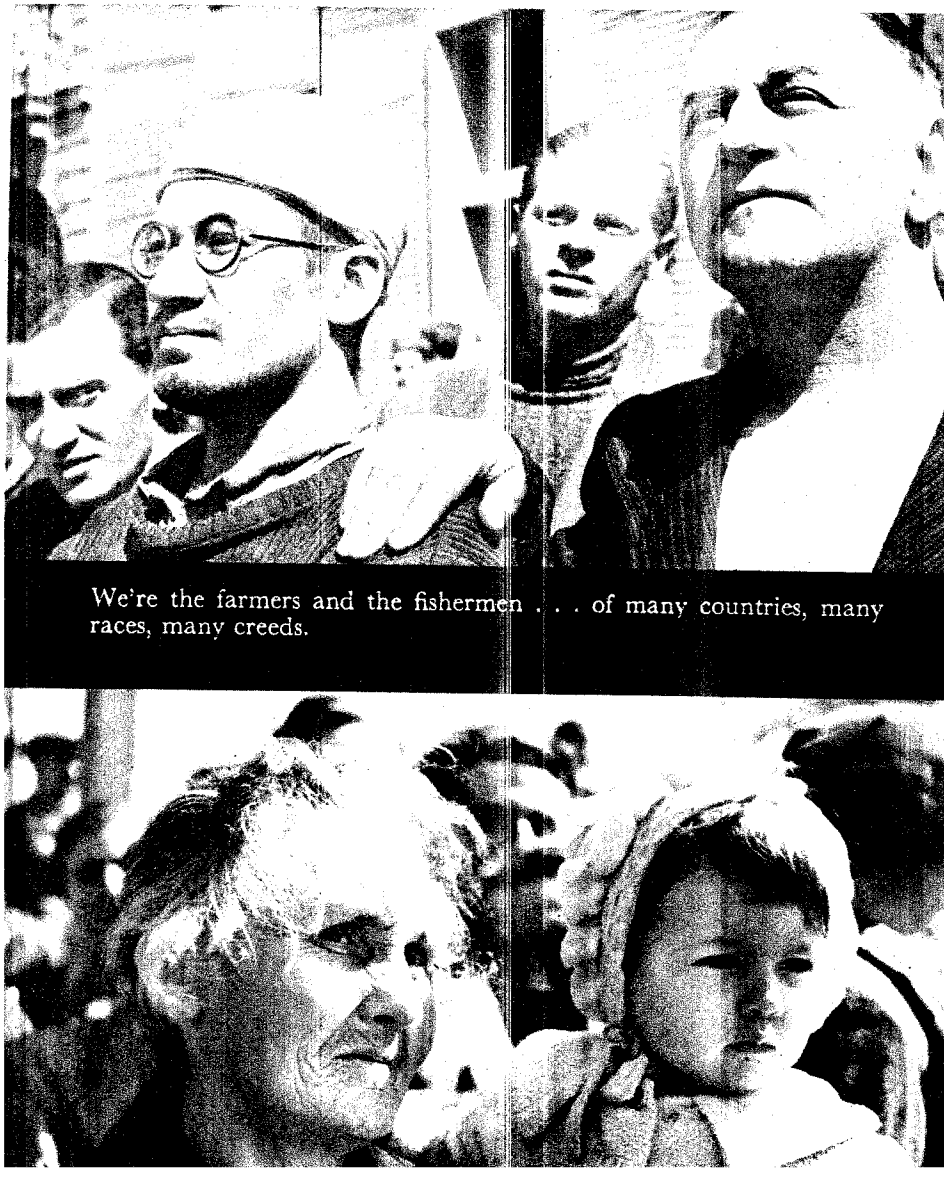

We're the farmers and the fishermen . . . of many countries, many races, many creeds.

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[illegible] university which was reduced to rubble

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"I am a nurse. But the horrible pain which I have been forced to witness has, I fear, left its indelible mark on me. Thank God

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So now you know us . . . we who have gathered to cheer the most colossal parade of all time. But the parade has only begun. Note especially the faces of the marchers who will go the full route . . .

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A child learns lonesome songs and the mystery of the heart from homemade music

Songs My Uncle Taught Me

by DAVID LOUIS

WHEN I WAS FOUR, my Uncle Joe would come to the house to play for me. Uncle Joe was my favorite uncle. He was the one always used to take me to the circus, and tell me stories about the city, and do all kinds of card tricks. But best of all he would play the guitar for me. My, how he could pluck those strings! He could play music for a husking bee, music for a shivaree. He could play hymns to the Lord, and he had a sixteen-dollar guitar come all the way from Sears, Roebuck.

When I was five, I had a cousin. Cousin Angeline. She come to visit us at harvest time, come to help Ma cook for the threshing hands. Used to help make corn bread, watermelon rind, and blueberry pie for the boys.

Angeline, she had hair just as yellow as mine, and she had quiet hands and quiet eyes. She was meek as a mouse. Used to blush and hide from the company, even company like Uncle Joe, who'd come and play music for me on the sixteen-dollar guitar.

First time Uncle Joe saw Angeline, he tipped his straw and said "Howdy do?" Then he sat down and plucked a chord. But Angeline, she just blushed and sat over in a corner. Uncle Joe said he'd play and sing for me, but I notice every time he hit a high, kind of lonesome note, his eyes come over his specs and he'd look into the corner where Angeline sat and held her peace. Uncle Joe come around real often after that.

My, how Uncle Joe could beg music from those strings and pegs! He could sound—alone. Could sound like a dog gets lost in a corn field moans for his Mom to come and take him home. He could sound — together. He had one throat could sound like three. He could sound like a whole quartette.

Come a day when Uncle Joe left off playing *Sweet and Low* and put down his guitar and looked up to Angeline. He offered her the following: his house, his sixty head of cattle, his heart, himself. Angeline, she just nodded "no." She never said "yes" to Uncle Joe.

Angeline left us after harvest time. She married a drummer from St. Joe. He gave her the following: yellow combs for her yellow hair, a golden dress to match the combs, honey color gloves to fit the dress, and a guitar cost 22 dollars and 50 cents, C.O.D.

I'm six now. My Uncle Joe, he still comes here and plays for me. He says he's my troubadour. He sings only the lonesome songs now. But his voice is better now to me than the whole big choir at the First Presbyterian Church. Because it's—I don't know—alone.

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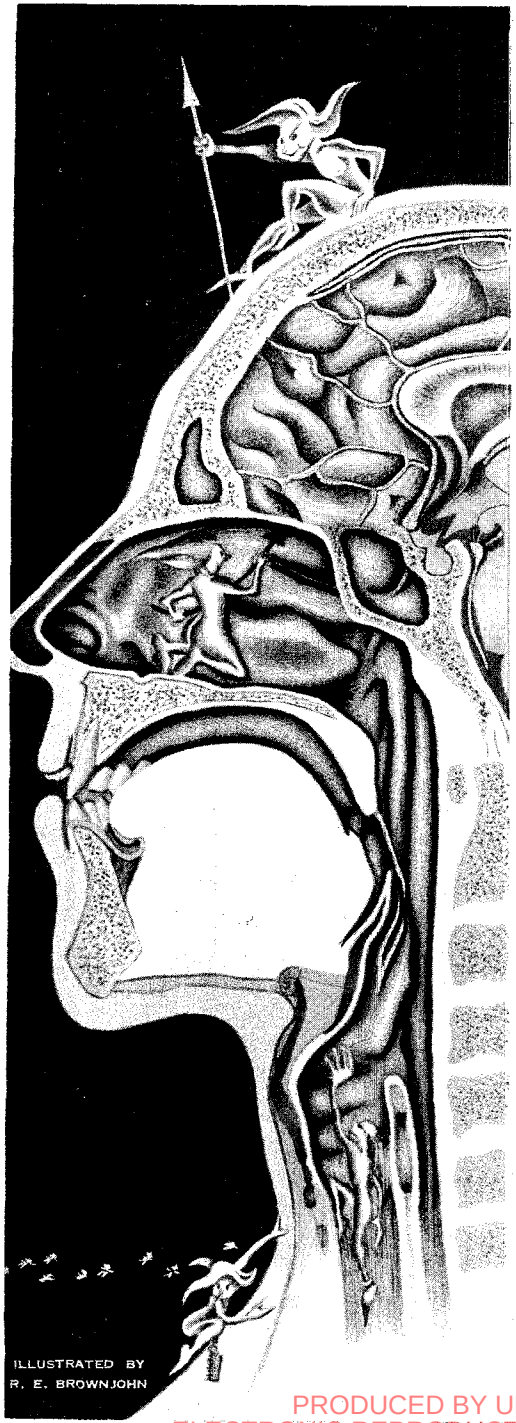

How to Cope With a COLD

by RICHARD S. FRANCIS, JR.

"In the United States, every single day throughout the winter, 1,500,000 persons are too sick to work, to attend school or to pursue their other usual activities—because of colds." This fact, based on a survey made by the United States Public Health Service, is deemed by the editors of Coronet important enough to warrant a departure from its rule of brevity in information and entertainment. Coronet feels that the common cold is a disease serious and widespread enough to merit serious and extended discussion, now, at the beginning of the cold season. To illustrate and highpoint the urgency of the common cold problem, Coronet's artists have prepared an X-ray map of a human head, showing those points where the common cold most often attacks. When you have read the article—which may save you weeks of discomfort and valuable time—it is recommended that you pass it on to a friend.

WHEN TOM JONES finds himself doubled up with sharp stomach pains, he takes care of himself. He wouldn't think of filling himself with everything he could find in the family medicine chest, and then go out and play tennis.

But when Tom catches cold—that's a different matter! He knows all about colds. He gargles, he "nose-drops," he stops in at the drugstore for "something that's good for a sore

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throat." He puts in a tough morning at the office, liberally punctuated with more nosedrops and gargling; spends the afternoon in a rain-drenched stadium, with maybe a nip or two "to keep me warm and throw off this darn cold." During the next few days his condition calls for ever increased and more varied self-medication. He's discovered some wonderful nosedrops that *really* sting. "At last," Tom says, "when they sting I know they're working."

After a week of this, Tom's nose and throat are red as raw beefsteak, his sinuses are full of mucus, he has a peach of a case of pharyngitis to boot, and he's waiting his turn in a busy doctor's reception room.

Exaggerated? Not a bit.

All right, you say, but what am I supposed to do? How do I catch a cold? How can I keep from catching one? What happens when I get a cold? And anyway, if they can lick something tough like smallpox, why can't they lick a cold?

Countless laboratory and clinical studies by some of the world's greatest physicians have not answered those questions. But great strides have been made, and it is the purpose of this article to tell you (1) what the common cold is and does, both socially and physically; (2) why, so harmless in itself, it is potentially so dangerous; and (3) what to do and what not to do when you get one.

IT HAS BEEN estimated that the time lost from work due to colds amounts to ninety million days of work each year, costing probably more than a billion dollars in production losses. Every man, woman and child in the country averages two to three colds a year. Three peaks recur quite regularly—mild outbreaks in late October and in late March, and invariably a severe epidemic in January or early February. The acute stage lasts about two days, but secondary infection may hang on for weeks.

What is the cause of such widespread havoc? Neither bacteria nor exposure but a *filtrable virus*. Now "virus" means a living and exceedingly noxious cause of disease. A *filtrable* virus is a virus so ultramicroscopic that it passes through the pores of the finest known filter. Bacteria are *not* filtrable; we can study them and learn how to deal with them. But the virus which causes colds is so much smaller that it defies analysis.

We can wrap up the progress of a cold about as follows: the *virus* is the immediate cause of the common cold. *Exposure*—sudden chilling, wet feet, drafts—irritates the nasal mucous membrane and thus reduces its natural ability to combat the virus. *Bacteria*—streptococci, staphylococci, pneumococci—which are able to multiply rapidly in the profuse watery discharge produced by the cold, often cause secondary infection.

This, then, is probably what happened when Tom Jones caught his cold: someone coughed or sneezed tiny virus-laden droplets into the air. (A single sneeze shoots out about 100 thousand micro-organisms at an initial speed of over 100 mph!) Although the virus may live in these droplets for as long as two weeks, after two or three days it becomes harmless. Furthermore, the incubation period is even

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shorter—probably not more than 36 hours—and, consequently, the infected person can transmit the disease only within the first day or so after he has caught cold. But Tom Jones was unlucky enough to breathe in a virus that was both potent and acute.

The next day Tom gets his feet wet, thoroughly chilling himself. There follows a temporary deficiency of blood in his nasal mucous membrane, due to contraction of the blood vessels—their natural defensive action against chilling. The result is an increase of breathing space and reduced circulation.

The air now rushes through Tom's narrowed nasal passages so quickly that his nose has neither the time nor ability to properly cleanse, warm and humidify it. A stream of cold, dry air hits the back of his throat, dries and irritates it, and Tom has a "sore throat." The cilia—we'll describe them later—that move mucus along and help prevent infection from taking hold, cannot function unless they are moist. So mucus accumulates, the virus thrives and multiplies in it, and Tom has caught a cold.

What can he do about it? There is no known cure for the common cold. So he can't do anything to cure it, but he can take precautions to prevent the growth of bacteria while he is in this weakened condition.

The medical profession has gone to great lengths to find effective drugs, but a cold is self-limiting; that is, unless complications develop, we soon get well anyway. Nor is there a really effective means of preventing colds.

Vaccines made from the micro-organisms whose growth was promoted by the elusive cold virus, "whether given by mouth or by injection," writes nationally known Dr. Chester S. Keefer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, "have been a keen disappointment. . . The vaccines have failed to prevent colds, and they have failed to lessen the number of complications, except when given repeatedly over a long period of time."

Vitamins have proved no better than vaccination. Persons deficient in certain vitamins—and you'd be surprised how few really are—may be predisposed to colds, but the person who is not deficient cannot immunize himself by dosing up on vitamin pills.

WHAT ABOUT the "hardening" processes we hear so much about? Benjamin Franklin thought that people who kept their windows open wide on cold nights didn't catch cold. Well, Ben may have been right most of the time, but Dr. Keefer says: "A number of procedures have been recommended . . . which have as their objective the conditioning of the body . . . such as cold shower baths every morning and exercise outdoors." But he concludes that controlled experiments have been "unable to show any lower incidence of colds in people who followed these practices when compared with a group who did not."

Work has been done with germicidal sprays and ultra-violet light, and some success has been reported. These methods may well prove valuable in reducing colds in nurseries, schools, hospitals, offices, etc., but even dreamers can hardly en-

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vision their community-wide effectiveness. No conclusive evidence on the effect of air-conditioning in either causing or preventing colds is yet available.

The Army Surgeon-General reports tests which show that respiratory ailments can be reduced 28 per cent by keeping barrack floors oiled and blankets impregnated with an invisible, odorless, non-sticky oil film. This film is believed to trap bacteria and viruses, and keep them from spreading into the air. Perhaps we'll hear more of this method.

WHEN Tom Jones caught his cold, the natural cleansing mechanism in his nose, the cilia, had stopped working. The cilia are microscopic hairlike substances that cover the mucous membrane like the nap of a thick carpet. In the moist, healthy mucous membrane they have a lashing, whipping stroke, with slow recovery, like a field of wheat in the wind. In conveyor-belt fashion they move mucous secretions along, out the back of the nose, out of the sinuses and into the nasopharynx; whereupon, if not ejected en route, the secretions pass on into the stomach. An important reason for not blowing the nose too hard! The natural defensive conveyor belt goes in the other direction. The chronic nose-blower is forcing mucous the wrong way on a one-way street.

Two important points concerning the cilia should be borne in mind: (1) they cannot act when the mucous membrane is dry; (2) the wrong kinds of nasal medication reduce their defensive value.

It is extremely difficult to tell when the common cold ends and secondary infection begins. Grippe, for example, is no more than an advanced and complicated cold. Its seriousness and epidemicity depend on the virulence of the predominant germ. The degree of virulence depends on the number of times the micro-organisms have been transmitted from one person to another. For example, if a mouse is inoculated with non-virulent pneumococci, it has no reaction. But if the pneumococci are then removed, and a second mouse is inoculated with them, the second mouse gets sick. After a few more transmissions . . . dead mouse!

Beginning in the fall, head colds lower our resistance and increase the number of "carriers," and, consequently, the number of times the offending micro-organisms are transmitted from one person to another. Thus the winter epidemics take the more serious form—grip or influenza (they are one and the same). Add to the hazards of a normal winter the crowded conditions present in most cities, and the possibility of a really dangerous epidemic is at once apparent.

Just such conditions were responsible for the devastating influenza pandemic of 1918-1919.

After the filtrable virus gets set, the bacteria—the "streps," the "staphs" and the "pneumos"—are probably ready to have a field day raising progeny on the slowed-down conveyor belt. It has been said that under perfect conditions a single bacterium could raise a family the size of a battleship in three days.

If a particular part of the body is markedly irritated or inflamed, it provides a minimum of resistance and the grip settles in that part,

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taking its name accordingly. Bronchitis is no more than grip in the bronchi; pharyngitis, grip in the pharynx; sinusitis, grip in the sinuses. Grip in the lungs, of course, is called pneumonia. It is as simple as that.

We know that the cause of the common cold is a filtrable virus, and that the virus is highly contagious. Theoretically, the fellow with a cold should isolate himself during the acute two-day incubation period. But most cold carriers consider themselves too "indispensable" to stay home, and consequently the rest of us are doomed to inherit the virus and catch cold.

WHAT TO DO about it? What should Tom Jones have done when he caught cold? We can answer the question negatively by stating what he should not have done.

Tom knew all about treating colds and immediately started doctoring himself. He was a perfect example of the old saying that a fellow with a cold does everything to excess except think.

But look what the specialists say. "During the first stage of an acute cold," writes widely respected Dr. A. R. Hollender, professor of diseases of the nose and throat at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, "local nasal treatment is of no value and may produce uncomfortable secondary reaction."

That the medical profession is anxious to help the layman choose proper medication—of the hundreds of available preparations, most do more harm than good—is emphasized by top authority Dr. Noah D. Fabricant, author of a recent and popular book on colds: "The general public should be educated to assume a responsibility all its own—that of supporting and purchasing nasal medication established on meritorious principles."

When the discomfort of head colds is caused by dryness of the mucous membrane, oil-base nosedrops may be of some value. Modern concepts of nasal medication, however, indicate that in the majority of cases nosedrops should have an aqueous (water) base. Nasal secretions are about ninety per cent water with which oils and jellies will not mix. Oily nosedrops lie inert on the mucous blanket and impair ciliary action.

It is unfortunate that the alkalinity of certain nasal preparations has been so extolled over the radio. It is now known that nosedrops should be slightly acid. Alkaline nosedrops impede the cilia and irritate the mucous membrane. Those alkaline nosedrops of whose sting Tom Jones was so proud, for example, stung because they irritated. Furthermore, while healthy nasal secretions are slightly acid, the secretions of acute colds are alkaline. Acid nosedrops tend to return unhealthy alkaline secretions to a healthy, slightly acid state. Bacteria, moreover, multiply more rapidly in alkaline secretions than in acid secretions.

Of the available liquid nasal preparations, antiseptics and silvers are often more irritating than helpful, while gargles are usually ineffective in killing or even inhibiting bacteria.

Vasoconstrictors are liquid preparations which shrink the mucous membrane and thus promote normal drainage. They are by far the

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most valuable group of drugs for use in the nose. Some of those which apparently fulfill most modern specifications are Gluco-fedrin, Isohalant, Neo-synephrine, Paredrine, Privine, Propadrine, and Tuamine. It should be borne in mind, however, that when vasoconstrictors which contain ephedrine are used unwisely, they are very likely to cause restlessness, nervousness, insomnia and anxiety.

Vasoconstrictors, furthermore, *should not be employed during the first stage of an acute cold.* Counteracting nature's method of germ destruction—inflammation and congestion—for the sake of a few minutes' comfort is merely prolonging the infection. When Tom Jones' cold had passed the acute stage, and he was stuffed up tight as a drum, he should have purchased one of the nasal vasoconstrictors now available. And he should have chosen it wisely, and used it discreetly.

Solutions designed to kill bacteria in the nose, like the sulfa drugs, are highly alkaline. They often irritate, sting and sometimes produce a profuse watery discharge which washes the sulfathiazole away from infected areas long before it has a chance to combat bacteria successfully. It is medically certain that alkaline preparations of sodium sulfathiazole impair the action of the cilia, and tend to destroy part or all of the olfactory epithelium—the tissue which gives us the sense of smell.

While the sulfas have little or no effect on the common cold virus, they are effective against many types of bacteria, and consequently may—when sprayed or dropped into the nose—serve a useful purpose in preventing the spread and shortening the duration of infection after the first acute stage of the cold. But there's danger as well as miracle in the sulfas and even these preparations should be used by the layman only on the advice of a physician.

ALMOST AS important as getting proper nosedrops is instilling them correctly. If inserted while you are standing, nosedrops merely run along the floor of the nose. Learn to lie back, head hanging down, chin pointing toward the ceiling. Then insert the drops, and with the head still dropped as far back as possible, turn it slowly from side to side for about five minutes. The medication flows over the roof of the nasal cavity, reaches nooks and crannies and openings into the sinuses, and really does some good. When you return to an erect position, the drops drift down over the nasopharynx and pharynx.

Try it; it's worth the trouble. And remember this: it is just as unhealthful to pass a bottle of nosedrops from one member of the family to another as it is for all to use the same toothbrush.

There are also a great many nasal inhalers on sale. Yet, as this is written, only three of them contain a therapeutic ingredient which actually shrinks the nasal mucous membrane and promotes ventilation and drainage. These three usually are advertised only to the medical profession. Your physician, consequently, knows them well, and should be glad to recommend the inhaler he considers best suited to you.

Those inhalers which are ad-

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vertised to the public often claim to make the nose feel clear in seconds. Because of cooling menthol, they do make the nose *feel* clearer, but that's all. Actually, they irritate the nasal membrane and are of no medicinal value whatsoever.

When Tom sat huddled in the rain-drenched stadium, he took a nip or two "to keep me warm and throw off this darn cold." Now if Tom's motives were medicinal, he was remembering only one-third of a time-honored "cure"—the brandy part of "bed, blankets and brandy." Alcoholic drink is of little or no medicinal value in the common cold under any conditions, but taken without its companions, bed and blankets, it is worse than nothing. Even if Tom had gone to the game without a sign of a cold, too many nips might well have produced one.

THERE IS probably much truth in the observation that "it takes a week to cure a cold, but it cures itself in seven days." The common cold must run its course. But its course can be short and its potential dangers can be minimized, and here's how:

Make the first sign of a cold a slow-down signal. If you can't spend a day or so in bed, get extra sleep. Keep warm and dry. Don't over-indulge. If the air in your house is too dry, a copious jet of steam flowing from the kitchen kettle will help moisten the dry mucous membrane.

Rather than raiding the medicine chest at the first scratch of a sore throat, spend half an hour with water up to your neck in a hot bath in a steamy bathroom. When the first stage of a cold changes into the second, you may start using medicine with some hope for results. It is a change that is admittedly difficult to determine, but often takes place about 48 hours after onset. It is marked by itching, sneezing, and sniffling with profuse watery discharge changing to nearly complete blockage, non-productive cough, hoarseness and headache, and a thick, gluey discharge.

Only when the latter symptoms are in evidence has the time come for medication. Then it is important to *get the right medication*. It's easy to telephone your doctor for advice. And *if you have a temperature, go to bed.*

Let's use common sense with the common cold—starting now.

Deadly Secret

THE DEATH OF Dr. Herbert Franklin of Chicago was a tremendous setback in the development of color photography. The scientist had submitted a number of color photographs to leading American scientific institutions, and the encouragement he received prompted him to build a laboratory stronghold to protect his invention against spies. In preparing his color plates he used a charcoal fire, and one day he forgot to open the ventilators. He was found asphyxiated, and his secret died with him.

—JEROME GREGG

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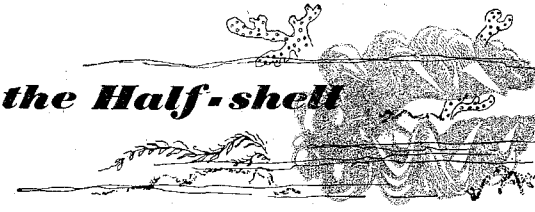
Steamed they're delicious, but when clam bites man it's a battle to the death

Danger on the Half-shell



by A. Hyatt Verrill

In the pearl industry you dive for fortunes, but it's the wise diver who knows that he may come up with misfortune, too. Beneath the surface of the sea there are real dangers. There are predatory beasts. There is man's perpetual companion, accident. And there are the clams.

The giant *Tridacna* clam is a deadly man-trap with a mind of its own. Almost perfectly camouflaged among the corals, it lies with its yard-long shells open and waiting for prey. A disturbance in its vicinity will bring a quarter of a ton of shell down on the intruder, holding him until he drowns of suffocation. Stories have been told of pearl divers who resorted to chopping away their own limbs to free themselves from the fatal grasp when help from the surface could not be summoned.

One day a diver in full equipment, whom we'll call "Shorty," was working along a Pacific coral reef toward a fine mass of pearl shells. Suddenly the coral gave way beneath him. The iron bar he had been using to chop away obstructions slipped out of his hands. A strong current lifted him and whirled him about.

In a moment he was flat on his back. A giant clam held his air hose and lifeline in its fatal grip. He was unable to signal his mates far above him on the surface, and the air in his helmet would last only eight minutes!

But the Kanaka who was tending Shorty from the diving boat was alert. When the life-line had jerked suddenly and ominously in his hands, he knew there was trouble. The giant clam flicked horribly through his mind. Seizing an axe, he plunged into the sea to do battle with the living vise.

At the bottom of the sea, the Kanaka found Shorty lying on top of a deadly *Tridacna* clam. Bubbles flowing from his helmet indicated that he was still breathing, but he knew he could not last much longer. The Kanaka worked fast and hard, chopping furiously at the stubborn cartilage of the mighty shell. At last he freed the hapless diver.

When they were safely back on deck and breathing easier, they were able to figure out what had saved Shorty's life. The current caused by the closing of the horrible jaws had washed Shorty out of harm's way. At the same time his iron bar had fallen between the shells, holding them open just far enough to save his lines from being severed. Shorty wiped his brow. He was the luckiest diver living—at the moment.

—From the book *Strange Sea Shells and Their Stories:* L. C. Page & Co.

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When the Captain met Jacqueline he thought she was too pretty—but French traitors fixed that

Jacqueline

by MICHAEL SAYERS

IT WAS Saturday, August 26, 1944—the day that thrilled the whole world. The day that Paris celebrated its liberation.

An American entered a small, shabby hotel in the Montmartre district. The hotel was deserted. In spite of the shooting, all Paris was in the streets that day. The American walked upstairs to the third floor, found his way along the narrow corridor, and knocked gently on the door of a rear room. There was no reply. He knocked again. Then a girl's tired voice said, "*Entrez!*"

Before the war, Captain Peter Ayre was an architect. Of slight build, dark-eyed and dark-haired, very soft spoken, he looked like a Frenchman and spoke the language like a native. In the spring of 1943, Captain Ayre volunteered to enter France on a special mission.

He had three months of schooling at Allied Intelligence headquarters. He learned by heart the facts of a fictitious autobiography. A dentist extracted his expensive American dental bridgework and inserted French fillings in his teeth. A physician carefully taught him how to simulate the symptoms of a disease which would account for his discharge from the French Army. He was given French clothes, French money and identification documents. Finally, he was taken to the French coast by submarine.

One night in January, 1944, Captain Ayre waited for an important communication from Paris which he was to transmit to England. The courier who met him was a girl—blonde, with blue eyes and a slightly turned-up nose. She was only 21, and her name was Jacqueline. At first he thought there was some mistake. Jacqueline did not look like a courier of the underground, capable of carrying a vital message to an American intelligence officer across miles of Gestapo-infested territory from Paris. But that was just what this girl was doing.

His first impression of her was that she was "too pretty." Then she was so shy, like a schoolgirl. For some reason, he did not want her to be involved in this dangerous work. She seemed so fragile. They

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talked as if he were a Frenchman. However, she knew what he was. She told him she'd always wanted to see New York and to hear Benny Goodman. He promised her that after the war he'd take her to New York and to hear Benny Goodman. He admired her patriotism and her courage. He respected her fierce hatred for the Germans and the French traitors. She spoke the word *Boche* with a curious, intense, spitting sound. Like many girls in Europe at that period, she always carried with her, secreted in her blonde hair, a tiny phial of poison. She called it, "*Joie de Vivre*" (Life's Happiness). If ever she were caught, she would use it before they could torture her.

"The torture," she told Captain Ayre, "ah, that would not be tolerable!" Jacqueline's last visit with Captain Ayre was only ten days before D-Day. But on the way back to Paris this time, she was stopped by an inspector of the Vichy secret police. She was able to destroy the message she was carrying. "If you are a Frenchman, and not a dirty *Boche*, you'll let me go," she said to the Vichy inspector. He took her to the local prison, and she was held for questioning. Then Jacqueline lost her head. She tried to swallow her poison. A policewoman caught her hand. They gave her a strong emetic. They wanted Jacqueline alive.

The next day the notorious Georges Mathieu arrived at the prison, accompanied by a truckload of Vichy militia men and Gestapo officers. Mathieu was called "The Big One." He was the most hated and feared renegade in France. In November, 1944, when he faced a French court after the liberation, Georges Mathieu smiled when the prosecuting attorney read out the horrible evidence proving that he seared the breasts of fourteen women with red-hot irons.

"When a person gets on my list," the Big One said, "the thing happens automatically. The person talks to me and tells me what he knows." Jacqueline was on Mathieu's list.

That afternoon the militia men rounded up more suspects. Captain Ayre, unable to get out of town, was arrested at a sidewalk café. His documents and his story were in order; but they took him to prison along with a score of others. At the prison he found out that Jacqueline had been captured.

"The torture, ah, that would not be tolerable!" Captain Ayre remembered Jacqueline's words. He knew the Gestapo methods for converting a courageous, dignified human being into a crawling, sniveling lump of bleeding flesh and nerves. He thought of Jacqueline, so beautiful, so fragile.

The cell they flung him in was under the third-degree room where Mathieu was "examining" Jacqueline. He heard her voice, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know!" And then: "Ah, *don't—don't—don't!*" And then Jacqueline's screams, inhuman, soul-piercing, awful, indescribable screams.

Captain Ayre sat there, listening, hearing, and not able to lift a finger to aid her in any way. Desperately, he thought of giving himself up; it might have saved her; but their own lives were nothing compared with the greater stake. His torment was a thousand times

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intensified because Captain Ayre realized he loved this girl deeply.

The sounds finally died away. Next morning, Captain Ayre was called before a bored Vichy police inspector. His story and documents were convincing, and he was released. Jacqueline had been taken away in the Gestapo truck to Paris. He hoped she was dead.

American tanks were rolling across France when Ayre received a letter from Paris from one of his group who had been arrested with Jacqueline and had escaped. The letter referred to her. One paragraph read:

"The beast Mathieu foully tortured poor Jacqueline. The brave girl did not betray a single fact, not a name. They had no proof and so finally they let her go—perhaps to spy on her. A druggist stitched up the wounds in her face, but alas, not too skilfully. She is a sad sight to see, but she is recovering. All France is like this."

The incredibly swift passage of the American forces from the beaches to Paris seemed an eternity of time to Captain Ayre. He entered Paris on the morning of August 25, 1944, along with the advance units of General Leclerc's armored division. From friends in the resistance movement he knew where Jacqueline was staying. He was unable to see her until the following afternoon. Then he found her in that hotel room in Montmartre while the great, hectic crowds celebrated their liberation. They sat there together in a darkened room, and they talked about themselves, and Captain Ayre expressed his feelings. The tumult of the crowd outside, the singing and the shouting, sounded like a distant, stormy sea. Jacqueline tried not to listen to him. She accused him of "Yankee sentimentalism." She did not want to be pitied, not even by him.

But last winter Jacqueline was successfully operated on in London by a well-known plastic surgeon. She will be in America soon. Jacqueline will see New York and hear Benny Goodman. Six months ago she and Captain, now Major, Ayre were married by an American Army chaplain in England.

Nautical Drill

Battleships are named for states of the Union.

Destroyers are named for people—usually officers distinguished in Naval history such as *Shaw*, *Pruitt*, etc.

Cruisers are named for large American cities.

Carriers are usully named for famous battles: *Lexington*, *Yorktown*, etc.

Submarines are usually named for fish—*Squalus*, *Kingfish*.

Minesweepers are named for birds—*Quail*.

Gunboats are named for smaller cities—*Erie*, *Tulsa*.

Submarine Tenders are named for pioneers in submarine development, as: *Holland* (John Phillip Holland invented the submarine).

Repair ships have mythological names as: *Vestal*, *Medusa*.

Oilers are named for rivers.

—Orville E. Reed

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Prissy English is gone with the old schoolmarm when the people speak their piece

GOOD ENGLISH *for Everybody*

by NORMAN LEWIS

ON MAY 18, victory in Europe was only ten days old, and there was no shortage of critical military and political problems still confronting the world. Nevertheless, on that day the New York *Daily News*, a paper with the largest circulation in the largest city in the nation, devoted almost its entire editorial space to the question of popular speech versus correct grammar.

Said the editorial in part: "The question on the *News* mayoralty poll ballot is worded, *Who Do You Want for Mayor?*, and some sticklers for pure English have written in to ask don't we know it ought to be *Whom?* Abstractly, yes, we do. But if our canvassers were to go around asking people, *Whom Do You Want for Mayor?*, a lot of people would get the impression that the *News* was being pretty high-hat. This *who* and *whom* business is only one of numerous cases where the popular tongue is out of tune with the grammarian's rules."

The problem of correct grammar bobs up unexpectedly and in unlooked-for places, and it *keeps* bobbing up. Recently, when the Sunday edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* published a seemingly innocent letter from one of its readers on the proper distinctions between *shall* and *will*, it was unprepared for the avalanche of replies, accusations, and counter-accusations that followed. The weary editors finally dropped the controversy by printing a gentle reminder from Wilfred Funk, the noted lexicographer, that essentially there was no longer any real distinction between *shall* and *will*, so why all the excitement?

Soldiers, too, find the problem of correct grammar a perplexing one. Among the three hundred courses available to servicemen through the United States Armed Forces Institute, the grammar course is overwhelmingly popular.

We all wish to speak our language correctly. Such a desire is normal and natural to civilized people. But there is also a conflicting and characteristically American desire in us—the desire not to sound prissy, affected, pedantic or, as the *Daily News* expressed it, "high-hat."

The wealth of folk tales on the subject shows our definite, if frequently subconscious, aversion to over-precise grammar. In one old chestnut, St. Peter asks who's knocking at his pearly gates. He receives the answer, "It's I, Samuel Jones," and retorts, as you would expect, "Go away—we have too many English teachers in Heaven as it is." In another, a dog refuses to obey the command "Lay down"; only "Lie down" evokes any response in his canine soul. Why?

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Because he's a Boston terrier. And in a third typical story, the farmer is asked by a summer guest, who is a schoolteacher, whether the cackling in the chicken coop means that the hens are *setting* or *sitting* on the eggs. The farmer answers that he doesn't care about that—he only wants to know, when he hears the hens cackle, are they *laying* or are they *lying?*

Now these are not so much jibes at teachers or Bostonians as they are a means of showing our amused intolerance of over-cultivated grammar. Yet if our antipathy for such English is great, equally great is our dislike for illiterate speech. Where and how shall we safely draw the line?

In the case of strictly illiterate English, our task is not especially difficult. There are a round dozen types of violent breaches of grammar which are most commonly made by citizens whose language represents the lowest levels of American speech. The expressions listed below are very common, and they form a definite part of living American speech. But they are common only to the speaker of little or no education, and they must therefore be considered outlawed. If we wish to cleanse our speech of illiterate usages, we must first avoid all expressions similar to the following:

1. You *was*
2. He *don't*, she *don't*
3. *That there* woman, *this here* man
4. *Them* books
5. *More* quicker, *more* happier
6. *Can't* hardly
7. *Me and him* will do it, *them and us* will stay
8. You must *learn* him manners
9. He *ain't*, I *ain't*, you *ain't*
10. He's not coming *no* more, we can't find *no* place to live
11. We *done* it, I *seen* him
12. They defended *theirselves*, he hurt *hisself*

The fellow who uses one or two of these expressions probably uses all or most of them, for they are typical of the speaker who is unwilling to observe the accepted conventions of correct speech.

But if he is wrong, and we don't want to sound "high-hat," what is right? Otto Jespersen, a famous grammarian, once said that "grammar is not made by rules, but by the people who speak the language." Therefore, the right grammar, for all practical purposes, is that used by the majority of educated people in the country.

Our concept of grammar is less hidebound today than ever before. Many of the "rules" we may have learned so painfully in high school no longer have much validity, because we realize that correct grammar is properly only one thing: the simple set of language conventions observed by educated speakers. When a so-called law of grammar is violated by people of considerable education, violated frequently and unashamedly, it is no longer a law. At best it is a historical curiosity, even though some teachers may persist, futilely, in trying to enforce it. It is easy to understand the mystification of the high school boy or girl who is taught that *go slowly* is the only grammatical way to phrase the thought, and then, leaving the school building, sees a big sign on the road: GO SLOW.

The job, then, is to discover as accurately as possible how people

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How Good Is YOUR Grammar?

If, after reading this article, you can score 88 or better on this test, then you may rest assured that your grammar is generally correct, educated, and effective. Each correct choice counts 4 points; answers are inverted below.

1. You (a-was, b-were) there; I saw you!
2. John (a–don't, b–doesn't) seem to know what to do.
3. (a–Those, b–Them) books are the ones I want.
4. I (a–can, b–can't) hardly hear the music.
5. (a–Let, b–Leave) me help you.
6. You must (a–learn, b–teach) your child to obey.
7. Lila won't see you (a–any, b–no) more.
8. I want you to (a–lay, b–lie) down for a while.
9. The wounded man (a–lay, b–laid) in the mud till help came.
10. Has the book (a–lain, b–laid) on the table all day?
11. Danny asked Doris and (a–I, b–me) to come to the party.
12. Please remember that this is for the exclusive use of my sister and (a–I, b–me).
13. That's a matter just between you and (a–he, b–him).
14. You forget that no one but (a–I, b–me) can help you.
15. People like you and (a–I, b–me) have a lot in common.
16. Use that machine (a–as, b–like) you were instructed to.
17. These are the men (a–who, b–whom) we suspect are trying to cheat us.
18. Neither of the books (a–was, b–were) of any use to us.
19. Either the President or the Vice-President (a–is, b–are) usually in Washington.
20. One of these men (a–has, b–have) stolen my watch.
21. These ten girls, each of whom (a–is, b–are) strikingly beautiful, have Hollywood contracts.
22. We're happier than (a–they, b–them).
23. You're not as tall as (a–she, b–her).
24. (a–This, b–These) data (c–is, d–are) very helpful.
25. She's one of those women who (a–is, b–are) never satisfied.

1–b, 2–b, 3–a, 4–a, 5–a, 6–b, 7–a, 8–b, 9–a, 10–a, 11–b, 12–b, 13–b, 14–b, 15–b, 16–a, 17–a, 18–a, 19–a, 20–a, 21–a, 22–a, 23–a, 24–b and d, 25–b.

of considerable education react to types of expressions which, though grammatically defensible, might nevertheless be open to the accusation of flossiness or pedantry. Fortunately, the job has already been done for us—and by no less an authoritative body than the National Council of Teachers of English. Realizing that English grammar is never static, and that yesterday's error might be today's accepted usage, or even vice versa, the Council some time ago instructed Sterling Andrus Leonard, a professor of English at Wisconsin University, to make an investigation of the current grammatical standing of a large number of controversial expressions.

To do this, Professor Leonard sent questionnaires to hundreds of

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the leading linguistic authorities, teachers of speech and English, authors, editors, and business executives of the country, asking them to judge 230 specific expressions. Here was a wonderful exploration of the language habits of the experts, a true laboratory test of educated American usage. And here, also, is our means of resolving the second part of our dilemma, for a large number of grammatically "impure" expressions were almost unanimously accepted by the experts as established English. Let's take a look at some—and get ready for a few surprises:

1. It is *me*
2. *Who* are you looking for?
3. *Awfully* hot
4. Go *slow*
5. *Pretty* good
6. I wish I *was* . . .
7. We can expect the commission *to at least protect* our interests (the notorious split infinitive)
8. *Can* I be excused?
9. *Everyone* was here but *they* all went home early
10. There are some *nice* people here
11. We *only* had one left
12. I've *got* to go
13. A treaty was concluded *between* the four powers
14. Invite *whoever* you wish
15. He *loaned* me his skates

What should this list mean to us? Mainly, it should mean that if we have been suffering from a guilt complex because we use many of the types of expressions in question, we may begin to rest easy; and, most significant, that it is possible to use correct grammar without sounding "high-hat."

The whole problem of good English boils down to this: the language pattern of educated speakers is the only valid criterion of correctness. If we avoid illiterate and uneducated usages, we are speaking the best grammar there is!

Music Masters

WHEN THE sensational Russian pianist, Horowitz, played at the White House in 1931 he was as yet unfamiliar with the English language. A friend coached him to say, when introduced to guests, "I am delighted."

Observing expressions of mingled surprise and amusement on the faces of some of the distinguished visitors as Horowitz greeted them, the friend slipped up behind the pianist. As he grasped the hand of each guest, the Russian genius was repeating with earnest conviction: "I am delightful."

DINING AT the home of the Grand Duke Constantin, in pre-Revolutionary Russia, Joseph Lhevinne rejoiced in the unceasing flow of champagne that came his way.

At length, after numerous toasts, the Grand Duke asked Lhevinne to play. The great pianist cheerfully consented, but when he struck the keys nothing came forth but a loud and discordant clangor. A second attempt yielded more harsh notes.

Turning to his host, and laughing sheepishly, the artist exclaimed, "Your Highness, I have a confession to make—I have never learned to play a piano with a double keyboard!"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

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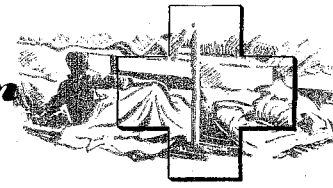
Wounded heroes go home surrounded by luxury, but all they want is a humble gift

Hospital Train



—ANONYMOUS

THE TRAIN I RIDE has a large Red Cross painted on its side. It is a hospital unit, complete with a surgery and a well-stocked kitchen. We have innerspring mattresses on which to place the broken bodies of our passengers. We have doctors and Red Cross workers, men and women whose fingers are trained for healing and whose minds are trained to deal with the hearts of the wounded.

Our train pulls up at the docks, and from the ships coming into port we move our fragile passengers to this train. We're a spectacular kind of a taxi, because it's our job to carry the wounded from the ships to the hospital.

Here are men from the filth and muck of the battlegrounds, men who slept in mud for months and ducked the bullets to fill their stomachs with C rations when they remembered they were hungry. They have lived so long in pits and shell holes, there is a kind of animal look about them.

These are the men we carefully lift from the ships and place on a train equipped with luxuries the like of which no civilian could buy for all the money in the world.

They're wide-eyed when they see what we've prepared for them. Coffee, sandwiches, books, soft pillows, the tender hands of women to ease their hurts. We tell them that they'll soon be able to make a phone call, free, to their folks at home, no matter where that home may be.

We clean them and shave them and let them run their fingers through the unbelievable luxury of warm, clean water. Nothing, we tell them, is too good for them. What would they like? Their home town papers to read? We have a big supply of these on board our train—papers from big towns and little towns. Are they too tired to hold up the papers from home? Would they like us to read to them?

Now it's a funny thing. I've been riding that hospital train for a long time, and I've seen lots of these men. They're all alike in one respect: they're all dazzled by the whole thing. You bring a man out of the muck and mud and put him on a good clean bed and you lay the world in his lap. What would you like? you ask him. After what you've been through . . . what is it you long for most of all? Coffee? Cigarettes? A steak? That's what we ask him. And it's a funny thing. I've never known it to fail. When you put it to the men that way they get a shy, a kind of ashamed look on their faces, and then they all ask for the same thing. Each man's first request is always the same.

He asks for a glass of milk.

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The barrier of Life could not prevent James Chaffin from righting, in Death, a grievous wrong

The Case of the Ghostly Message

by ARCHIE MCFEDRIES

ON THE SEVENTH day of the ninth month in the year 1921, James L. Chaffin, a deeply religious, middle-aged farmer of Davie County, in western North Carolina, died a few hours after falling over a fence on his large and prosperous property. He was dead —and yet, as future events were to reveal, he was very much alive.

During the interval between the time of the accident and the moment of death, the stricken man, in a state of semi-consciousness, made several futile attempts to communicate a secret to members of his family gathered at his bedside. The secret seemed, at the time, to have died with him.

Seventeen days later, James L. Chaffin's will was admitted to probate. The closest survivors — a widow and four grown sons—were shocked to learn that the deceased had left his entire estate to his third son, Marshall Chaffin. Two older brothers—John A. Chaffin and James Pinkney Chaffin—and the fourth son, Abner Columbus Chaffin, were, together with the widow, completely and without explanation excluded from the benefits of a handsome estate.

The will had been drawn in November of 1905—almost sixteen years previously. The mother and the excluded brothers were unable to recall any incident out of the past, and particularly during the year in which the will had been made, that might have prompted Farmer Chaffin to cut them off. There had never, in fact, been any known undercurrents of ill-feeling among the Chaffins; all members of the family were known throughout Davie County as devout and honorable people, deeply devoted to one another.

The will was not contested for there was no apparent cause—then, at least—to contest it. Farmer Chaffin's widow and three of her sons took the amicable view that the head of the household—a stern and righteous man who had certainly been far from loquacious—had had good and sufficient reason, however obscure, for his seemingly unjust act.

Within a year of his father's death, Marshall Chaffin, the bene-

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ficiary, died. Thus the estate of James L. Chaffin passed on to Marshall Chaffin's only child, a boy who was a minor.

Soon there began the first of a series of singular events that the superstitious—and the non-superstitious—still talk about today in the shadows of the Blue Ridge Mountains. One night in the first week of June in the year 1925—three years and nine months after Farmer Chaffin had died — his second son, James Pinkney Chaffin, had an unusual dream. In the dream the figure of a man appeared at the side of the bed, dressed in a black greatcoat. His face was not distinct but his hands were. The right hand drew back the front of the coat, exposing the inner lining, and the forefinger of the left hand pointed to a pocket in the lining. The opening of the pocket was sewn to the lining.

The greatcoat of the man in the dream was the precise duplicate of a distinctive garment that James L. Chaffin had worn for Sunday best during several winters prior to his death. The hands of the man in the dream—the hands that opened the coat and indicated the sewn-up inner pocket—were those of the late James L. Chaffin.

Whatever doubt may have existed in James Chaffin's mind as to the identity of the phantom was shatteringly dispelled a few nights later when the man in the black greatcoat appeared again. On that occasion the dreamer saw, clearly and distinctly, the stern and weatherbeaten face of his father.

Again the right hand folded back the greatcoat, and again the left index finger pointed to the sewn-up inner pocket. This time, though, the lips of the dream figure moved, as if trying to say something, even as the lips of James L. Chaffin had moved in vain during his last hours on earth.

James Chaffin, the dreamer, was not certain when he bolted to wakefulness, or later, when he made a sworn statement to an investigator from the Society for Psychical Research of London, whether he had been asleep or merely in a doze when sounds coming from the lips of the dream figure registered on his consciousness. But of one thing he was dead certain: the lips said, as the left index finger pointed to the inner pocket of the coat, "*You will find my will sewn in the pocket.*"

AT DAYBREAK, James Pinkney Chaffin went to the home of his oldest brother, John, who had the coat. James told John about his dreams. John produced the greatcoat and when James examined it he discovered that the inner pocket had been sewn up, just as it had been in the dream—a fact that John had never noticed.

James Chaffin snipped the stitches that closed the opening of the pocket. In the pocket he found a small, carefully-folded piece of paper. It contained, in their father's handwriting, the following message: "Read the 27th chapter of Genesis in my Daddy's old Bible."

The father of James L. Chaffin had been a minister—the Reverend Nathan S. Chaffin. The Bible to which the note in the greatcoat pocket referred had last been seen at the Chaffin homestead.

James Chaffin and his brother John didn't know quite what to

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do. Their first move was to read the 27th chapter of Genesis. The chapter in question tells how Jacob, younger brother of Esau, supplanted the elder brother and won as his birthright the blessing of his father, Isaac.

The brothers immediately saw the similarity between the injustice related in the 27th chapter of Genesis and the injustice of their father's will. The man who had dreamed such singular dreams recalled his parent's futile attempts to communicate some deathbed secret to his kin. He was now convinced that the father, unbeknown to anybody, had made a later will, in which he had righted the wrong he had done in the 1905 document, but that death had come before he had found a propitious moment to explain his change of heart or reveal the whereabouts of his last testament.

JAMES CHAFFIN, realizing that he was caught up in a chain of circumstances that would be open to widespread doubt, decided to enlist outside corroboration before proceeding further. He called at the home of a man named Thomas Blackwelder, who lived on a farm in Callihan Township, about a mile from where James L. Chaffin had met with the fatal accident, and who bore a reputation for great integrity.

Chaffin told Blackwelder the whole incredible story, and then said, "I want you to examine the 27th chapter of Genesis in grandfather's Bible. I don't want to touch that Bible, and I want witnesses around when it is touched."

On the sixth of July—about a month after the dreams had begun—Blackwelder, with several witnesses, went to the home of the widow of James L. Chaffin. There, with the witnesses looking on, he turned to that portion of the old Bible containing the book of Genesis. When he came to the 27th chapter, he found two leaves folded in half as a sort of envelope for a large piece of paper that had been folded twice.

The paper was filled with writing that Blackwelder recognized as that of his long-time neighbor, James L. Chaffin. He began to read aloud the writing on the paper:

> After reading the 27th chapter of Genesis, I, James L. Chaffin, do make my last will and testament and here it is. I want, after giving my body a decent burial, my property to be equally divided among my four children, if they are living at my death, both personal and real estate divided equally; if not living, give share to their children. And if she is living, you must all take care of your mammy. Now this is my last will and testament. Witness my hand and seal. James L. Chaffin, this January 16, 1919.

News of the discovery of the second will, which Farmer Chaffin had made more than thirteen years after the first will, and less than three years before his death, spread quickly throughout Davie and adjoining counties. Whether people believed in dreams and ghosts or not, there was nothing for them to do but accept the fact that the second will of James L. Chaffin had been discovered as a result of a series of dreams.

Even though the will was unattested, it was legal under North

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Carolina law if it was proved to be in the maker's own handwriting throughout—and ten highly reputable witnesses, long familiar with Farmer Chaffin's penmanship, were willing to testify in court that the handwriting on the paper found in the old Bible was that of Chaffin. Accordingly, the first will was declared null and void and the second one admitted to probate in the Superior Court of Davie County during the December term in 1925.

Two years later, the Society for Psychical Research interested itself in the case. J. M'N. Johnson, a prominent attorney of Aberdeen, North Carolina, interviewed and obtained sworn statements from various principals in the case, including the second son of the deceased. "I endeavored with all my skill and ability by cross examination and otherwise," Mr. Johnson reported to the Society, "to induce some admission that possibly there was a subconscious knowledge of the will in the old Bible, or of the paper in the greatcoat pocket, that was brought to the fore by the dreams, but I utterly failed . . ."

The dreamer was unshaken in his belief that he had been an instrument for the operation of a supernatural force. "Many of my friends do not believe it is possible for the living to hold communication with the dead," he solemnly told the investigator, "but I am convinced that my father actually appeared to me on those several occasions, and I shall believe it to the day of my death."

After the discovery of the will, Farmer Chaffin returned again. The visitation was in December of 1925, just before the last will was officially admitted to probate. The phantom appeared, according to the second son, to be "on edge," anxious that nothing go wrong. "Where," he demanded, "is my *old* will?" After that, Farmer Chaffin, a wrong righted, did not return. He took with him into the infinite the secret of why he had cut off his wife and three sons two decades previously.

Cold Feet and Valiant Hearts

COLONEL PHILIP COCHRAN, "Flip Corkin" of the comic strip *Terry and the Pirates* and hero of the Burma campaign, was later transferred to the airborne troops in Europe. Shortly before V-E Day he admitted that he hated guns. "I was 26 and had just started pilot training when I first shot a gun," he confessed. "The trouble with guns is that I never could learn to shoot one and clap both hands over my ears at the same time." —*Clipper*

HE'D SEEN PLENTY of action in the European theater, but Carlos Contrera blanched and began quaking when his colonel ordered him to charge a pillbox singlehanded.

"Never mind," said the colonel kindly, "if you're nervous, I'll ask for volunteers."

"Oh no," replied Carlos, "I'm not nervous—I'm just shaking with patriotism." —IRVING HOFFMAN

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If you are really famous you'll turn up in *Who's Who*; but if you only think you are, all the money in the world can't buy you in

Yearbook for the Famous

by CHARLOTTE PAUL

THIS YEAR three and a half thousand Americans are receiving for the first time an honor which only one out of every four thousand of their countrymen ever receive: their biographies will appear in *Who's Who In America*. No medals, cash awards or six-syllable titles go with the honor, but the lucky nominees have the unique satisfaction of knowing that they are famous enough to appear in one of the most famous books in the world.

This is an honor many people would like to purchase but no one can buy. When Dr. Mary Walker, the "bloomer girl" of mid-Victorian fame, was asked to submit her biography for the first edition of *Who's Who*, she replied that she would give no information about herself unless she was paid for it. The publisher's answer was that *Who's Who* neither paid for biographies nor sold the space for them. Thereupon Dr. Walker willingly filled out the questionnaire and sent it in.

Twenty-three editions have been published since that time—one every two years for 46 years. The editors have long since lost count of the number of people who asked to appear in the book or who, once nominated, offered to pay for their biographies. But in almost a half-century of business not one line in the six-and-a-half-pound volume has been bought or sold.

If it operated as dozens of fake "Who's Whos" do—by printing biographies of almost anyone who'll pay the price—*Who's Who In America* would have netted a million dollars in two issues. This is a lot of money, and money is what *Who's Who* does not have a lot of. Its owner and publisher receives less every year than most big business executives earn in a month, and only about thirty of its one thousand editorial collaborators get paid at all. *Who's Who* is short on money but long on prestige.

Quite recently, a U. S. government official on special mission to the Near East reported that prominently placed on the desk of the Prime Minister of Turkey was *Who's Who In America*. In fact, the book is present on many a

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prime minister's desk and many a president's reference shelves.

Some time ago a U. S. government official in Biskra, Algeria, wandered into an Arab shop with the idea of ordering packages of dates sent to friends in New York. He found the Arab dealer deeply preoccupied with a copy of *Who's Who in America*.

"Why are you reading that?" he asked.

"Sir," replied the Arab, "it is the most famous book in the world."

The American pretended astonishment and said: "I wonder, am I there?"

The Arab's reply was emphatic and haughty. "No, no." he cried. "It is only the very, very famous." When the merchant found the official's name he nearly fell on his knees. Furthermore, the dates arrived safely in New York, a practically unheard of achievement.

Who's Who classifies its "very, very famous" personages in two categories—first, those selected because of special prominence in their fields, and second, those included arbitrarily, because of official position. There are strings to the "special prominence"; it cannot come from physical dexterity, notoriety, or social position. Hence no athletes appear in *Who's Who*, unless they also rank high in some other field.

Who's Who has found an almost fool-proof method of selecting its class one subjects. "Almost," for mistakes *will* happen. One man, for instance, included for "meritorious achievement," was discovered to be selling college degrees; he went out of the book a lot faster than he had come in. Every potential entrant is carefully investigated. If he passes this preliminary, his name is sent to a committee of men and women of eminence in his own field. For instance, actor-candidates are considered by a committee of actors. The committees are anonymous. No hopeful big-wig could use special influence even if he wanted to.

Once in, a man is not necessarily in for life. Public officials who lose the next election are dropped unless they are especially prominent in some other field. Marie Dressler appeared in *Who's Who* during her heyday, was out when she dropped from stardom, went back in when she staged a comeback. At their deaths, those who have appeared in the book are given two lines in the following edition and then appear forever after in *Who Was Who in America*. For instance, Volume 23 is the last *Who's Who* in which Franklin Delano Roosevelt's biography will appear; but all future editions of *Who Was Who* will carry the revised sketch which came from him from Warm Springs, Georgia, a few days before his death.

The second, or ex-officio group, has been doubled and tripled by the war, for it automatically includes all Army officers with the rank of brigadier-general or higher and all Navy officers of commodore's rank and up. And herein lies *Who's Who's* biggest wartime headache.

In the past, one letter to a nominee has been sufficient. But, nowadays, hundreds of Army and Navy officers are very busy indeed, in places far beyond postal service. The government supplies the ad-

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dresses, but often, as during the final drives on Germany, a fighting man changes his address more often than his shirt. General Patton and General Krueger returned their revised biographies with notes saying, "Sorry to be late." One brigadier-general with MacArthur had to rewrite his sketch three times, because as fast as he set down the facts, his newer activities changed them. In some cases, it has taken as many as four requests to catch up with a number of the Army-Navy famous. However, only those with a permanent rank above that of colonel will be kept in *Who's Who* after the war.

Quickest to reply to *Who's Who's* requests for their biographies are the people who haven't been listed before. Briefest in their replies are the greatest people, wordiest, on the average, are college presidents (especially of small colleges) and ministers. Of course the length of the sketch has nothing to do with the man's importance.

In the latest volume the longest biography (148 lines) is of the highest paid executive in the United States — Thomas John Watson, President of the International Business Machine Corporation. The President of the United States trails modestly behind.

EVERY NOW and then someone demands that he not be mentioned in *Who's Who*. This doesn't mean that he won't be. It just means that instead of using data he supplies himself, the editorial staff gathers the information independently, marking the sketch in the book with an asterisk and sending him a letter of explanation. Other eligibles complicate the editors' jobs with special requests. Last year one man wrote in to say that it would be impossible for him to return the questionnaire until the following March, because at that time his son would be born and he wanted to include his name in his biography.

A writer whose creed did not recognize death asked that the note *dec.*, which customarily marks the name of a deceased husband or wife, be omitted after his wife's name.

Then there are the people who ask to be included. Of these, only one out of five hundred measures up. Of course the editors are often asked, and sometimes ordered, to print a biography exactly as it was submitted. This simply isn't possible, for the sketches are necessarily abbreviated. But since they are in effect autobiographical, the editors only apply "a rule of reason" to eliminating data offered to them.

Most often, they do very little except trim them. That fact is the book's unique feature, and often its greatest protection. Sometimes, especially in the matter of age, *Who's Who* prints a great man's statement with a wry smile. Two brothers appeared in the book for many years; in each successive volume the older brother got younger and the younger brother got older, until finally, when their ages were in danger of colliding, the younger brother objected. In this matter of age *Who's Who* has found that famous women are worse offenders than famous men, and actresses are the worst of all.

The Smiths, by the way, get top billing in *Who's Who;* there

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were two hundred of them in the last volume. Next come the Browns; third, the Joneses. There's also a man with one name.

Who's Who is an almost bottomless source of amazing statistics. From it one can prove that twins are less distinguished than singly-born persons . . . That most prominent librarians are born in New York, and reside there . . . That the oldest of the famous are scientists and the youngest entertainers . . . That of the several thousand educators in *Who's Who*, the largest number were produced in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio and Illinois — and stayed there. Indiana and Iowa produce many and keep few . . . That widowers usually wait two and a half years before marrying again. Scientists and clergymen marry sooner than businessmen and lawyers. . .

Another unique characteristic of *Who's Who* is the fact that it's never had a sales or publicity department. It's never needed one. When its publishers were engaged in one of several fights with imitators, among the witnesses were H. V. Kaltenborn, H. L. Mencken, Dorothy Thompson and Hendrik Willem Van Loon. And not one of them received a penny for their trouble. Even *Who's Who* attorneys spent ten days in court without any compensation whatsoever. The result of this last tussle is a ruling by the Federal Trade Commission that any use of the term "Who's Who" not up to *Who's Who's* own standards, is misrepresentation and hence a violation of the law.

In the files of *Who's Who* in its building on East Ohio Street in Chicago lies perhaps the most amazing collection of autographs in existence, for the data for almost every sketch which has appeared in the book since 1899 have come directly from the famous person himself, over his signature. One of the most valuable may be President Roosevelt's. If *Who's Who* were not quite so poor-but-honest, that collection of thousands of autographs might earn its owners thousands of dollars. But those letters, the editors insist, are strictly confidential. No one can see or touch them. So *Who's Who* goes on upholding its standards, and worrying about its budget.

This Advertising Age

A RECENT ISSUE of *The Hollywood Reporter* carries this supposedly bona fide ad: "Wanted—Literary Sitter-Inners: Screen writer who finds solitude distracting wishes to engage professional sitters from the hours of seven p.m. till midnight at one dollar per hour. Sitters must not have disturbing features: prefer Caspar Milquetoast type who will make homey sounds in den while writer works. Apply by letter to Box W."

The prize reply was this: "Dear Screen writer: This is my application for the post of sitter-inner. I have had extensive experience in sitting, both in and out—over a period of forty years. Before that I used to lie on my back and scream."

—RHODA GAGE

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Admiral Nimitz is the quiet man whose fleet has swept Japan's navy off the Pacific

Admiral of the Fleet

by BASCOM N. TIMMONS

CHESTER W. NIMITZ is the Navy's strong and silent Pacific boss. He has been in the Navy for more than forty years, but tough stories and rollicking anecdotes of the sea have never grown up about him. At sixty, he is still a hard-working, tight-lipped Texan.

This Admiral of history's greatest fleet doesn't swear. He uses none of the muscular language of the hard-bitten military man. He is a sea dog whose bite is stronger than his bark. He never raises his voice in giving a command. He believes that success is the result of hard work, but he knows how to put obstacles aside. When, as a boy, he felt that his nickname "Towhead" was an obstacle, he painted his hair green—to the consternation and temporary grief of his family.

"Some day you'll have a ship of your own," said his bushy-bearded grandfather, Charles H. Nimitz. That was 57 years ago, when little Chester was conducted on a tour of the "deck" of the Nimitz Hotel in Fredericksburg, Texas. While Texas was still a republic, Grandfather Charles had come over from Germany to escape religious and political persecution. He was an old sea-faring man, and he built his hotel in the shape of a ship, surmounted by a "deck" from which guests could look out across the Texas hill country. "Learn your lesson well," said the old man, "for commanding a ship is serious business."

Young Chester went to do battle with the raging waters soon after. At ten years of age he put to sea on the flooded Guadalupe River, with a one-woman crew consisting of his cousin Bertha. They headed into a shipwreck on the swirling waters and had to wait for distraught kinsmen to rescue them.

Today Admiral of the Fleet Chester W. Nimitz is a quiet, serious businessman. In 1939 when, as Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Navigation he appeared before a Congressional Committee, he spoke so softly that he was asked to speak up. But he got everything he asked for. He stands five feet nine and one-half inches and he is as lean and muscled as an athlete. He is a crack tennis player, but his favorite relaxation is the old Texas game of pitching horse shoes. At home he likes to put an apron on and cook Mexican dishes.

The tang of the sea has never obscured his Texas pride. At Honolulu he once told seven thousand Texans at a barbecue: "We'll roam this ocean until the Japs are roped, tied and properly branded. The reason it is a hard job is because if there is one place bigger than Texas, it is the Pacific Ocean."

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Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz

Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Fleet and Pacific Ocean Areas

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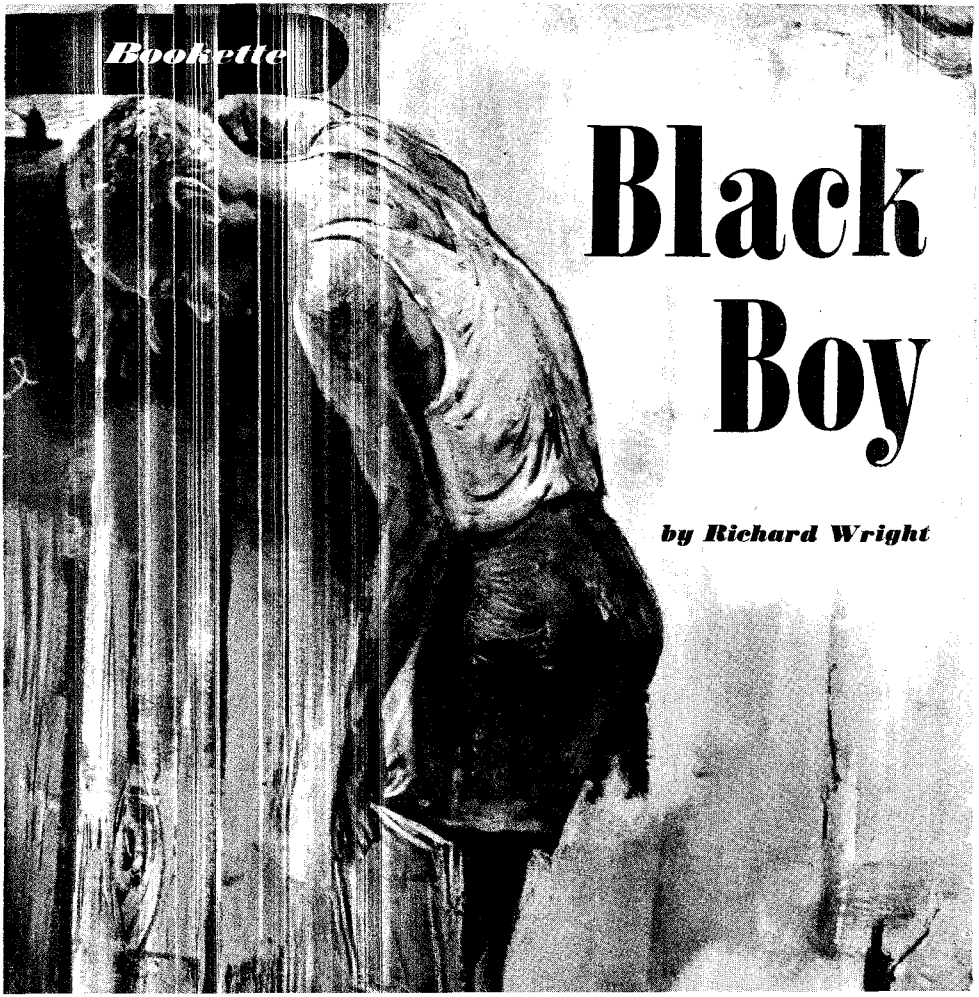

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Foreword:

Richard Wright, age 37, is generally accepted to be the most gifted American Negro writer. In Black Boy *he has tried to tell the whole truth, to hide nothing, not even his own weaknesses. He writes straightforwardly about the indignities he suffered and his own sins and errors. In this condensation you will find little humor or tenderness, only the clanging truth of a terrible, poignant and desperately unhappy life. Perhaps the cruelties he suffered as a boy gave him the depth of understanding necessary to write this autobiography as powerfully as he has.*

MY FIRST lessons as a child were in hunger and fear.

Hunger stole upon me slowly. Hunger had always been more or less at my elbow when I played, but now I began to wake up at night to find hunger standing at my bedside, staring at me gauntly. Whenever I begged for food now my mother would pour me a cup of tea which would still the clamor in my stomach for a moment or two; but a little later I would feel hunger nudging my ribs, twisting my empty guts until they ached.

"Mama, I'm hungry," I complained one afternoon.

"Jump up and catch a kungry," she said, trying to make me laugh and forget.

"What's a kungry?"

"It's what little boys eat when they get hungry," she said.

"What does it taste like?"

"I don't know."

"Then why do you tell me to catch one?"

"Because you said that you were hungry," she said, smiling.

I sensed that she was teasing me and it made me angry.

"But there's nothing to eat," she told me.

"Why?"

She was ironing and she paused and looked at me with tears in her eyes.

"Where's your father?" she asked me.

I stared in bewilderment. "I don't know," I said.

"Who brings food into the house?" my mother asked me.

"Papa," I said. "He always brought food."

"Well, your father isn't here now," she said.

"But I'm hungry," I whimpered,

Condensed from the book *Black Boy*, published at $2.50 by Harper & Brothers, New York & London;
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stomping my feet.

"You'll have to wait until I get a job and buy food," she said.

My mother finally went to work as a cook and left me and my brother alone in the flat each day with a loaf of bread and a pot of tea.

One evening she told me that thereafter I would have to do the shopping for food. The next afternoon I looped the basket over my arm and went down the pavement toward the store. When I reached the corner, a gang of boys grabbed me, knocked me down, snatched the basket, took the money, and sent me running home in panic. That evening I told my mother what had happened, but she made no comment.

Instead she sat down at once, wrote another note, gave me more money, and sent me out to the grocery again. I crept down the steps and saw the same gang of boys playing down the street. I ran back into the house.

"What's the matter?" my mother asked.

"It's those same boys," I said. "They'll beat me."

"You've got to get over that," she said. "Now, go on."

I went out of the door and walked briskly down the sidewalk. But when I came abreast of them someone shouted.

"There he is!"

They came toward me and I broke into a wild run toward home. They overtook me and flung me to the pavement. I yelled, pleaded, kicked, but they wrenched the money out of my hand. They yanked me to my feet, gave me a few slaps, and sent me home sobbing. My mother met me at the door.

"Don't you come in here," she warned me. "I'm going to teach you this night to stand up and fight for yourself."

She went into the house and I waited, terrified, wondering what she was about. Presently she returned with more money and another note; she also had a long heavy stick.

"Take this money, this note, and this stick," she said. "Go to the store and buy those groceries. If those boys bother you, then fight."

"They'll beat me; they'll beat me," I said.

"Then stay in the streets; don't come back here!"

I ran up the steps and tried to force my way past her into the house. A stinging slap came on my jaw. I stood on the sidewalk, crying.

She slammed the door and I heard the key turn in the lock. I walked slowly down the sidewalk, coming closer to the gang of boys, holding the stick tightly. I was so full of fear that I could scarcely breathe.

"There he is again!" the cry went up.

They closed in. In blind fear I let the stick fly, feeling it crack against a boy's skull. I swung again, lamming another skull, then another. I flayed with tears in my eyes, teeth clenched, stark fear making me throw every ounce of my strength behind each blow. I hit again and again, dropping the money and the grocery list. The boys scattered, yelling, nursing their heads, staring at me in utter

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disbelief. I stood panting, egging them on, taunting them to come on and fight. When they refused, I ran after them. The parents of the boys rushed into the streets and threatened me, and for the first time in my life I shouted at grown-ups, telling them that I would give them the same if they bothered me. I finally found my grocery list and the money and went to the store. On my way back I kept my stick poised for instant use, but there was not a single boy in sight. That night I won the right to the streets of Memphis.

TO KEEP US out of mischief, my mother often took my brother and me with her to her cooking job. I always loved to stand in the white folks' kitchen when my mother cooked, for it meant that I got occasional scraps of bread and meat; but many times I regretted having come, for my nostrils would be assailed with the scent of food that did not belong to me and which I was forbidden to eat.

Watching the white people eat would make my empty stomach churn and I would grow vaguely angry. Why could I not eat when I was hungry? Why did I always have to wait until others were through? I could not understand why some people had enough food and others did not.

I first saw our own table loaded with food at my Aunt Maggie's home in Elaine, Arkansas. It took me some time to get used to the idea of there being enough to eat; I felt that if I ate enough there would not be anything left for another time. I could not eat until I asked:

"Can I eat all I want?"

"Eat as much as you like," Uncle Hoskins said.

I did not believe him. I ate until my stomach hurt, but even then I did not want to get up from the table.

When supper was over I saw that there were many biscuits piled high upon the bread platter, an astonishing and unbelievable sight to me. Though the biscuits were right before my eyes, and though there was more flour in the kitchen, I was apprehensive lest there be no bread for breakfast in the morning. Surreptitiously, I took some of the biscuits from the platter and slipped them into my pocket, not to eat, but to keep as a bulwark against any possible attack of hunger. Even after I became accustomed to seeing the table loaded with food at each meal, I still stole bread and put it into my pockets. In washing my clothes my mother found the gummy wads and scolded me to break me of the habit; I stopped hiding the bread in my pockets and hid it about the house, in corners, behind dressers.

One morning I awakened to learn that Uncle Hoskins had not come home from his saloon. By night Aunt Maggie was silent and restless.

We ate in silence. An hour later there was the sound of heavy footsteps on the front porch and a loud knock came. A tall boy stood

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sweating, panting, and shaking his head.

"Mr. Hoskins . . . he done been shot. Done been shot by a white man," the boy gasped. "Mrs. Hoskins, he dead."

Aunt Maggie screamed and rushed off the porch and down the dusty road.

"They'll kill you if you go there!" the boy yelled. "White folks say they'll kill all his kinfolks!"

My mother pulled Aunt Maggie back to the house. Fear drowned out grief and that night we packed clothes and dishes and loaded them into a farmer's wagon. Before dawn we were rolling away, fleeing for our lives. I learned afterwards that Uncle Hoskins had been killed by whites who had long coveted his flourishing liquor business.

There was no funeral. There was no music. There was no period of mourning. There were no flowers. I did not know when or where Uncle Hoskins was buried. Aunt Maggie was not even allowed to see his body nor was she able to claim any of his assets. Why had we not fought back? I asked my mother, and the fear that was in her made her slap me into silence.

THE FIRST STORY I wrote I did not dare show my relatives, for they would have thought me crazy, so I showed it to a young woman who lived next door.

"What's that for?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"But why did you write it?"

"I just wanted to."

"Where did you get the idea?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just thought it up."

"What're you going to do with it?"

"Nothing."

In the eighth grade I decided to sell one of my stories. I sailed into the office of the local Negro newspaper and shoved my ragged composition book under the editor's nose.

"What is that?" he asked.

"A story," I said.

"All right, I'll read it," he said.

The next afternoon I stepped into the newspaper office.

"Where's my story?" I asked.

"It's set up in type," he said. "We're publishing it."

"How much money will I get?" I asked, excited.

"Look, you're just starting. This story will put your name before our readers," he said.

"But if the story is good enough to sell to your readers, then you ought to give me some of the money you get from it," I insisted.

He laughed and I sensed that I was amusing him.

A few days later my classmates came to me with baffled eyes, holding copies of the *Southern Register* in their hands.

"Did you really write that story?" they asked me.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to."

"Where did you get it from?"

"I made it up."

"You didn't. You copied it out of a book."

"If I had, no one would publish it."

"But what are they publishing it for?"

"So people can read it."

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"Who told you to do that?"

"Nobody."

"Then why did you do it?"

"Because I wanted to," I said again.

They were convinced that I had not told them the truth.

At home the effects were no less disturbing. Granny came into my room early one morning and sat on the edge of my bed.

"Richard, what is this you're putting in the papers?" she asked.

"A story," I said.

"But what is it about?" she insisted.

"It's just a story I made up," I said.

"Then it's a lie," she said. "You must get out of this house if you take the name of the Lord in vain," she said.

I pleaded. "You see, Granny, everybody knows that the story isn't true, but . . ."

"Then why write it?" she asked.

"Because people might want to read it."

"That's the Devil's work," she said and left.

Most of my schoolmates worked mornings, evenings, and Saturdays; they earned enough to buy their clothes and books, and they had money in their pockets at school. But since she was a strict Seventh Day Adventist, Granny laid down the injunction that I could not work on Saturdays while I slept under her roof.

Each noon I would follow the boys and girls into the corner store and stand against a wall and watch them buy sandwiches, and when they would ask me: "Why don't you eat a lunch?" I would answer with a shrug of my shoulders: "Aw, I'm not hungry at noon, ever." And I would swallow my saliva as I saw them split open loaves of bread and line them with juicy sardines.

In my class was a tall, black, rebellious boy. "You can't sit in school all day and not eat," he said.

"What am I going to eat?" I asked.

"Why don't you do like me?"

"What do you do?"

"I sell papers."

"What papers are you selling?"

"It's a paper published in Chicago. It comes out each week and it has a magazine supplement," he informed me.

"What kind of a paper is it?"

"Well, I never read the newspaper. It isn't much. But, boy, the magazine supplement! What stories . . . I'm reading the serial of Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage*."

I followed him home and he gave me a copy of the newspaper and the magazine supplement. The newspaper was thin, ill-edited, and designed to circulate among rural, white Protestant readers.

"Hurry up and start selling 'em," he urged me. "I'd like to talk to you about the stories."

I promised him that I would order a batch of them that night.

The papers arrived and I scoured the Negro area, slowly building up a string of customers who bought the papers more because they knew me than from any desire to read. When I returned home at night, I would go to my room and lock the door and revel in reading the supplement with its outlandish exploits of outlandish men in faraway,

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outlandish cities.

I was happy and would have continued to sell the newspaper and its magazine supplement indefinitely had it not been for the racial pride of a friend of the family. He was a tall, quiet, sober, soft-spoken black man, a carpenter by trade. One evening I called at his home with the paper. He gave me a dime, then looked at me oddly.

"Tell me, who told you to sell these papers?" he asked.

"Nobody."

"Where do you get them from?"

"Chicago."

"Do you ever read 'em?"

"Sure. I read the stories in the magazine supplement," I explained. "But I never read the newspaper."

He was silent a moment.

"Did a white man ask you to sell these papers?" he asked.

"No, sir," I answered, puzzled now. "Why do you ask?"

"Do your folks know you are selling these papers?"

"Yes, sir. But what's wrong?"

"How did you know where to write for these papers?" he asked, ignoring my questions.

"A friend of mine sells them. He gave me the address."

"Is this friend of yours a white man?"

"No, sir. He's colored. But why are you asking me all this?"

"Did you see this?" he asked, pointing to a lurid cartoon.

"No, sir," I said. "I don't read the newspaper. I only read the magazine."

"Well, just look at that. Take your time and tell me what you think," he said.

It was the previous week's issue and I looked at the picture of a huge black man with a greasy, sweaty face, thick lips, flat nose, golden teeth, sitting at a polished, wide-topped desk in a swivel chair. The man had on a pair of gleaming yellow shoes and his feet were propped upon the desk. His thick lips nursed a big, black cigar that held white ashes an inch long.

I stared, trying to grasp the point of the picture, wondering why it all seemed so strange and yet familiar.

"Do you know what this means?" the man asked me.

"Gee, I don't know," I confessed.

"Did you ever hear of the Ku Klux Klan?" he asked me softly.

"Sure. Why?"

"Do you know what the Ku Kluxers do to colored people?"

"They kill us. They keep us from voting and getting good jobs," I said.

"Well, the paper you're selling preaches the Ku Klux Klan doctrines," he said.

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed.

"Son, you're holding it in your hands," he said.

He read aloud a long article in which lynching was passionately advocated as a solution for the problem of the Negro.

I took the paper from him and sat on the edge of the steps; in the paling light I turned the pages and read articles so brutally anti-Negro that goose pimples broke out over my skin.

"Do you like that?" he asked me.

"No, sir," I breathed.

"Do you see what you are doing?"

"I didn't know," I mumbled.

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"Are you going to sell those papers now?"

"No, sir. Never again."

"They tell me that you are smart in school, and when I read those papers you were selling I didn't know what to make of it. Then I said to myself that that boy doesn't know what he's selling. Now, a lot of folks wanted to speak to you about these papers, but they were scared. They thought you were mixed up with some white Ku Kluxers and if they told you to stop selling the papers you would put the Kluxers on 'em. But I said, shucks, that boy just don't know what he's doing."

I handed him the dime, but he would not take it.

"Keep the dime, son," he said. "But for God's sake, find something else to sell."

I did not try to sell any more of the papers that night. I tossed the papers into a ditch and when I reached home I told Granny in a quiet, offhand way that the company did not want to send me any more papers because they already had too many agents in Jackson.

The father of the boy who had urged me to sell the papers also found out their propagandistic nature and forbade his son to sell them. But the boy and I never discussed the subject; we were too ashamed of ourselves. One day he asked me guardedly:

"Say, are you still selling those papers?"

"Oh, no. I don't have time," I said, my eyes avoiding his.

"I'm not either," he said, pulling down the corners of his mouth. "I'm too busy."

THAT SUMMER I worked as waterboy in a brickyard. I walked in the hot sun lugging a big zinc pail from one laboring gang of black men to another for a dollar a day. Later I got a job in the yard that paid a dollar and a half a day. I was bat boy. I went between the walls of clay and picked up bricks that had cracked open; when my barrow was full, I would wheel it out onto a wooden scaffold and dump it into a pond.

I had but one fear here: a dog. He was owned by the boss of the brickyard and he haunted the clay aisles, snapping, growling. The dog had been wounded many times, for the black workers were always hurling bricks at it. Several of the Negroes had been bitten and had been ill; the boss had been asked to leash the dog, but he had refused. One afternoon I was wheeling my barrow toward the pond when something sharp sank into my thigh. I whirled; the dog crouched a few feet away, snarling. I had been bitten. I drove the dog away and opened my trousers; teeth marks showed deep and red.

I did not mind the stinging hurt, but I was afraid of an infection. When I went to the office to report that the boss's dog had bitten me, I was met by a tall white girl.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want to see the boss, ma'am."

"For what?"

"His dog bit me, ma'am, and

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I'm afraid I might get an infection."

"Where did he bite you?"

"On my leg," I lied, shying from telling her where the bite was.

"Let's see," she said.

"No, ma'am. Can't I see the boss?"

"He isn't here now," she said, and went back to her typing.

I returned to work, stopping occasionally to examine the teeth marks; they were swelling. Later in the afternoon a tall white man wearing a cool white suit, a Panama hat, and white shoes came toward me.

"Is this the nigger?" he asked a black boy as he pointed to me.

"Yes, sir," the black boy answered.

"Come here, nigger," he called me.

I went to him.

"They tell me my dog bit you," he said.

"Yes, sir."

I pulled down my trousers and he looked.

"Humnnn," he grunted, then laughed. "A dog bite can't hurt a nigger."

"It's swelling and it hurts," I said.

"If it bothers you, let me know," he said. "But I never saw a dog yet that could really hurt a nigger."

He turned and walked away and the black boys gathered to watch his tall form disappear down the aisles of wet bricks.

"He'll get his someday!"

"Boy, their hearts are hard!"

"Lawd, a white man'll do anything!"

"Break up that prayer meeting!" the white straw boss yelled.

The wheelbarrows rolled again. A boy came close to me.

"You better see a doctor," he whispered.

"I ain't got no money," I said.

Two days passed and luckily the redness and swelling went away.

THE SCHOOL term ended. I was selected as valedictorian of my class and assigned to write a paper to be delivered at one of the public auditoriums. One morning the principal summoned me to his office.

"Well, Richard Wright, here's your speech," he said with smooth bluntness and shoved a stack of stapled sheets across his desk.

"What speech?" I asked as I picked up the papers.

"The speech you're to say the night of graduation," he said.

"But, professor, I've written my speech already," I said.

He laughed confidently, indulgently.

"Listen, boy, you're going to speak to both white and colored people that night. What can you alone think of saying to them?"

"I know that I'm not educated, professor," I said. "But the people are coming to hear the students, and I won't make a speech that you've written."

He leaned back in his chair and looked at me in surprise.

"You can't afford to just say anything before those white people that night." He paused and added meaningfully: "The superintendent

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of schools will be there; you're in a position to make a good impression on him. I've been a principal for more years than you are old, boy. I've seen many a boy and girl graduate from this school, and none of them was too proud to recite a speech I wrote for them."

"Professor, I'm going to say my own speech that night," I said.

He grew angry.

"You're just a young, hotheaded fool," he said. He toyed with a pencil and looked up at me. "Suppose you don't graduate?"

"But I passed my examinations," I said.

"Look mister," he shot at me, "I'm the man who says who passes at this school."

I was so astonished that my body jerked. I had gone to this school for two years and I had never suspected what kind of man the principal was; it simply had never occurred to me to wonder about him.

"Then I don't graduate," I said flatly. I turned to leave.

"Say, you. Come here," he called.

I turned and faced him; he was smiling at me in a remote, superior sort of way.

"You know, I'm glad I talked to you," he said. "I was seriously thinking of placing you in the school system, teaching. But, now, I don't think that you'll fit."

He was tempting me, baiting me; this was the technique that snared black young minds into supporting the southern way of life.

"Look, professor, I may never get a chance to go to school again," I said. "But I like to do things right."

"Have you talked to anybody about this?" he asked me.

"No, why?"

"You haven't talked to any white people about this?"

"No, sir!"

"I just wanted to know," he said.

My amazement increased; the man was afraid now for his job!

"Professor, you don't understand me." I smiled.

"You're just a young, hot fool," he said, confident again. "Wake up, boy. Learn the world you're living in. You're smart and I know what you're after. Now, if you play safe," he smiled and winked, "I'll help you go to school, to college."

"I want to learn, professor," I told him. "But there are some things I don't want to know."

"Goodbye," he said.

That night Griggs, a boy who had gone through many classes with me, came to the house.

"Look, Dick, you're throwing away your future here in Jackson," he said. "Go to the principal, talk to him, take his speech and say it. I'm saying the one he wrote. So why can't you? What the hell? What can you lose?"

"I know only a little, but my speech is going to reflect that," I said.

"Then you're going to be blacklisted for teaching jobs," he said.

"Who said I was going to teach?" I asked.

"God, but you've got a will," he said.

"It's not will. I just don't want to do things that way," I said.

On the night of graduation I was nervous and tense; I rose and faced the audience and my speech rolled

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out. When my voice stopped there was some applause. I did not care if they liked it or not; I was through. A few of my classmates managed to shake my hand as I pushed toward the door, seeking the street. Somebody invited me to a party and I did not accept. I did not want to see any of them again. I walked home, saying to myself: the hell with it! With almost seventeen years of baffled living behind me, I faced the world of 1925.

My life now depended upon my finding work, and I was so anxious that I accepted the first offer, a job as a porter in a clothing store selling cheap goods to Negroes on credit.

Each day in the store I watched brutality with growing hate, yet trying to keep my feelings from registering in my face. When the boss looked at me I would avoid his eyes. Finally the boss's son cornered me one morning.

"Say, nigger, look here," he began.

"Yes, sir."

"What's on your mind?"

"Nothing, sir," I said, trying to look amazed, trying to fool him.

"Why don't you laugh and talk like the other niggers?" he asked.

"Well, sir, there's nothing much to say or smile about," I said, smiling.

His face was hard, baffled; I knew that I had not convinced him.

He whirled from me and went to the front of the store; he came back a moment later, his face red. He tossed a few green bills at me.

"I don't like your looks, nigger. Now, get!" he snapped.

I picked up the money and did not count it. I grabbed my hat and left.

I gradually learned that the safety of my life in the South depended on how well I concealed from all whites what I felt.

In Memphis I worked in an eyeglass factory. One day Mr. Olin, my foreman, appeared at my elbow. "Say, Richard," he asked me, "do you believe that I'm your friend?"

"Well," I answered, skirting the vast racial chasm between us, "I hope you are."

"I am," he said emphatically.

"You don't deserve to get into trouble," he went on.

"Have I done something that somebody doesn't like?" I asked, my mind frantically sweeping over all my past actions.

"Well, I don't know," he said and paused, letting his words sink into my mind. He lit a cigarette. "Do you know Harrison?"

He was referring to a Negro boy of about my own age who worked across the street for a rival optical house. Harrison and I knew each other casually, but there had never been the slightest trouble between us.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I know him."

"Well, be careful," Mr. Olin said. "He's after you."

"After me? For what?"

"He's got a terrific grudge against you," the white man explained. "What have you done to him?"

The eyeglasses I was washing were forgotten. I did not trust the white man, and neither did I trust Harrison. Negroes who worked on jobs in the South were usually loyal

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to their white bosses; they felt that that was the best way to ensure their jobs.

"I haven't done anything to Harrison," I said.

"Well, you better watch that nigger Harrison," Mr. Olin said in a low, confidential tone. "A little while ago I went down to get a Coca-Cola and Harrison was waiting for you at the door of the building with a knife. Said he was going to get you."

I still doubted the white man, yet thought that perhaps Harrison had really interpreted something I had said as an insult.

"I've got to see that boy and talk to him," I said, thinking out loud.

"No, you'd better not," Mr. Olin said emphatically. "You'd better let some of us white boys talk to him."

But at noon I went across the street and found Harrison sitting on a box in the basement. As I approached him, he ran his hand into his pocket and looked at me with cold, watchful eyes.

"Say, Harrison, what's this all about?" I asked, standing cautiously four feet from him.

He looked at me a long time and did not answer.

"I haven't done anything to you," I said.

"And I ain't got nothing against you," he mumbled, still watchful. "I don't bother nobody."

"But Mr. Olin said that you came over to the factory this morning, looking for me with a knife."

"Aw, naw," he said, more at ease now. "I ain't been in your factory all day. Mr. Olin, he came over here this morning and said you was going to kill me with a knife the moment you saw me. He said you was mad at me because I had insulted you. But I ain't said nothing about you." He still had not looked at me. He rose.

"And I haven't said anything about you," I said.

Finally he looked at me and I felt better. We two black boys, each working for ten dollars a week, stood staring at each other, thinking, comparing the motives of the absent white man, each asking himself if he could believe the other.

Harrison dropped his head; he laid his sandwich aside.

"I . . . I . . ." he stammered and pulled from his pocket a long, gleaming knife; it was already open. "I was just waiting to see what you was gonna do to me . . ."

I leaned weakly against a wall, feeling sick, my eyes upon the sharp steel blade of the knife.

"You were going to cut me?" I asked.

"If you had cut me, I was gonna cut you first," he said. "I ain't taking no chances."

"Look here," I said. "Don't believe what Mr. Olin says."

"I see now," Harrison said. "He's playing a dirty trick on us."

"He's trying to make us kill each other for nothing."

"How come he wanna do that?" Harrison asked.

"I suppose it's fun for white men

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to see niggers fight," I said, forcing a laugh.

Standing well out of each other's reach, we discussed the problem and decided that we would not let Mr. Olin know that we knew that he was egging us to fight. At one o'clock I went back to the factory. Mr. Olin was waiting for me.

"Did you see that Harrison nigger?" he asked.

"No, sir," I lied.

"Well, he still has that knife for you," he said.

Hate tightened in me. But I kept a dead face.

"Did you buy a knife yet?" he asked me.

"No, sir," I answered.

"Do you want to use mine?" he asked. "You've got to protect yourself, you know."

"No, sir. I'm not afraid," I said.

"Nigger, you're a fool," he spluttered. "I thought you had some sense! Are you going to just let that nigger cut your heart out? His boss gave him a knife to use against you! Take this knife, nigger, and stop acting crazy!"

He was the boss and he could fire me if he did not like me. I picked up the knife and put it into my pocket.

"Now, you're acting like a nigger with some sense," he said.

I had to make my round of errands to deliver eyeglasses and I stole a few minutes to run across the street to talk to Harrison. He told me that Mr. Olin had telephoned his boss and had told him to tell Harrison that I had planned to wait for him at the back entrance of the building at six o'clock and stab him. Harrison and I found it difficult to look at each other; we were upset and distrustful.

The game of egging Harrison and me to fight, to cut each other, kept up for a week. One morning a few days later Mr. Olin and a group of white men came to me and asked me if I was willing to settle my grudge with Harrison with gloves, according to boxing rules. I told them that, though I was not afraid of Harrison, I did not want to fight him and that I did not know how to box.

When I left the factory that evening, Harrison yelled at me from down the block. "They want us to fight four rounds for five dollars apiece," he said, when we met. "Man, if I had five dollars, I could pay down on a suit."

"I don't want to," I said.

"We won't hurt each other," he said.

"But those white men will be looking at us, laughing at us," I said.

"What the hell," Harrison said. "They look at you and laugh at you every day, nigger."

It was true. But I hated him for saying it.

THE FIGHT took place one Saturday afternoon in the basement of a Main Street building. Only white men were allowed in the basement; no women or Negroes were admitted. As the gloves were tied on my hands, I looked at Harrison and saw his eyes watching me. Would he keep his promise? Doubt made me nervous.

We squared off. The white men were smoking and yelling obscenities at us.

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I lashed out with a timid left. Harrison landed high on my head and before I knew it, I had landed a hard right on Harrison's mouth and blood came. Harrison shot a blow to my nose. The fight was on, was on against our will. I felt trapped and ashamed. I lashed out even harder, and the harder I fought the harder Harrison fought. The white men made the rounds last as long as five minutes and each of us was afraid to stop and ask for time for fear of receiving a blow that would knock us out. When we were on the point of collapsing from exhaustion, they pulled us apart.

I could not look at Harrison. I hated him and I hated myself. I clutched my five dollars in my fist and walked home. Harrison and I avoided each other after that and we rarely spoke.

THE MOST colorful of the Negro boys on the job was Shorty, the round, yellow, fat elevator operator. Hardheaded, sensible, a reader of magazines and books, he was proud of his race and indignant about its wrongs. But in the presence of whites he would play the role of a clown of the most debased and degraded type.

One day he needed twenty-five cents to buy his lunch.

A white man who worked in the building stepped into the elevator and waited to be lifted to his floor. Shorty sang in a low mumble, smiling, rolling his eyes, looking at the white man roguishly.

"I'm hungry, Mister White Man. I need a quarter for lunch."

The white man ignored him. Shorty, his hands on the controls of the elevator, sang again:

"I ain't gonna move this elevator till I get a quarter, Mister White Man."

"If you don't take me to my floor, you will die," the white man said, smiling a little for the first time.

"But this black boy sure needs a quarter," Shorty sang, grimacing, clowning, ignoring the white man's threat.

"Come on, you nigger, I got to work," the white man said, intrigued by the element of sadism involved, enjoying it.

Shorty threw the lever and the elevator went up and stopped about five feet shy of the floor upon which the white man worked.

"Can't go no more, Mister White Man, unless I get my quarter," he said in a tone that sounded like crying.

"What would you do for a quarter?" the white man asked, still gazing off.

"I'll do anything for a quarter," Shorty sang.

"What, for example?" the white man asked.

Shorty giggled, swung around. "You can kick me for a quarter," he sang, looking impishly at the white man out of the corners of his eyes.

The white man laughed softly, jingled some coins in his pocket, took out one and thumped it to the floor. Shorty stooped to pick it up and the white man bared his teeth and swung his foot with all the strength of his body. Shorty let out a howling laugh that echoed up and down the elevator shaft.

I witnessed this scene or its

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variant at least a score of times and I felt no anger or hatred, only disgust and loathing. Once I asked him: "How in God's name can you do that?"

"I needed a quarter and I got it," he said soberly, proudly.

"But a quarter can't pay you for what he did to you," I said.

"Listen, nigger," he said to me, "I'm tough and quarters is scarce."

"I'm going North one of these days," Shorty would say.

We would all laugh, knowing that Shorty would never leave.

I COULD calculate my chances for a life in the South as a Negro fairly clearly now.

I could fight the southern whites by organizing with other Negroes, as my grandfather had done. But I knew that I could never win that way; there were many whites and there were but few blacks. They were strong and we were weak.

I could submit and live the life of a genial slave, but that was impossible. All of my life had shaped me to live by my own feelings and thoughts.

I could drain off my restlessness by fighting with Harrison. I had seen many Negroes solve the problem of being black by transferring their hatred of themselves to others with a black skin and fighting them. I would have to be cold to do that, and I was not cold and I could never be.

What, then, was there?

The accidental visit of Aunt Maggie to Memphis formed a practical basis for my planning to go North. My mother, Aunt Maggie, my brother, and I held long conferences, speculating on the prospects of jobs and the cost of apartments in Chicago. We finally decided that Aunt Maggie and I would go first, even though it was winter, and prepare a place for my mother and brother.

Next loomed the problem of leaving my job cleanly, smoothly, without arguments or scenes. Yes, I would pose as an innocent boy; I would tell him that my aunt was taking me and my paralyzed mother to Chicago. That would create in his mind the impression that I was not asserting my will. I knew that southern whites hated the idea of Negroes leaving to live in places where the racial atmosphere was different.

"So you're going North, huh?"

"Yes, sir."

"The North's no good for your people, boy."

"I'll try to get along, sir."

"Don't believe all the stories you hear about the North."

"No, sir. I don't."

"You'll come back here where your friends are."

"Well, sir. I don't know."

"How're you going to act up there?"

"Just like I act down here, sir."

"Would you speak to a white girl up there?"

"Oh, no, sir. I'll act there just like I act here."

"Aw, no, you won't. You'll change. Niggers change when they go North."

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by Richard Wright

I was leaving the South to fling myself into the unknown, to meet other situations that would perhaps elicit from me other responses. And if I could meet enough of a different life, then, perhaps, gradually and slowly I might learn who I was, what I might be. Deep down, I knew that I could never really leave the South, for my feelings had already been formed by the South, for there had been slowly instilled into my personality and consciousness, black though I was, the culture of the South. So, in leaving, I was taking a part of the South to transplant in alien soil, to see if it could grow differently, if it could drink of new and cool rains, bend in strange winds, respond to the warmth of other suns, and, perhaps, to bloom . . . And if that miracle ever happened, then I would know that there was yet hope in that swamp of despair and violence, that light could emerge even out of the blackest of the southern nights. I would know that the South too could overcome its fear, its hate, its cowardice, its heritage of guilt and blood, its burden of anxiety and compulsive cruelty.

Coronet Picture Stories: An Aid to Visual Education

Because Coronet Picture Story slidefilms are in wide demand by their yearly audience of fourteen million . . . because for two years they have been enthusiastically used by schools, churches, the United States armed forces, civic groups, institutions and commercial organizations . . . Coronet will continue its non-profit Visual Education service in 1945-1946. This unique service will again offer eight of Coronet's most outstanding Picture Stories reproduced on 35 mm. single frame slidefilm—and will be prepared for Coronet by the Society for Visual Education.

To help absorb production costs, the annual subscription rate for this service has been increased to four dollars. (However, at fifty cents per subject, this slidefilm series is still the most economical service of its kind ever offered.) Orders for the new series, which begins this October, should be sent with remittance or official purchase order to the Society for Visual Education, Inc., 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

For those who do not own slidefilm projectors or who desire individual copies of the Picture Stories, actual-size reprints of the eight 1945-1946 Picture Stories (25 copies of each) will be available at two dollars for the series. Additional copies are obtainable at one cent each.

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Between these Covers

Best Story of the Month: Late one night, ***Alan Hynd*** (*The Fabulous Waldorf*, page 37) found it necessary to speak to a man whom he knew was somewhere in New York City, although incognito. He recalled that the man's sweetheart was a motion picture actress in Hollywood—so he telephoned across the continent to the actress, explained the spot he was in, and obtained from her a number at which the man could be reached. The number? It was that of the Waldorf-Astoria—just a few short blocks down the street from Alan's apartment.

Interoffice Notes: For peace and quiet, ***Russell Maloney*** (*Baruch of the U. S. A.*, page 28) once rented a small half-store on New York's First Avenue—only to be bothered by curious passers-by, who kept rattling the doorknob and trying to peek in under the drawn window blinds. It seems the former occupant's sign, "Hosiery," was still in the window, and this, together with the drawn blinds, made the place look like a Nylon hose black market . . . They say ***Cameron Shipp's*** (*America's Leading Lady*, page 40) Hollywood office door announces: Cameron Shipp, Yarns and Notions . . . ***Mort Weisinger*** (*A World at Their Fingertips*, page 16) shares an office with Superman. He is an Associate Editor for the muscle man. Mort has recently been discharged from the Army, by the way, and he is a new father to boot . . . ***Charlotte Paul*** (*Yearbook for the Famous*, page 140) writes from—and operates—a small farm outside the city of Chicago . . . ***Frances Rockmore Velie*** (*Fine Art for the Millions*, page 91) has seen just about everything, but she'll never forget the day Artist Lilly Harmon dashed madly into the reception room at Associated American Artists, gasping, "There's a flood! A flood!" It took a plumber to head off catastrophe in the ladies' lounge.

Odds and Ends: ***Norman Lewis*** (*Good English for Everybody*, page 131) insists he can make a good speller out of anyone in just thirty minutes' time . . . You'll be seeing more of the work of ***Vera Bock,*** who did the illumination on this month's inside front cover . . . Cover girl ***Marie Denham*** is back for the second time this year. Coronet first introduced her to readers last February . . . ***Bob Hope*** (*Take It from Me*, page 9) proves he can be as effective straight-face as when he is clowning. In the latter capacity, incidentally, he has just signed the largest contract in the history of radio—selling Pepsodent toothpaste.

Coronet Goes Back to School: Jimmie Fidler's famous "Four Bells" couldn't begin to do justice to Coronet's slide films, now starting their third successful year. It would take seven thousand school bells to tell the whole story, for that's how many subscribe to the series (as explained on page 161, this issue.) A careful reckoning has revealed that a total yearly audience of a cool fourteen million sees these films!

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

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A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

THAT WINTER was a bitter one in northern Minnesota. Abe Sorenson had been snowed in for two weeks, unable to run his trap line. The lonesome days were brightened one morning when he saw three white-tailed deer, a buck and two does, browsing from a spruce tree near his cabin. Dire hunger had forced them to venture that close to human domain.

Remembering a batch of fudge he had made, Abe noiselessly raised the window and tossed a square out on the snow. The does hung back, but hunger overrode the big six-point buck's caution. He edged forward, nibbled tentatively at the candy, and then swallowed it whole.

"Come on, King, and eat a piece out of my hand," coaxed Abe, and he pitched out another piece of candy, this time closer to the cabin. Three more squares of fudge brought the deer within a few feet of the window, and at last he took a piece from Abe's hand.

That was the beginning of a lasting friendship. Each day while the snow lay deep the three deer would return to the cabin. The does remained shy; not so old King. He would nudge Abe's arm with his nose or prod him gently with his antlers until Abe gave him his daily ration of sweets. He would follow for miles as Abe collected his traps.

This was the story Abe told us as he guided our fishing party up to his wilderness cabin several months later. We all hoped the deer would put in an appearance.

But it wasn't until the third day after our arrival that old King showed up. One of the does was still with him, and a little spotted fawn followed the pair.

"Watch this," Abe called to us, and carrying a small bag of candy, he walked out in front of the cabin. The doe bounded into the undergrowth and the fawn followed, but the buck stood motionless. Abe held out a piece of candy and moved closer. Seconds later King was eating from Abe's hand, and the trapper was rubbing the shedding hair from the buck's side.

Back in the cabin we gazed on in wonder. But to Abe and old King it was just one of those strange, inexplicable wilderness friendships that sometimes exist between man and beast. —CARLOS VINSON

For five minutes filled with action . . . drama . . . suspense . . . mystery . . . for a story with a surprise ending every time . . . listen to Marvin Miller, the Coronet Story Teller. Tune him in Monday through Friday at 9:55 p.m. E. W. T. on the American Broadcasting Company.

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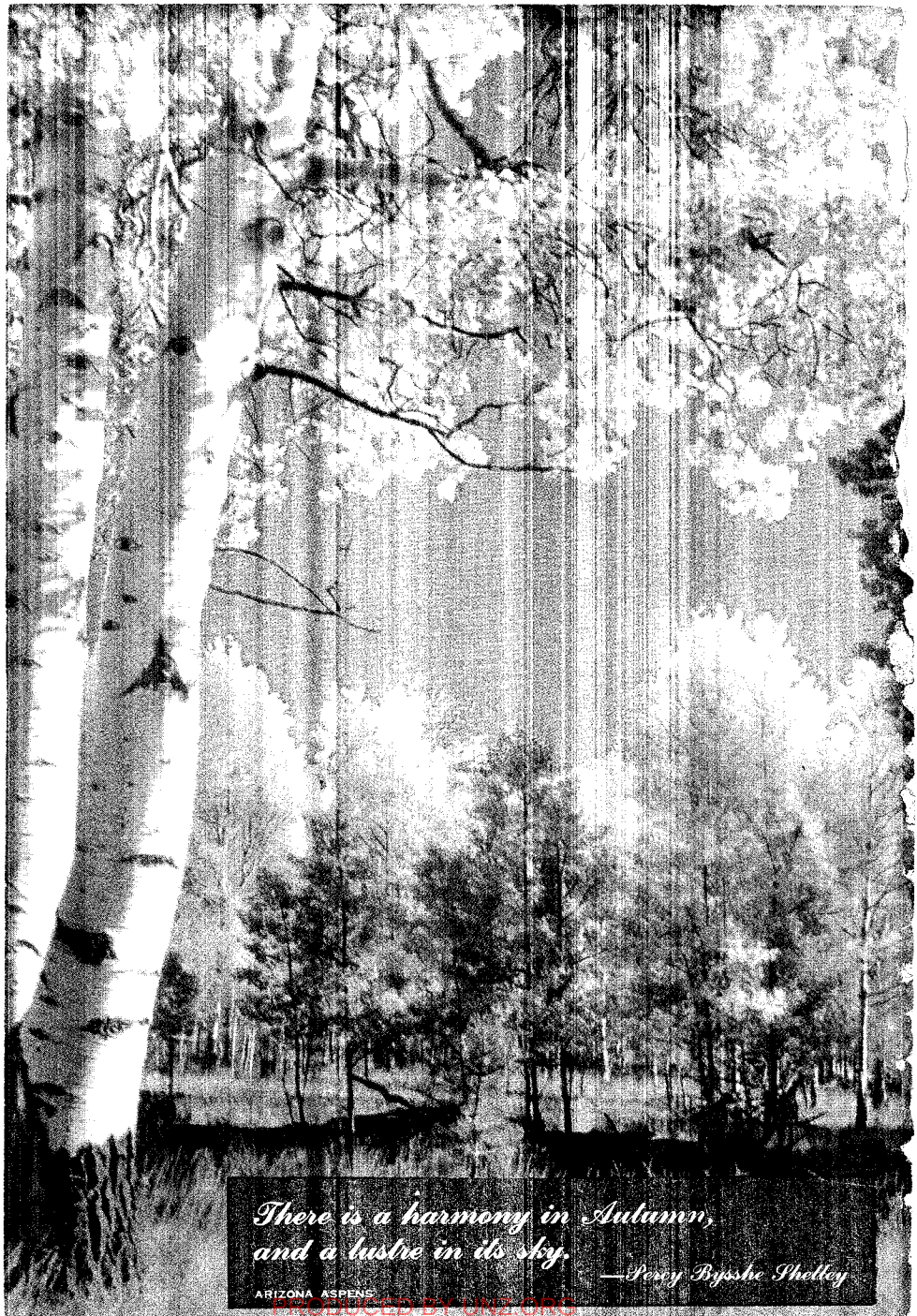

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